



THE



# LEISURE HOUR

JANUARY, 1881.

## Contents.

New Year Chimes . . . 1

"Will he no' come back again!" . . . 3

The Ascent of Chimborazo 16

A New Year's Song . . . 31

Sussex Folk and Sussex Ways . . . 32

Memorable Scenes in the House of Commons . . 37

Old Marriage Customs . . 32

Kathrine Kops . . . 37

Past and Present in the East . . . 39



## Contents.

The Haunted House . . . 44

Spiritualism . . . 45

Unbeaten Tracks in Japan 48

Electric Lighting . . . 55

"Beside Thy Cradle here I stand" (Music) . 56, 57

Curiosities of Criminal Law . . . 58

An Episode of Seven Dials 59

Natural History Notes . 60

Varieties . . . 62, 63, 64

### ALMANACK FOR

### JANUARY, 1881.

1 S ☉ rises 8.8 A.M.	9 S 1 SUN. APT. EPIPH.	17 M ☉ rises 8.0 A.M.	25 T ☉ rises 7.50 A.M.
2 S 2 S. APT. CHRISTMAS	10 M ☉ rises 8.5 A.M.	18 T Jupiter an ev. star	26 W Clk. bef. ☉ 12m. 59s.
3 M Venus near ☉	11 T Clk. bef. ☉ 8m. 20s.	19 W Daybreak 5.56 A.M.	27 T Orion S. 9 P.M.
4 T ☉ sets 4.3 P.M.	12 W Venus an ev. star	20 T Twil. ends 6.28 P.M.	28 S ♄ Taurus S. 8 P.M.
5 W Diva. due at Bank	13 T ☉ sets 4.14 P.M.	21 F Saturn an ev. star	29 S ♄ least dist. from ☉
6 T EPIPHANY.	14 F ☉ grist. dist. from ☉	22 S ☉ sets 4.59 P.M.	30 S 4 SUN. APT. EPIPH.
7 F ☉ 1 Quar. 8.9 A.M.	15 S Full ☉ 11.34 A.M.	23 S 3 SUN. APT. EPIPH.	31 M ☉ (New) 6.48 A.M.
8 S Fire Insur. expire	16 S 2 SUN. APT. EPIPH.	24 M ☉ 3 Quar. 8.47 A.M.	

LONDON;  
56, Paternoster Row, and 164, Piccadilly.

## TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

**To Correspondents and Contributors.**—All manuscripts should be sent to 56, Paternoster Row, and must have the name and address of the sender clearly written thereon, and in any accompanying letter *the title of the MS.* must be given. No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. Writers are recommended to keep copies of their MSS.; miscellaneous contributions being sent in too great numbers to be returned unless stamps are sent to cover postage.

**Payment and Copyright.**—Payment for accepted manuscripts is made on publication. The receipt conveys the copyright of manuscripts to the Trustees of the Religious Tract Society, with liberty for them, at their discretion, to publish such works separately. Reproduction by authors on their own account must be the subject of special arrangement.

**Portfolios and Cases for Numbers and Volumes.**—For the preservation of the weekly numbers, portfolios, provided with 52 cords, are supplied at 1s. 2d. each. CLOTH CASES for binding the Volumes at the end of the year, price 1s. 2d. cloth boards, 1s. 6d. cloth extra.

**POSTAL NOTICE.**—The Home Postage of this Part is Three-halfpence. **SPECIAL ATTENTION** is called to the recent reductions in the Postal Rates for Foreign Book Parcels. The Monthly Parts of the "LEISURE HOUR" can now be forwarded to any of the Continental countries, to the United States, and Canada, **AT THE SAME RATE AS FOR GREAT BRITAIN**—viz., Three-halfpence each Part. Any Bookseller or Newsagent will arrange to forward the Parts. As the New Volume commences with the current Part, this will be a good time to commence sending the Magazine. The Book Post is, in many cases, the only way of reaching friends and relatives abroad, by whom the Parts will be welcomed.

## HANDSOME VOLUMES for PRESENTATION.

### THE SUNDAY AT HOME

Volume for 1880 contains—

**Anne Cavaye.** By Miss DOUDNEY.

**Cousin Mabel's Experiences: Gathering up Fragments.** By Miss E. J. WHATELY.

**Home Petrinæ.** By the DEAN OF CHESTER.

Simon whose surname was Peter.	St. Peter and St. John.
Early Training in Galilee.	St. Peter as a Witness of the
Special Words spoken by Christ.	Resurrection.

**Illustrated Letters to my Children from the Holy LAND.** By HENRY A. HARPER.

**The Young Refugee.** By ANNE BEALE.

**Reminiscences of Italian Travel.** By the Rev. STENTON EARDLEY, B.A.

**Biographies and Portraits of Dr. MULLEN, Dr. RALEIGH, SISTER DORA, CATHERINE TAIT, ALFRED SAKER, and others.**

**Incidents of a Journey Round the World.** By the Rev. W. URWICK, M.A.

**Old Mrs. Barron.** By the Author of "Christie Redfern's Troubles," etc.

**The Fulpit Ancient and Modern.** By the Rev. E. PAXTON HOOD.

The Volume also contains a great variety of miscellaneous Sunday Reading, Tales, Biographies, Sabbath Thoughts, Incidents of Christian Experience, Narratives of Travel, Scriptural Illustration, Poetry, Pages for the Young, and a Religious Record of the Year. With numerous superior Wood Engravings and Illustrations in Colours.

Price 7s. in cloth boards; 8s. 6d. extra boards, gilt edges; 10s. 6d. half-bound in calf; or strongly bound for Circulating Libraries in half-yearly Volumes, 3s. 6d. each.

### THE LEISURE HOUR

Volume for 1880 contains—

**Idonea.** By ANNE BEALE. Illustrated by H. FRENCH.

**Nine-Tenths of the Law.** By the Rev. T. S. MILLINGTON, M.A., author of "Boy and Man," etc.

**Ants, a "Little People" but "Exceeding Wise."** By the Rev. W. FARREN WHITE, M.A.

**Bible Lessons for Every-day Life.** By the Rev. HARRY JONES, M.A., Prebendary of St. Paul's.

**Biographies and Portraits of The DARWINS.** Sir JOHN DARWIN, B.A., WILLIAM HARVEY, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, ROBERT BOMBIE RAMSAY, LL.D.

**Our History of Commerce and Trade.**

**Natural History Notes and Anecdotes.**

**Troubles of a Chinaman.** By JULES VERNE.

**Out Among the Turkomans.** By the Rev. JAMES BASSETT, of Teheran.

**Scottish Characteristics:—**

Characteristics of Scottish Humour.	Old Scottish Lawyers.
Humours of the Scottish Character.	The Old Scottish Minister.
Humours of the Scottish Dialect.	Old Scottish Sabbath.
Northern Lights.	"The Scot Abroad."
Old Edinburgh.	Scottish Proverbial Philosophy.
The Old Scottish Lady.	Scottish Superstition.

The Volume also contains a great variety of miscellaneous Articles on subjects of Popular Interest, and is profusely Illustrated with Engravings by Eminent Artists. It consists of 83s Imperial 8vo pages, and forms a handsome and appropriate volume for presentation.

Price 7s. in cloth boards; 8s. 6d. extra boards, gilt edges; 10s. 6d. half bound in calf; or in half-yearly Volumes, strongly bound for Libraries, 3s. 6d. each.

## THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER JANUARY PART,

(Now Ready, PRICE SIXPENCE,) contains the following, amongst a variety of other interesting and valuable articles:—

**CHRISTMAS.** By His Grace the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

**PART SINGING AND CHOIR ORGANISATION.** By HENRY LESLIE.

*With a Coloured Christmas Card "from the Editor."*

LONDON: 56, PATERNOSTER ROW.

the  
ven.  
ous

ppy-  
uch

ded  
loth

AL  
ok  
of  
AS  
ent  
ent  
is,  
the

N.

ING-

se."

RRY

JOHN  
WELL,

LMES

es on  
vings  
rins a

half  
arist,

RY





# Books for Presentation.

JUST PUBLISHED.

## PICTURES from the GERMAN FATHERLAND,

Drawn with Pen and Pencil.

By THE REV. SAMUEL G. GREEN, D.D.,

Author of "French Pictures," etc.

Uniform with "English Pictures," "Swiss Pictures," "Italian Pictures," etc

Profusely Illustrated with superior Engravings.

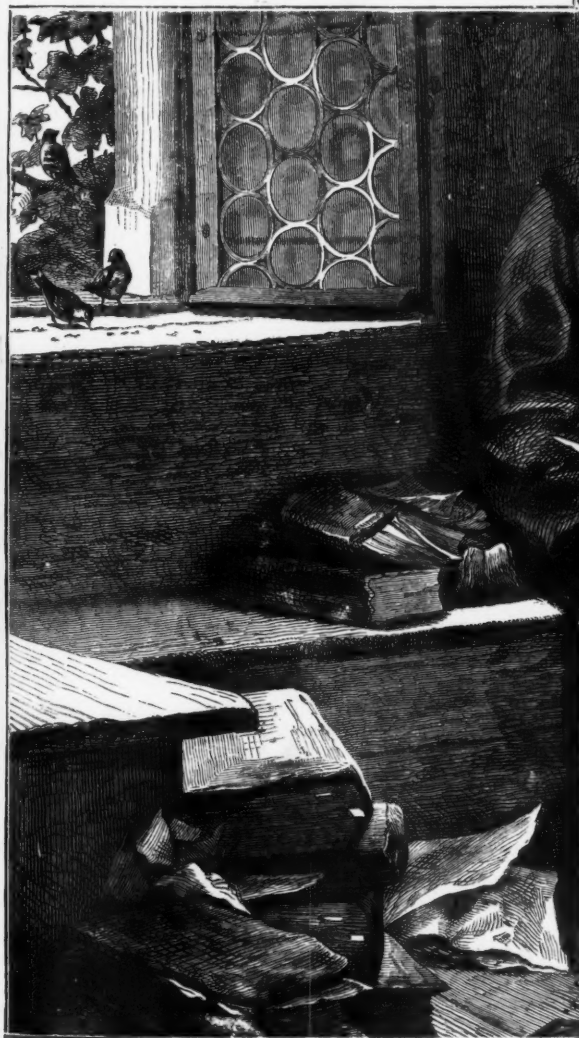
8s. bound in handsome cloth boards, full gilt.

## FRENCH PICTURES,

Drawn with Pen and Pencil.

By THE REV. SAMUEL G. GREEN, D.D.

With upwards of 150 Fine Engravings. Imperial 8vo. Uniform in size and style with "English Pictures," "American Pictures," etc. 8s. elegantly bound in cloth, gilt; or 25s. in the best morocco handsome.



LUTHER IN THE WARTBURG CELL.



## SPANISH PICTURES,

Drawn with Pen and Pencil.

By THE REV. SAMUEL MANNING, LL.D.

Illustrations by GUSTAVE DORE and other Artists. Imperial 8vo. 8s. cloth elegant, gilt edges; or in best morocco, handsome, 25s.

## ITALIAN PICTURES,

Drawn with Pen and Pencil.

By THE REV. SAMUEL MANNING, LL.D.

Profusely Illustrated by eminent English and Foreign Artists.

Imperial 8vo. 8s. cloth elegant, gilt edges; or 25s. in the best morocco, handsome.

## SWISS PICTURES,

Drawn with Pen and Pencil.

By THE REV. SAMUEL MANNING, LL.D.

With Engravings by WHYMFER.

Imperial 8vo. 8s. cloth elegant; or in best Turkey morocco, handsome, 25s.

[Reduced from "Pictures from the German Fatherland."

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, LONDON, 56, PATERNOSTER ROW, AND 164, PICCADILLY.

All business orders should be addressed and money orders made payable to Mr. JOSEPH TARN, 56, Paternoster Row, London.



THE UNDERCLIFF, ISLE OF WIGHT.

[*"From English Pictures."*]

### Pictures from Bible Lands.

Drawn with Pen and Pencil.

By the Rev. S. G. GREEN, D.D., author of "French Pictures," etc.  
Beautifully Illustrated in the finest style of Wood Engraving.  
Imperial 8vo. 8s. handsomely bound in cloth gilt; or 25s. in morocco, elegant.

### The Chain of Life in Geological Time.

*A Sketch of the Origin and Succession of Animals and Plants.*

By J. W. DAWSON, LL.D.,  
Author of "Acadian Geology," etc.  
With numerous Engravings. Crown 8vo.  
6s. 6d. cloth boards.

### The Temple :

*Its Ministry and Services at the Time of Jesus Christ.*

By the Rev. Dr. EDERSHEIM.  
Imperial 16mo. 5s. cloth boards, gilt edges.

### Sketches of Jewish Social Life

*in the Days of Christ.*  
By the Rev. Dr. EDERSHEIM.  
Imperial 16mo. 5s. cloth boards, gilt edges.



[*From "The Chain of Life in Geological Time."*]

### English Pictures.

Drawn with Pen and Pencil.

By the Rev. SAMUEL MANNING, LL.D.,  
and the Rev. S. G. GREEN, D.D.

With a Coloured Frontispiece and  
numerous Wood Engravings.

Uniform with "Swiss Pictures," etc.

Imperial 8vo. 8s. handsomely bound,  
gilt edges; or in best Turkey morocco,  
elegant, 25s.

### American Pictures.

Drawn with Pen and Pencil.

By the Rev. SAMUEL MANNING, LL.D.

Profusely Illustrated by the best Artists.

Imperial 8vo. 8s. handsomely bound in  
cloth, gilt; or in the best Turkey  
morocco, elegant, 25s.

### "Those Holy Fields."

*Palestine Illustrated with Pen  
and Pencil.*

By the Rev. S. MANNING, LL.D.

With numerous Engravings.

Imperial 8vo. 8s. cloth, gilt edges;  
or in the best morocco, elegant, 25s.

### The Land of the Pharaohs.

EGYPT AND SINAI.

*Illustrated with Pen and Pencil.*

By the Rev. S. MANNING, LL.D.

With Fine Engravings.

Imperial 8vo. 8s., cloth, gilt edges;  
or in morocco, elegant, 25s.

### The Midnight Sky.

*Familiar Notes*

*on the Stars and Planets.*

By EDWIN DUNKIN, F.R.A.S.,  
of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.

With Thirty-two Star Maps and other  
Illustrations.

New and Revised Edition.

7s. 6d. cloth boards; 9s. with gilt edges.

### The Lands of Scripture.

Illustrated by Pen and Pencil.

Containing "Those Holy Fields," and "The Land of the Pharaohs,"  
by the Rev. S. MANNING, LL.D.; and "Pictures from Bible Lands,"  
by the Rev. S. G. GREEN, D.D. Profusely Illustrated.

Imperial 8vo. 21s. handsomely bound in cloth gilt.



PHILIP DODDRIDGE. [From "Vignettes of the Great Revival."]'

### William Tyndale: a Biography.

A Contribution to the Early History of the English Bible.

By the late Rev. R. DEMAUS, M.A. With Portrait.  
Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. cloth boards; 17s. in morocco extra.

### Hugh Latimer: a Biography.

From Original and Contemporary Documents.

By the late Rev. R. DEMAUS, M.A. With Portrait.  
Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. cloth boards; 17s. in morocco extra.

### Life of the Rev. Richard Knill, of St. Petersburg.

By the Rev. C. M. BIRRELL.  
With a Review of his Character by the late Rev. JOHN ANGELL JAMES.  
New and Revised Edition, with Steel Portrait and Engravings.  
Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. cloth boards.

### Harvest of a Quiet Eye ; Or, Leisure Thoughts for Busy Lives

By the Rev. J. R. VERNON, M.A.  
New Edition. With numerous Engravings.  
6s. 6d. handsomely bound in cloth gilt; or in morocco, 17s. 6d.

### Ingleside and Wayside Musings.

A Companion Volume to "The Harvest of a Quiet Eye."  
By the Rev. J. R. VERNON, M.A., Rector of St. Audries, Bridgewater.  
With numerous Engravings. 6s. cloth gilt; 17s. in morocco.

### Random Truths in Common Things.

Occasional Papers from My Study Chair.

By the Rev. J. R. VERNON, M.A.  
With numerous Illustrations by eminent Artists.  
Imperial 16mo. 7s. cloth, gilt edges; or in morocco, 18s.

### The Seven Golden Candlesticks ;

Or, The Seven Churches of Asia.

By the Rev. Canon TRISTRAM, LL.D., F.R.S.  
With Engravings. 6s. bevelled boards, gilt edges.

### Our English Bible :

Its Translations and Translators.

By the Rev. JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D.  
With Engravings. Imperial 16mo. 6s. cloth boards, imitation half binding.

### Vignettes of the Great Revival of the Eighteenth Century.

By the Rev. EDWIN PAXTON HOOD,  
Author of "Isaac Watts: his Life and Times," etc. With Illustrations.  
Imperial 16mo. 4s. cloth boards.

### Isaac Watts :

His Life and Writings, his Homes and Friends.

By EDWIN PAXTON HOOD.  
With Illustrations. 8vo. 6s. cloth boards.

### A Memoir of the Rev. Henry Watson Fox, B.A., Missionary to the Telugus.

By the Rev. GEORGE TOWNSHEND FOX, M.A.  
Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. cloth boards.

### Worthies of Science.

Biographical Sketches of Roger Bacon, Copernicus, Pascal, Isaac Barrow, Boyle, Locke, Sir I. Newton, Cuvier, Herschel, Adam Sedgwick, and others.

By the Rev. Dr. STOUGHTON.  
Crown 8vo. 4s. cloth boards.

### Homes and Haunts of Luther.

By the Rev. Dr. STOUGHTON, author of "Stars of the East," etc.  
With numerous Engravings by WHYMPER and others.  
Small 4to. 8s. extra cloth boards, gilt edges.

### Charlotte Elliott's Poems.

(Author of "Just as I am.") With a Memoir by her SISTER. Finely printed, with Autotype Portrait. Crown 8vo. 4s. extra cloth, gilt edges.  
Also "LEAVES FROM THE UNPUBLISHED JOURNALS AND POEMS OF CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT."

Uniform with "Poems of Charlotte Elliott."  
With Coloured Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. 4s. extra cloth, gilt edges.

### The Waldensian Church in the Valleys of Piedmont.

From the Earliest Period to the Present Time.

By the late JANE LOUISA WILLIAMS.  
A new and Revised Edition, with a view of the present state of the Waldensian Church, and of its Missions.  
Edited by Mrs. MATHESON.

With numerous Fine Wood Engravings.  
Imperial 16mo. 5s. extra cloth boards, gilt edges.



[From "Ingleside and Wayside Musings."]



A USEFUL BOOK FOR SUNDAY AFTERNOONS IN THE NURSERY.

## Illustrated Letters to my Children from the Holy Land.

By HENRY A. HARPER.

With Engravings from Original Sketches by the Author.

Handsomely printed.

Imperial 8vo. 5s. cloth boards, gilt edges.

WATERING THE FLOCK AT AN EASTERN WELL.

[Reduced Illustration from the above book.



### Bible Pictures for our Pets.

With large Illustrations, drawn by Selous, Staniland, Webb, Watson, Harrison Weir, Downard, Doré, and other well known Artists. Quarto. Each part complete in itself. Part I. OLD TESTAMENT PICTURES. Part II. NEW TESTAMENT PICTURES. In Ornamental boards, with cloth backs, 2s. each part. Complete in one volume, 4s. handsomely bound, with medallion on side, gilt edges.

### The Natural History Scrap-Book.

With large Engravings and Descriptive Letterpress. In Two Parts. 2s. each; or 4s. complete in cloth, gilt.

### Glimpses into the Secrets of Nature.

By MARY E. BECK.

With Illustrations. 1s. 6d. cloth boards.

### Chapters on Every-Day Things.

By the Author of "Ten Steps in the Narrow Way," etc. Profusely Illustrated. Imperial 16mo. 4s. cloth boards, gilt edges.

### Uncle Ned's Stories of the Tropics.

With numerous Engravings. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. cloth boards.

### The Home Naturalist;

Or, Practical Instructions for Collecting, Arranging, and Preserving all kinds of Natural Objects.

By HARLAND COULTAS, late Lecturer on Botany at the School of Medicine, Charing Cross Hospital.

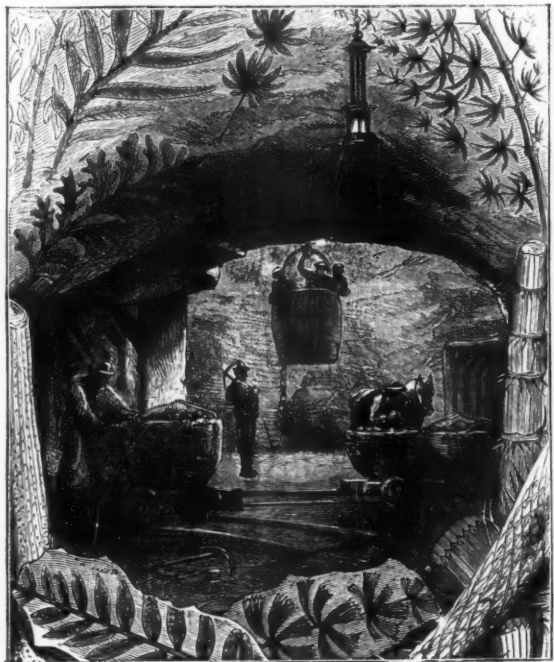
Profusely Illustrated. Imperial 16mo. 4s. cloth, gilt edges.

### Tales of Heroes and Great Men of Old.

By the Author of "Which Wins the Prize," etc. With Illustrations. 3s. cloth boards.

### Stories of the Old Romans.

By the same Author. With Illustrations by MOYR SMITH. 3s. in cloth boards.



[From "Glimpses into the Secrets of Nature."

The Religious Tract Society, London: 56, Paternoster Row, and 164, Piccadilly.





[Reduced from "Thoughtful Joe." Illustrated by Robert Barnes.

### Thoughtful Joe, And How he Gained his Name.

By Mrs. RUTH LAMB. Printed in very Large Type. With Twelve page Pictures by ROBERT BARNES. Fcap. 4to. 2s. 6d. bound in handsome cloth, gilt.

### My Schoolfellow "Val Bownser."

By the Author of "Which wins the Prize," etc. With Engravings. 3s. 6d. cloth, gilt edges.

### John Denton's Friends,

By CRONA TEMPLE. Crown 8vo. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. cloth boards.

### Little Wavie,

*The Foundling of Glenderg.*  
By CRONA TEMPLE. Illustrated. Crown 8vo. 2s. cloth boards.

### Away on the Waters.

By the Author of "Only Me," etc. Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. cloth boards, gilt edges.

### Things Touching the King.

A Selection of Texts arranged for a Year. Neatly printed in Coloured Ink. Square 16mo. 1s. 4d. cloth boards.

### Day unto Day.

An Illuminated Diary for Memorial Entries, arranged for a Year.

With a Floral Design and a Text for each Month, and Space for Daily Memoranda.

Beautifully printed in Gold and Colours.

Small oblong 8vo. 1s. in ornamental boards; 1s. 4d. bevelled cloth boards, full gilt.

### Children's Daily Bread.

Illustrated with a Picture, Text, and Verse for every Day of the Year. Two Pictures on each page. Small 4to. Well printed. 2s. 6d. cloth boards.

### BOOKS BY HESBA STRETTON.

Jessica's First Prayer. 1s. cloth; 1s. 6d. gilt edges.

Bede's Charity. Crown 8vo. 4s. cloth boards, gilt edges. With Engravings by EDWARD WHYMFER.

2s. each. Crown 8vo, cloth boards.

A Thorny Path.

Pilgrim Street.

Enoch Roden's Training.

1s. 6d. each. Royal 16mo, cloth boards.

Little Meg's Children.

Alone in London.

Max Kromer: A Story of Strasburg.

Crew of the Dolphin.

The King's Servants.

Fern's Hollow.

Fishers of Derby Haven.

Children of Cloverley.

The Storm of Life.

Cassy.

Friends till Death, and other Stories.

Michel Lorio's Cross, and other Stories.

6d. each. Royal 16mo, limp cloth.

Friends till Death.

Michel Lorio's Cross.

Sam Franklin's Savings Bank, and other Stories.

Old Transome.

A Night and a Day.

A Man of his Word.

The Worth of a Baby.

SPECIMEN HALF PAGE from "Children's Daily Bread." Each page containing Picture, Text and Verse for two days. This is a very useful and attractive book for a Christmas or New Year's Present, or for a Sunday School reward.

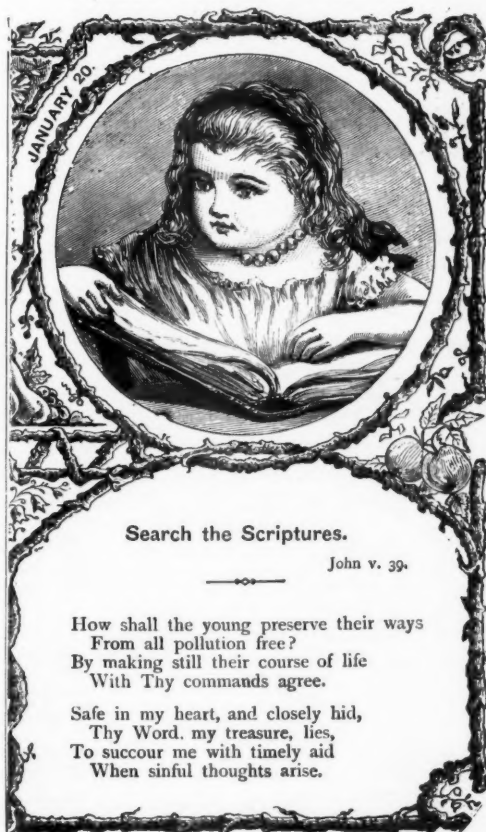
### True Tales about India;

Its Native Princes and British Rulers.

By S. J. BALLARD, of Mangalore. Map and numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 3s. cloth boards.

### The Old Endeavour.

By CRONA TEMPLE, author of "John Denton's Friends," etc. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 1s. 6d. cloth boards.

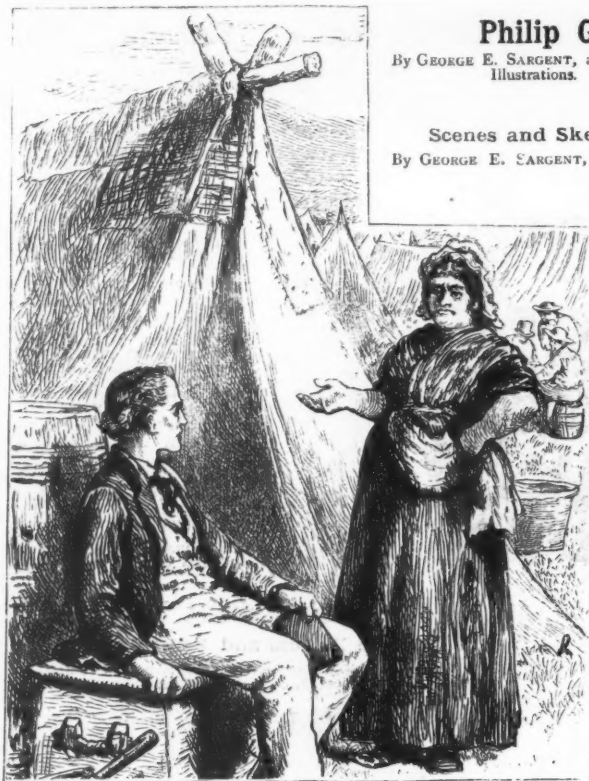


### Search the Scriptures.

John v. 39.

How shall the young preserve their ways  
From all pollution free?  
By making still their course of life  
With Thy commands agree.

Safe in my heart, and closely hid,  
Thy Word, my treasure, lies,  
To succour me with timely aid  
When sinful thoughts arise.



IN CANVAS TOWN. [From "Philip Gainsford."]'

## Philip Gainsford's Profit and Loss.

By GEORGE E. SARGENT, author of "Hurlock Chase," "An Old Sailor's Story," etc. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. bevelled cloth boards, gilt edges.

## Langdon Manor:

Scenes and Sketches in the History of a Family Bible.

By GEORGE E. SARGENT, author of "Story of a Pocket Bible," etc. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 1s. 6d. cloth boards.

## Before the Dawn:

A Story of Wycliffe and Bohemia.

By the Author of "Out of the Mouth of the Lion," etc. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. cloth boards, gilt edges.

## Stories of Old England.

By G. E. SARGENT. First and Second Series. 3s. each in cloth boards.

## Once upon a Time;

Or, The Boy's Book of Adventures.

With Illustrations. 3s. cloth boards.

## Boys will be Boys.

By GEORGE E. SARGENT, author of "The Story of a City Arab," etc. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. cloth boards.

## Boy and Mah.

A Story for Old and Young.

With Illustrations. 4s. bevelled cloth boards, gilt edges.

## The Realm of the Ice King.

A Book of Arctic Discovery & Adventure.

Illustrations. 4s. 6d. cloth boards, gilt.

## Captain Cook:

His Life, Voyages, and Discoveries.

By the late W. H. G. KINGSTON. Engravings. 5s. extra cloth, gilt edges.

## The Golden Grasshopper:

A Tale

Founded on Events in the Days of Sir Thomas Gresham, Kt., as narrated in the Diary of Einste Verher, whilom his Page and Secretary, during the Reigns of Queens Mary and Elizabeth.

By the late W. H. G. KINGSTON. With Illustrations. Imperial 16mo. 5s. cloth boards.

## A Yacht Voyage round England.

By the late W. H. G. KINGSTON. Profusely Illustrated. Imperial 16mo. 5s. cloth, gilt.

## NEW ANNUALS FOR PRESENTATION.

### Girl's Own Annual.

The first Volume of the GIRL'S OWN PAPER. Containing 624 pages of interesting and useful reading—Tales, Household Hints, Plain and Fancy Needlework, Music, etc., etc., with a profusion of Illustrations. Price 6s. in hand-some cloth; or 7s. 6d. with gilt edges.

### The Boy's Own Annual.

The second Volume of the BOY'S OWN PAPER. Containing 832 pages of Tales, Sports, Pastimes, Travel, Adventure, Amusement, and Instruction. With Coloured and Wood Engravings. 7s. 6d. in handsome cloth; 9s. with gilt edges.

## The Leisure Hour Volume

For 1830.

828 pages of Interesting Reading for the Family, with numerous Engravings by the best Artists. 7s. cloth boards; 8s. 6d. extra, gilt edges; 10s. 6d. half-calf extra.

## The Sunday at Home Volume

For 1880.

828 pages of Interesting Sunday Reading, with numerous Coloured and Wood Engravings. 7s. cloth boards; 8s. 6d. extra, gilt edges; 10s. 6d. half-calf extra.



[From "The Golden Grasshopper."]

## Aunt Milly's Childhood.

By the Author of "Lea's Playground," etc. With Illustrations.  
Crown 8vo. 3s. cloth boards, gilt edges.

## Ethel Graham's Victory.

By Mrs. H. B. PAULL. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. cloth boards, gilt edges.

## Sibyl Garth;

Or, Who Teacheth like Him?

With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. cloth, gilt edges.

## Karl Krapp's Little Maidens and their Good Gift.

By the Author of "Harry's Perplexity, and What came of It," etc.  
With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 3s. cloth, gilt edges.

## Penfold:

A Story of the Flower Mission.

By RUTH LYNN. With Engravings by WHYMPE. 12. 6d. cloth boards.

## Ermyn, the Child of St. Elvis.

By RUTH LYNN, author of "City Sparrows," etc. With Illustrations.  
Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. cloth, gilt edges.

## The Prism; or, Tales from Three Countries.

Unequally Yoked: a Tale of Egyptian Life. Life in a Swiss Châlet; or, The good Stepmother. From Darkness to Light: a Tale of Spanish Life. By Three Members of the WHEATLEY Family. With Illustrations.  
Imperial 16mo. 5s. cloth, gilt edges.

## Saved at Sea:

A Lighthouse Story.

By Mrs. O. F. WALTON. With many Engravings. Royal 16mo. 1s. 6d. cloth boards.

## Little Faith:

The Child of the Toy Stall.

By Mrs. O. F. WALTON. Illustrated. 1s. cloth boards.

## Was I Right?

By Mrs. O. F. WALTON, author of "Christie's Old Organ," etc.  
With Fine Engravings. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. cloth boards, gilt edges.



MILLY AND ADELA. [From "Aunt Milly's Childhood."]

## A Peep Behind the Scenes.

By Mrs. O. F. WALTON. With Engravings by WHYMPE. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. cloth boards, gilt edges.

## NEW SHILLING SERIES OF ILLUSTRATED LARGE-TYPE BOOKS FOR ADULTS.

Ben Boyce, the Beachman, and other Nautical Sketches.

My Scarlet Shawl; or, Out of Debt out of Danger, and other Stories.

The Pedlar of Cophorne Common. By Mrs. FREDERICK LOCKER.

The Cornish Fishermen's Watch-night, and other Stories.

The Oldest Fisherman in the World, and other Stories.

The Light on the Wall, and other Stories. By Mrs. PROSSER, author of "The Sale of Callowfields," etc.

Waste not, Want not.

Frog Alley, and what came out of it.

The Boundary Tree; or, The Two Farmers.

The Broken Clothes-line, & other Stories.

A Story of Crossport, and other Tales.

The Hedger's Right Arm, & other Stories. Good Tidings for the Anxious.

Shaw's Farm.

The Loss of the Kent East-Indiaman.

By Major-General Sir DUNCAN MACGREGOR. With Additions by JOHN MACGREGOR ("Rob Roy").

Widow Clarke's Home, and What changed it.

Others in preparation.



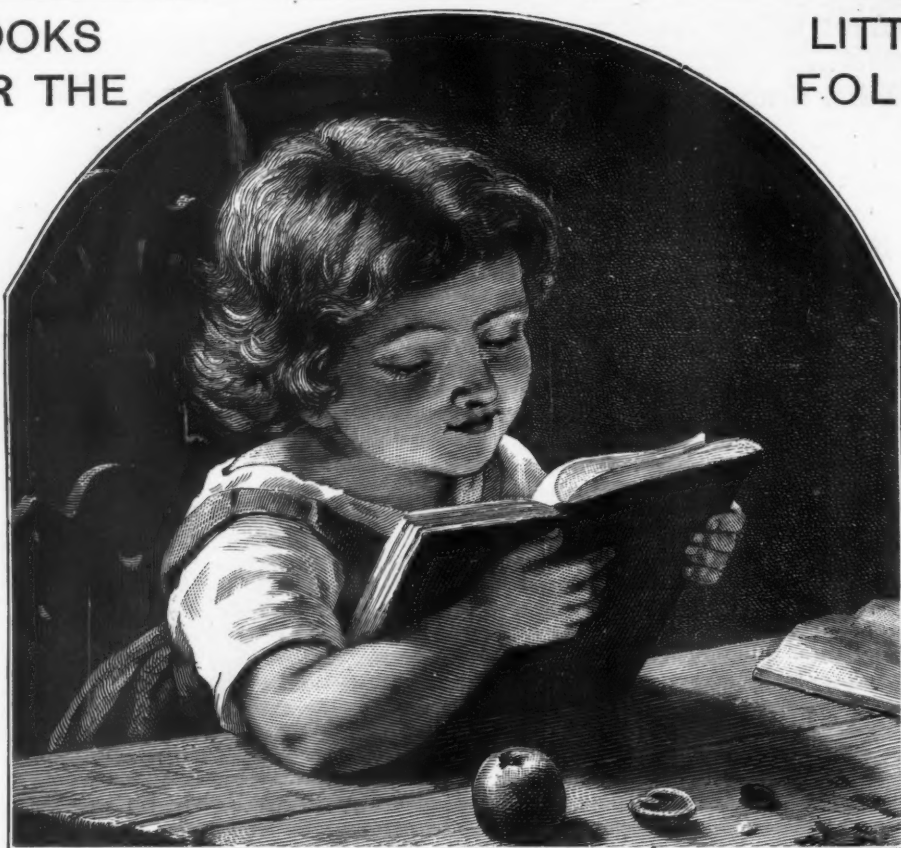
"GO AHEAD, LITTLE MISSY, WE'LL ATTEND TO YE."  
[From the "Story of Crossport."]

These books are printed in clear type, and are nicely bound in cloth boards. They form a valuable series for the working people, and will be found to contain a variety of appropriate reading for mothers' meetings, etc.



**BOOKS  
FOR THE**

**LITTLE  
FOLKS.**



*From "My Own Picture-Book."*

**My Own Picture-Book.**

First and Second Series.

With a large Engraving on each page. In Large Type. Imperial 8vo.  
2s. 6d. in cloth boards; 4s. in one handsome Volume, gilt edges.

**My New Toy-Book.**

Containing "The Story of a Goat," "Eva and Topsy," "The Children's Garden," "The New Pet." With Twenty-four Coloured Illustrations.  
4s. bound in handsome cloth, gilt.

**The Town and Country  
Toy Book.**

With 24 Coloured Pictures. 4s. in handsome extra boards, with Coloured Medallion on side, gilt edges.

**My Pet's Gift Book.**

With 24 large Quarto Plates, beautifully printed in Oil Colours. In handsome binding, with Medallion on side. 4s. cloth boards, full gilt.

**The Little Learner's  
Toy Book.**

With 24 Coloured Pictures. Quarto. 4s. handsomely bound, gilt edges.

**The Toy Book of Birds  
and Beasts.**

With 24 Coloured Pictures from Drawings by Harrison Weir. Quarto. 4s. handsomely bound, gilt edges.



*From the "Child's Companion Annual."*

**Child's Companion Annual for 1880.**

A handsome Volume. Full of Pictures.  
Coloured Frontispiece. In fancy covers, 1s. 6d.; cloth boards, 2s.; extra, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

**The Cottager and Artisan for 1880.**

Good Engravings and clear type.  
A most appropriate Christmas gift to working people.  
1s. 6d. in coloured cover; 2s. 6d. strongly bound in cloth, gilt edges.

**Harrison Weir's  
Pictures of Birds and  
other Family Pets.**

With 24 large Coloured Plates from Original Drawings. Handsomely bound, with side in Gold and Colours. 5s. cloth boards.

**Harrison Weir's  
Pictures of Animals.**

With 24 large Coloured Plates from Original Drawings, printed in Oil Colours. 5s. cloth boards, with Chrome Medallion on side.

**The Toy Book Present.**

24 large Illustrations in Oil Colours. 5s. handsomely bound.

**The Toy Book Keepsake.**

24 Coloured Illustrations. Quarto. 5s. handsomely bound.



LE  
KS.

Children's  
ustrations.

**Weir's**  
**Birds and**  
**ly Pets.**

Coloured  
Original  
andsomely  
le in Gold  
5s. cloth

**Weir's**  
**Animals.**

Coloured  
Original  
ted in Oil  
oth boards,  
Medallion  
e.

**Present.**  
ustrations in  
5s. hand-

**ok Keep-**

ustrations.  
andsomely  
l.

**1880.**

gilt edges.



*From a Water-colour Drawing by E. F. BREWTHALL.*

Kronheim & Co.

## THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear ;  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is haunted.—HOOD.

# THE LEISURE HOUR.



## Now Dear Chimes.

LISTEN, listen! do you hear them—  
Hear the sweet familiar chimes?  
Does not memory endear them,  
For the sake of bygone times?  
Come, bright hope, and swell the burden  
Of their song to hearts forlorn;  
Joyfulness should be their guerdon  
On this dark mid-winter morn.

Listen, listen! let them waken  
Vanished moments if you will;  
Speak of pleasures long forsaken,  
Broken faith regretted still;  
Conjure up the dear old places,  
Blot the intervening years,  
Till we look on phantom faces  
Through a sudden mist of tears.

Listen, listen! but no longer  
Lost in dreams that enervate;  
As the merry din grows stronger,  
Let it cheer and animate,  
Be the clarion to call us  
Forward where our lot is cast,  
So whatever fate befall us  
We may meet it well at last.

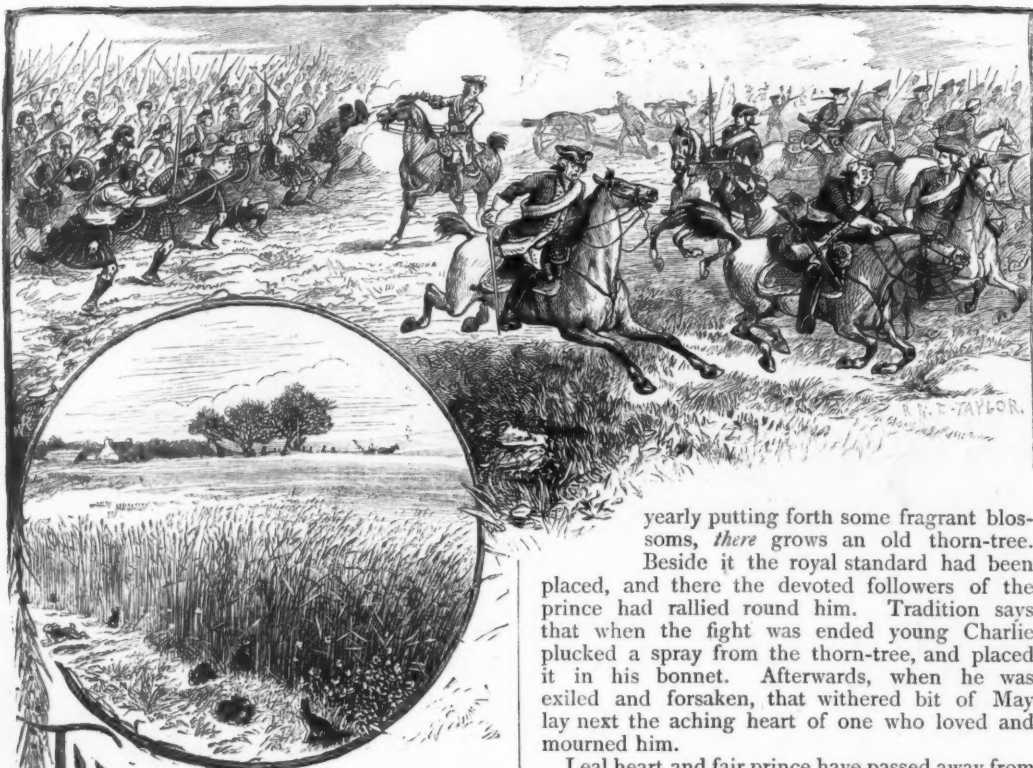
Listen, listen! through the pealing  
Of the chimes that greet the year,  
Echoes not of earth are stealing;  
Angel voices I can hear,  
Rousing nobler passions, giving  
Men and women impulse new;  
Listen! life is worth the living,  
If we make it brave and true.

## "WILL HE NO' COME BACK AGAIN?"

BY JESSIE EDMONSTON SAXBY.

### CHAPTER I.

"Say what the play treats on, then read the names of the actors, and so grow to a point."—*Shakespeare*.



**THE** dirty, picturesque village of Prestonpans, in Mid Lothian, is not much visited by tourists of the common order. The battle-field where Bonnie Prince Charlie won a short-lived triumph is removed far enough from the little town which bears its name to turn the lion-hunter aside. In fact the railway cuts the field of Prestonpans in twain, so that the tourist travelling from King's Cross to Waverley Station is carried by the "Flying Scotchman" straight over the place where so many Jacobites struck a blow for the House of Stuart. Golden corn waves upon the soil enriched by the blood of many a gallant Scot; but a witness of that memorable day still remains upon the spot. Ragged and gnarled, shorn of all its pristine beauty, but still

yearly putting forth some fragrant blossoms, *there* grows an old thorn-tree. Beside it the royal standard had been placed, and there the devoted followers of the prince had rallied round him. Tradition says that when the fight was ended young Charlie plucked a spray from the thorn-tree, and placed it in his bonnet. Afterwards, when he was exiled and forsaken, that withered bit of May lay next the aching heart of one who loved and mourned him.

Leal heart and fair prince have passed away from the earth which knows them no more, but the thorn-tree flourishes in hale old age.

Prestonpans is distant from the line of railway about half a mile, and is merely a long, straggling street skirting the Forth, with lanes, or "closes," leading off to the water's edge on the one hand, and to the green fields on the other. To be candid, Prestonpans does not offer many attractions to the visitor, who usually thinks more about the fluid that fills his water-bottle, and the odours which assail his sense of smell, than about quaint, red-tiled buildings, odd stairways, and grey walls washed by the sea. But to a searcher after the picturesque and romantic, this old-fashioned Scotch village is most alluring.

You seem carried back into the fifteenth century



as you pick your way along the half-paved street, and listen to the broad dialect which contiguity with Modern Athens has not refined or modernised one bit. The strong-limbed handsome women, with their short skirts and bared arms, contrast strikingly with the pale, weak creatures who represent the gentler sex of town. And the bare-legged, unkempt urchins tumbling into sea or gutter—whichever comes handiest—and who stare at the stranger as if he were a being from another world, are just like the children who frolicked by the Firth of Forth when Mary Stuart was languishing in an English prison.

If you turn from the attractive sea, from the village and its inhabitants, your gaze, wandering over the level stretches of fields and market gardens, will be arrested by a square tower rising grim and grey from the surrounding verdure. The straight unbroken lines of dead wall give Preston Tower an appearance much less imposing than its real size demands. It is in fact a ruin of some extent, having possessed a guard-room large enough to accommodate a good number of men, and many chambers of ordinary dimensions. It also contained the private chapel, mysterious trap-door, secret cell, sacred niches, hidden dungeon, which the domestic, religious, and political life of olden times required, but which our modern social arrangements dispense with. It is so much more pleasant to build one's house with an eye to comfort only, and, in lieu of all these ingenious but draughty contrivances, to maintain a well-organised force of clergy and police, with jails and churches.

I might draw your attention to many other places of historic interest in the neighbourhood of Prestonpans, but perhaps it is best to limit our “talk” to those which have to do with the story I am going to tell. But before going further please understand that the dear dirty old place has something modern to recommend it as well as its ancient associations. In one of Memory's fairest rooms I have a wall dedicated to pictures from this locality alone. One represents a beautiful garden smelling of all the delicious odours which are banished from fashionable flower-beds. Red-cheeked apples cluster upon laden boughs; doves coo upon the eaves of the old house; jessamine clings to its walls; singing birds warble their thanks to the kind friends who do not grudge the birdies a share of fruit; children chase each other up and down the avenues.

Another picture is of a quiet room, where one who is “wearin’ awa’” speaks cheerfully of the coming time, and by the lesson of a long life spent in bringing up children for Him who gave them shows how the woman's soul may be best educated for the happy life beyond.

A third picture is of a manse clothed in ivy, nestling among rowan-trees, whose red clusters droop about it like jewels upon a lady's dress. The manse parlour is a perfect room, numberless specimens of natural history are grouped about the walls, rare trophies from every quarter of the globe adorn the tables, learned books are scattered among photographs, microscopes, fancy work, and “white seam” fresh from the motherly hands of one whose sympathetic heart is always open to

all. A grave good man talks wisely of many things to those who are privileged to enter that unique room.

And the fourth picture (the last I am going to show you, but not the last upon my wall—oh no!) is of a summer arbour where roses and woodbine cluster; where the light steals gently in; where, through overhanging branches, you can see Preston Tower ruddy in the sunset glory; where one benign and gentle teaches others to quiet their restless hearts, to bear patiently each heavy cross, to look up and hope for ever.

Such are the memories which endear Prestonpans to me; such were the people and places which made it so alluring. I soon became quite enamoured of it; and then story after story started into a sort of ghostly life, and haunted me until I became forced into relating them. Indeed there is no other way of getting rid of such haunting isms. And that was how this story came into existence.

For obvious reasons I do not fix a date to it—you can imagine the incidents occurring any time within the last fifty years. But though I do not begin my tale with “It happened in the year 18—,” there is another old usage dear to story-writers' souls, which I always wish to follow. I like to describe the stage upon which the chief portions of my play were acted; and as you will scarcely be able to follow clearly the thread of the narrative without a knowledge of the dwelling where my principal characters lived, I will introduce you to Inveresk Cottage.

Walking east along the sinuous street, you turn to the left, and, stepping down through a small garden, you enter the front door of the cottage. The keeping-room is on the right, and the parlour to the left. In front of the parlour window grows a well-trimmed hawthorn-tree, set in the centre of a grass plot—and thereby hangs a tale. The parlour is low and gloomy, so gloomy, indeed, and so queer, that you are not surprised when there is pointed out to you a small door, which you had not observed, and you are told that it leads into a yard behind the house, the walls of which are washed by the sea at high-water. The sea comes up to the house between two lines of crag that run out some way, thus forming an excellent creek where boats can land in safety. But this door does not only lead into the yard. You would never guess that behind a heap of rubbish there is an entrance to a vault which communicates by a long low passage with the crags beyond. The purpose for which the passage and vault were made cannot be doubted, and a more neatly contrived place for secreting contraband articles could not be well imagined. The small door in the parlour wall was formerly concealed by a bookcase, which moved on springs, and was easily set to one side by those who were acquainted with its mechanism; but even without that disguise the door might easily escape notice during a hurried examination of the room.

On entering the house you get the impression of its being exceedingly small, and are somewhat surprised to find a tiny room opening off the middle of the winding stair, while higher up you come upon four very good bedrooms, and then

turning off into a short passage, you go down a step and suddenly find yourself in a charming sitting-room, with two good-sized windows looking over the sea. The view is beautiful, and strikes you with pleased surprise. Straight below the window lies the creek I mentioned, where a boat is probably moored, and a troop of embryo fishermen are paddling about sailing their toy craft, or imagining themselves grown up as they clamber out and in of the real boat. Farther you see the great ocean-rovers move up and down, some gliding to anchor, some passing down the Firth; big steamers belching forth smoke; stately barques with white sails spread; swift excursion boats bustling along; picturesque fishing skiffs dancing merrily seaward; wicked, formidable-looking iron-clads snorting fiercely as they rush through the water. The background to all that busy, beautiful stretch of sea, is made by the Fife coast rising in wooded or village-clad heights, which fade into the blue of mountains. And leaning over those distant peaks, like the rosy wings of angels, droop many-coloured fantastic-shaped clouds, above which—above *all* I should say—is spread a deep-blue sky. It is a scene which one would never tire of looking upon, and it is a scene which varies with every wind that blows, with every beam that falls from the sun. Thus you see the house is admirably situated for ornamental as well as useful purposes, and this is Inveresk Cottage at present. This was Inveresk Cottage long ago.

At the time of which I write the sitting-room which I have just mentioned was tastefully furnished as only ladies know how to arrange their best rooms. And not only was it prettily decorated, but it contained some curious bits of old furniture and exquisite china, as well as a painting or two, which seemed to indicate that the family could boast of a Tree (was there ever a Scotch house that could not?) and some blue blood. Indications of neither were to be found in the master of the house nor yet in his profession, which was nothing more than that of a village shopkeeper. To be sure, such a position implies something more in Scotland than it does elsewhere, and the honest man who stands behind the counter weighing out pounds of tea and sugar, or measuring tapes and calico, may be leading elder of a church, a town councillor, or a learned antiquary. But Mr. Winton, lowborn and vulgar in appearance, made no pretence to high lineage, although he liked at rare times to talk of his "wife's grand folk up in Perthshire."

It was his boast that he had been a ragged, untaught child, running wild about Prestonpans; he liked to tell how he had never "cared to do much gude" until the Spirit of God touched his heart, and how, after that, self-respect impelled him to strive after a better mode of living. There was pardonable pride in the way he dwelt upon the steps by which he had steadily raised himself to a position of trust and prosperity. He never failed to attribute his success to the influence of religion; but the way it was said unfortunately led the hearer to conclude that no other man than John Winton would have benefited in the same degree from Divine teaching.

Some people wondered how he came to get the wife he did; for, worthy as no doubt he was, Mr. Winton was scarcely the man to attract the affections of an educated, refined lady, it was said. The truth was, the lady had passed her youth in single blessedness, and was fast reaching the dreary hope-forsaken time of life, to escape the horrors of which women will sometimes thankfully grasp at the first chance which comes their way. To those who have a "vocation" such a dismal period never comes. But Miss MacAlastair was neither strong-minded nor sentimental, and she had been brought up to believe that matrimony and heaven were the goals which every daughter of Eve ought to strive after. At that critical period in Miss MacAlastair's history it happened that John Winton had some business transactions with her brother the laird—transactions which resulted in a loss of money on Mr. Winton's side; and as the honest tradesman naturally wished to recover his lost cash, he made frequent visits to the dilapidated dwelling of his debtor, who, of course, received him with Highland hospitality. How it came about I cannot tell; but the money difficulties were smoothed over by a matrimonial alliance, and a promise on The MacAlastairs' part that John Winton's children should inherit the few patrimonial acres of Perthshire heath which still remained in the possession of their rightful owner. There were no protestations of deep love on either side. Winton said, in his rough, straightforward way, that he would give the lady a comfortable home, and "no' trouble her with many frecks or fancies," and Miss MacAlastair resolved that she would be a dutiful wife, and would polish her rough-cut diamond into a jewel fit for a lady's hand to wear. She never succeeded in that polishing process, but she certainly did in acting her part as a sensible wife, and the couple jogged along most comfortably. The wife possessed great tact and feelings not too sensitive, and the husband was endowed with much common sense and that manly independence of speech and action which compels the weaker vessel's submission, so that they managed to educate their children, and perform the various duties of life, without any of the dissensions which frequently arise between more equally-mated pairs.

I suppose the reason was that on one very important point Mr. and Mrs. Winton were agreed, although their tastes, associates, and antecedents were diametrically opposed in every other respect. They had both been brought up strict Presbyterians, consequently they had no conflicting theories regarding the walk and conversation of their household.

It is quite possible for a person to be taught to respect the outward forms of religion at the same time that much that is irreligious is going on in the household. In fact we often see the Sabbath more rigidly kept, family worship more regularly performed, and so on, by families who are far from God in their hearts than by others who are striving in some degree after the Light. Such is the force of habit and of regard to appearances. Miss MacAlastair's family were merely professing

Christians. John Winton's parents, in their humble sphere, were just the same, and it was only through Divine grace that the husband and wife had come to a better knowledge of that real religion of which the other is but the empty husk.

Some people would perhaps have said that there was too much regard paid to the mere outward forms of religion—that the reins of government were held rather too tightly—that the piety of the household savoured just a little too much of the ascetic spirit which hinders the cause of true Christianity in some cases as much as it helps in others. Indeed some uncharitable neighbours affirmed that Mr. and Mrs. Winton's "system" was very much the same as that of the toddy-drinking Highland laird and the shiftless ne'er-do-well Prestonpans grocer who had "brought them up." "And if the ways are the same, how are we to tell the real from the sham?" That was an unfair way to judge. Worldly prosperity had tested John's religion, and shown it to be different from his father's. An orderly household, and the evident blessing of God upon it, showed that Mrs. Winton was guided by a higher power than that which directed affairs in the decayed home of her youth. But as both had been taught to respect forms so much, they continued to give them undue prominence. To be sure it suited Mr. and Mrs. Winton, and if their boy and girl had been their counterparts it would have suited them too, but unfortunately the blending of MacAlastair and Winton blood had resulted in a mixture resembling neither. Yet, however much the young people might feel inclined to rebel against the rigid laws by which they were governed, they never failed to respect the good intention and consistency which marked their parents' actions; and that good feeling on the children's part kept all the domestic wheels running smoothly.

The family were not often assembled in the best room, which was frequently abandoned to that grim solitude which pervades the drawing-rooms of second-class Scotch folk. You must therefore believe that no common subject was being debated at the time you are introduced to the family group. The mother, a pale, somewhat timid woman, middle-aged, and slightly invalided, was resting on a sofa near the window. She had traces of having possessed some beauty in her youth. There was a delicate refinement in her air which proclaimed her title to be called a lady born and bred; and there was a restful expression on her features which said that her heart dwelt in peace, though that look was slightly marred at times by a certain nervous timidity which seemed to tell that she had never acted with decision or energy, however much she might have been led by prudence.

Her husband was of a different stamp of character, as I hinted before. He was a big, rough man, with rugged features whose coarseness was only redeemed by the resolute independence which marked them. When he spoke one knew he had not had a liberal education; that he had not mixed with polite society; that he was nothing more than a business-brained, energetic Scotchman, shrewd and commonplace; one who had

made his own way in the world through steady application to the work that lay before him, and who was rather too conscious of his claim to boast himself a self-made man. Yes, very commonplace and prosaic in intellect was John Winton, yet the world would be none the worse in having more men like him in it.

The children of this worthy couple were taking part in the conversation with less of the deferential tone than usual; singular events call for singular actions, they probably believed. The daughter was older than her brother by two years; both had borrowed from the Highland family tree physical beauty and an air of distinction. They were strikingly like each other, and unlike their parents, except that Sholto's eyes had something of his mother's wavering glance, and a resemblance to her father could be detected in Mona's firmly-curved lips and earnest gestures. Both had brown wavy hair and expressive grey eyes, straight profile, slightly-made limbs; and both exhibited the same refined manner, the same fervid imagination, the same high-bred instincts.

They were seated close together, opposite their father, who was emphasising what he said with an occasional thump of his big fist upon the table—an action which invariably caused his wife to start, his son to frown, and his daughter to smile.

The subject of discussion was no less a one than the son's start in life. He had reached twenty-one, and it was time, he thought, of setting to the business of life. Until that time he had done nothing more than go through the usual school course; then attend classes in a desultory way—going up to Edinburgh for the purpose. That educational course had been varied by madeap adventures among the Prestonpans sailors and romantic escapades which as yet had been harmless, but might become very much the reverse now that manhood had begun to assert its power over the boy.

The Prestonpans men were well known to be fond of indulging in a bit of smuggling now and then. They possessed every facility for prosecuting illicit trade, and I am bound to confess to you that many a keg of brandy, many a pound of tobacco, many a roll of silk, snugly ensconced in Mr. Winton's store, had found its way there through the hidden passage between his house and the crags, where the fishing-boats ran in to land their catches. It is curious how custom and surrounding opinion influences the moral sense even of men whose religion is unquestioned. Mr. Winton found no commandment in the Bible against smuggling. Though he was prone to reading Scripture literally, and leaving its implied injunctions alone, the order to render to the ruling powers the things that are theirs he got over by declaiming against the duty imposed upon certain articles, and affirming that Government claimed what it had no right to claim in these cases. Thus his conscience, clear on every other point, never pricked him as yet on this.

But it happened that Sholto began to show a decided taste for the dangerous calling which some of the Prestonpans seamen followed along with their more lawful avocations. The lad was a great



favourite among the lower class of his neighbours. He had the frank, generous disposition, combined with a certain air of superiority which usually attaches to itself the love and obedience of less gifted beings; and though he dearly delighted in a "regular good spree," he never did a mean, dishonourable action, and the rough men and youths with whom he associated so much were not slow to perceive and acknowledge the nobility of disposition which lifted Sholto so much above themselves.

Mr. Winton would have preferred that his son had chosen other companions, and Mrs. Winton would have felt much more easy in her mind if Sholto had restricted his adventures to *terra firma*, but neither of his parents had made any serious efforts to withdraw him from scenes in which his heart rejoiced. There was no harm in what he did; there could not be any harm as long as he came with glowing face and eyes sparkling with fun and excitement to tell them of his exploits. In their secret hearts they were proud that their boy was not afraid to face a gale, or dare the coast-guard, and they readily allowed that Sholto was gaining health, and nothing worse than "frolicsome ways," through being so much upon the sea. As for Mona, she never concealed how much she approved of Sholto's mode of life. "So much better than poking about the village, or learning to speak with a drawl, and keep hands in kid gloves, like other lads of his order." She made a blue jersey for him, and worked the MacAlastair crest upon its collar. She took lessons in lanyard weaving, and had Sholto's clasp-knife attached to an elaborate lanyard of her own making. She sighed, and wished she were a man that she might go with him. It was always his sister who stood on the shore to watch the handsome lad depart upon some sea expedition, and her cheeks would flush with pleasure when the men would tell her what a "regular good hand" he was. But Mona seldom had the pleasure of being on the spot to greet him on his return. That part of the fun was usually performed under cover of the darkness. You must not suppose, however, that the Prestonpans men were a set of desperate cut-throat smugglers, such as one reads about in stories. If a foreign vessel ran past their fishing-ground, and they were invited to board her and taste the good liquor she carried, and if they were induced to buy a few kegs of brandy or the like, and if the store-keepers—who bought their fish—were obliging enough to give them a few shillings more than they had paid for the articles and ask no questions, there did not seem much harm done.

That was how these men looked at the matter, and how John Winton looked at it. But, right or wrong, such proceedings were forbidden by the laws of his country, therefore he was liable to pay the penalty, and he became uneasy whenever he knew that Sholto was off on a fishing expedition.

That uneasiness culminated in grave anxiety when a more than usually valuable cargo was brought into the underground cellar by men who remarked that the lad ought to get a good share of the profit, for it was through his daring that the booty had been secured: and one reckless dark-

faced fellow said, with a leer at Mr. Winton, "Your son will be the boldest reiver on the coast or long."

"What do you mean, Thomson?" Sholto's father asked, somewhat sharply; and the fisherman, nothing loth, recounted the whole adventure.

"Oh, weel, you see, sir, we were out by yonder as usual, and fell in wi' them we expected to meet. A' was snugly arranged, and we were making for home as the night fell when Tom Gray (he's a sharp chiel, is Tom) saw the revenue cutter coming down upon us—to overhaul, we supposed. Some of us were for flinging the 'stuff' overboard afore we were cotched. But Mr. Sholto, he said, 'Let be, men, try another plan; it will be rare fun if it succeeds.' His plan was this—(you see we were beating up for the land, and he said if we went on another tack the cutter would follow suit): We were to let her come quite near, and then, when she was almost on us, we were to tack about and be off before the wind. It was a risky plan, but it did, and we saved our stuff, you see. Oh, aye, he's a daring chap, is Mr. Sholto."

"And if the *risky plan* had not succeeded, what then?" asked Mr. Winton.

"I'm thinking we wad be kenning what like the inside o' Calton Jail is," replied Thomson, shrugging his shoulders expressively.

The danger thus threatening his son opened Mr. Winton's eyes to the wrong-doing which he himself had actually encouraged—a wrong-doing which had seemed trifling enough hitherto, but which might at any moment become of serious magnitude; and he determined he would have no more to do with such doubtful transactions.

It was easy for a man of his character to decide on a certain line of action and follow it promptly, but it was different with Sholto. Moreover, he knew that his father's opinions regarding the sinfulness of smuggling had not altered, therefore he did not feel bound to give up those wild expeditions seaward which had such charms for him.

On this topic the father and son came into direct collision for the first time in their lives, which convinced Mr. Winton that if Sholto was to be saved from the consequences which were likely to follow some of his youthful escapades, he must at once be removed from his present mode of life and associates, and be put to work which would take his thoughts into other channels, as well as be a means of expending his superfluous flow of high spirits.

Shrewd John Winton was right in part, but his choice of employment for Sholto was guided by his own tastes. He had found an opening for his son in a mercantile house in Leith; and, judging the boy by himself, he resolved upon accepting the situation thus offered.

You shall now hear how the other members of the family looked upon this proposal.

## CHAPTER II.

"Thim's my noations, Sammy, whereby I means to stick."  
—Tennyson.

"I TELL you," John Winton was saying, "there could not be a better chance; the



Thorntons are leeberal, sensible men o' business. I've done business wi' them this thirty year and more, and it's no' ever man they would obleege as they are willing to obleege me. He is a made man that gets a seat in their office."

"Office!" echoed Sholto, with a snort.

"Yes, office. Ye've got a notion that if a man's in trade he should call his place o' business a shop; but Mr. Thornton's office is as much an office as any pettifogging lawyer's rooms; so there."

"I don't object to their calling it by any name they please;" and the lad laughed.

"Ye might be proud to be seen there," said the father, bringing down the emphatic fist in a way that indicated he was losing his temper. "Oot o' consideration for your mother's wishes I've let you dawdle about college and waste time upon the sea when you ought to have been ahint my counter. I see little gude that your classes and sailing have done, forebey teaching you to swagger like the young gentlemen do, and spend the money your auld father has toiled to gain."

"Nay, father," interposed Mona; "you know when mother and I asked leave to let some of the rooms that you said if we liked to have the bother and want the accommodation we might make what we liked of the money. I am sure Sholto has not spent any of the money you make—that you make by hard toil and self-denial and cleverness, dear father."

"Well, well, my bonnie lass, I'll no' say he has. I won't be unjust to Sholto, but an' he had spent my money I'd no' have grudged my own son what he needed for right purposes."

"He knows that, and is grateful, I know," the girl replied; "and after all, father dear, though To hasn't been working hard, he has been doing himself good in other ways. Just look at his brown hands and big muscles, they'll help him along, for they are made of strong, sea-seasoned stuff—and so are his brains."

"Women's hawering, lassie," said Mr. Winton, with a grim smile. "But let a' that's gone be, and hear what I've got to say. You heard what your mother said—it is no good for a young man to be knocking about a place like this as Sholto is doing."

"And you may be sure I don't want to knock about," cried the lad, impatiently. "I'd be thankful to work, and work hard too. All I object to is being put to employment which I hate; and I think mother agrees with me that Thorntons' is not work congenial to my tastes and habits."

"Tastes and habits, man!" the father exclaimed impatiently. "Tastes and habits! Do you think every man can always consult his tastes and habits when he has to choose a living?"

"He can to a great extent," Mona said, quietly, speaking for her brother; "he can if he has resolution to follow up the bent of his genius with patient industry." Sholto turned his grey eyes with a look of thanks upon Mona, who went on talking rapidly and emphasising her words with graceful gestures of her small fair hands. Movements very unlike the paternal fist-thumping, but borrowed, I suspect, from it. "We none of us differ from you, father, in wishing to see To at

work, but it is the sort of work about which we are not agreed. He has lived such a bright free life here, and has shown such fondness for books and music and all that sort of thing. You know his speech at the Election dinner was very much praised. So we all feel that some other profession than that of a—of—like the Thorntons' would suit him better."

"And what profession have you cut out for the young gentleman who is too fine to follow his father's trade, my lassie?"

"It is too bad to put it in that way," grumbled Sholto in an undertone, but Mona replied to her father without taking the least notice of his sneering tone or Sholto's muttered protest.

"I had not thought of any particular work; no more has mother; but there are heaps of it—noble work, great, glorious, gentlemanly work! work which Sholto would do well. Look at him, father, does he not look as if he were made to lead an army, or write books, or—"

"He looks very unlike what his plain, common, working father's son should be," was the dry remark which effectually extinguished Mona's rhapsodical speech regarding her brother; and at this stage in the conversation Mrs. Winton struck in. She had only made one or two timid remarks at first, but now that the consultation threatened to become rather stormy she let her soothing influence be felt.

"I do not wonder, children, that your father is vexed that we did not fall in with his plan at once. We cannot expect him to see it from Sholto's point of view. He was so differently brought up himself, and he likes his work. I only hope, Sholto, that you will stick to yours, whatever it may be, as firmly and well as your father has done."

"Yes, it is true, wife, that I was differently brought up," said Winton, soothed by her compliment, but still bent upon having his own way. "I was taught to think every honest employment was becoming to high or low."

"No one is responsible for my opinions but myself," retorted Sholto, with a boyish assumption of independent dignity which would have both amused and gratified his father at any other time. The present occasion, however, was too serious a one for the discussion of any point but *the knotty* one; and John went on talking as if he had not heard his son's remark.

"Yes, yes; if Sholto had been brought up like his father afore him, I would have had a son to step into my hob-nailed boots, instead o' this young gentleman, who will put on nothing meaner than patent leather shoes. But come now! Ye all say with me that he must not be idle any longer. Now what have you to propose instead of Thorntons'?"

No one spoke, for, to tell the truth, they had not yet considered that part of the subject. They had only got a vague sort of idea that Sholto was not naturally fitted for "business," but by what other way he was most likely to succeed they had not decided. After a pause, which left Mr. Winton rather on the winning side, Sholto spoke.

"I would like to go through a regular course at college; perhaps the medical—"

Mr. Winton banged his fist more violently than ever.

"Ah! I know where *that* notion has come from. I might have guessed before where all your high-flown notions come from. It's no' upon the sea, or from sea-going folk, that ye've picked up your dislike o' trade. I have been a great fool in permitting that Dr. Munro to come about my house so much as he has done."

"But about the college course, father?" Mona asked, quietly, hoping to divert his attention from the new subject, but John would not be turned aside. He shook his head at Mona and thumped the table again.

"A card-playing, toddy-drinking medical student was no fit companion for my son, though I am no more than a village shopkeeper. If I'm no' a gentleman, I am a God-fearing Christian, and that's what every gentleman canna say he is. I never liked Dr. Munro from the first. When he was only coming on brief veesits to the toon it did no' seem to matter, but now that he is settled in the place it is like to be a different story. However, I am master o' my own house, and I will take care there be no more free-and-easy fine folk daundering out and in making mischief."

"Munro is a good fellow, father; you are prejudiced against him, and that is not fair," said Sholto, hotly.

"Prejudiced, you think! Yes, and with good reason. I tell you I know that of him that should no' be said of any good fellow who had the fear o' the Lord in his heart. Your mother must have a doctor, and I doobt no' he is clever at his trade, or this house door should no' open to Dr. Munro again—at least, no' until his walk and conversation had changed."

"We are away from the subject of greatest importance, my dear," said Mrs. Winton, gently. "Sholto, let your father hear what you have to say about a choice of profession."

"Well, my notion was to take a University degree and then make my way in some scientific or literary field, or even in the army—that would be first-rate, and what I should like above all things. A degree opens so many doors for a fellow—gives him such heaps of chances. I might get some Government appointment abroad. One never knows what may turn up."

"And that's your idea, is it?" said Mr. Winton, sarcastically. "I am to spend a round sum in giving you a diploma o' some sort, and then you will be in the way of *chances*! Humph!"

"Don't be grumpy any more, dear old man," Mona suddenly exclaimed, as she got up and went round the table. Seating herself on Mr. Winton's knee, and stroking his rough face, she went on, "We don't want to quarrel, father. That would be bad for both you and us, and you have always been the dearest, goodest father to Sholto and me."

"She is a little imposition," laughed Sholto. "Come back to your place, miss; you are only going to talk nonsense, and we are not in a humour to listen."

"He thinks he has borrowed his father's brains" retorted the girl, pretending to frown her brother down. "He knows nothing about it. All

the wisdom in the family is here and here;" and she tapped her own forehead and then stroked her father's. "Now, father, you know I shall always do exactly what you bid me. I shall never try to cross you in anything, so you might just as well let To try his way for a little variety in the family tactics. And who knows? he may come to think your way the best before long; then you shall crow as much as you please. Now there's a dear; let Mona be your slave and let Sholto go his ain gait."

The stern features softened wonderfully under her spells, but the determined will was not bent. "You little witch! you know how to wheedle your old faither, and he does no' mind much in most matters, for he knows you are a gude lassie, and no' like to ask what's unreasonable. But in matters o' business, my girl, ye must no' interfere, for women can't judge so well as men in the like. However, I *will* yield a bit in this sair job; it will be against my better judgment, but ye shall no' have to say that your faither was too stiff wi' ye, Sholto. You will go into Thorntons' for a year, and if at the end o' that time you have no found out which side of your bread has the butter on't, we will consider the subject again, and perhaps devese some other scheme that will please us all."

Sholto was about to speak but his mother interrupted him. "A moment if you please, my boy. You have not told us what your objections were to the University scheme, John. It may be well, too, to bear in mind that Sholto will some day have to take his place among the county people of the north, and it is usual to send future lairds to college. My brother, you know, went, and all the young men of our acquaintance."

John might have asked what good her brother and all the young men had made of their degrees, but notwithstanding his blunt exterior the honest shopkeeper had a kindly heart and some delicate perceptions, so he only grunted and said, "I'm thinking oor laddie will no' be going among the country folk until he is auld enough to measure himself, and then by a sounder system than he has any notion o' at present. Now, my boy, it is no' often that I yield so much to any one—and you little know how much I had built upon having you to help me. Thanks to Dr. Munro, that hope is knocked on the head for the present."

"A year lost!" muttered Sholto, forgetting in his impatience to accept his father's concession in a grateful spirit; and in consequence he was answered by a stern "That's all the thanks I get for giving way as I have done. I tell you into Thorntons' you go at once, and it will very much depend upon your behaviour while there whether I permit you any further choice in the matter."

A sullen frown gathered on Sholto's brow, but he did not attempt any further remonstrance. "Very well" was all he said.

Mona looked at him anxiously, and in her own mind she wondered at his submission. "If it had been me," she thought, "I would not have given up a cherished scheme so easily. I'd have taken my own way, and fought my own way, and won my own way. But perhaps it is as well he did not, for it would have made a downright quarrel."

There was an uncomfortable silence after Mr. Winton's fiat had gone forth and while Mona was pondering thus. The mother gazed sadly at her

control his temper, yet too much afraid of his father and too weak of will to venture into open rebellion.



"WE WILL NEVER QUARREL, AT ANY RATE, MY SON."

boy, and he stared out of the window. Presently Mona said, in a cheerful tone, "Come now, good people, I dare say that plan will do very well. It is only reasonable, Sholto, that you should give father's proposal a trial, and a year will soon pass, and you may become reconciled to office work after all, though—"

"Bosh! child," said Sholto, getting up and striding across to the window, scarcely able to

His parents looked after him. Mr. Winton was about to administer a severe rebuke, but before he had arranged his ideas the mother spoke. "You quite obscure the light, Sholto, laddie; what a broad-shouldered, long-legged fellow you seem to have become in a short time! Why, John, I think he is almost as tall as you are."

No words could have been more fitly chosen or better timed. Mr. Winton became conscious that



Sholto was no longer a boy to be ordered about, and the father's sense of justice was not blinded by his temper.

"Our son is a man," he said, softly; "not the man I thought he would be, but—God grant he may never give us more trouble in his manhood than he has done in his youngling days."

Sholto's petulance vanished at once; he never could be out of temper more than five minutes at any time. Turning to his father with tears in his eyes, he exclaimed, "Forgive any hasty words I have said, father; I wish I were as good and strong as you are."

"If he would but plead for the college course now, and in that spirit! If he would but point out the sense of his ambition in that winsome manner, he would get his way after all," thought Mona; but Sholto said no more, and Mr. Winton, standing up, laid his hand on the lad's shoulder, and said,

"We will never quarrel, at any rate, my son. You must try to follow my wishes, for I seek but your own good, and I will try to bear wi' your fancies and give in to them whenever I can do so without compromising what I ken to be the right." Then honest John Winton walked off to hide his rarely-shown emotion.

No sooner had he left the room than Sholto spoke again—more freely, certainly, but with the same want of energy which had characterised all his words.

"It is very disheartening to lose a year like that. Just look there." And he pointed to the Firth of Forth glittering under the light of a setting sun, while numberless vessels were passing up and down crossing the lines of rosy colour like clouds flitting over the sky. "Look there; scarcely a day has passed since I was an urchin that I haven't been afloat, either paddling about shore or running out under a reefed sail to fight the winds and waves. Haven't I been off there when scarce a boat but Thomson's dared show an inch of canvas? Haven't Tom Gray and I seen more real sea life in that boat than many a middy sees during all his years on board a man-of-war? Haven't I gone out with the Prestonpans men when it was so dark you could only 'feel your way,' guided by the stars and a lighthouse lamp? And haven't I felt my whole heart and soul expanding as they never could have done if I had been caged on land? How am I to sit in that dingy office counting up figures and writing out accounts hour after hour? I shall never see the ocean unless the refuse of it which stagnates in Leith Docks. It will be the ruin of me to go to Thorntons'."

And yet, hating the prospect before him so much, Sholto never dreamed of setting himself determinately to achieve a more congenial occupation.

"My poor boy!" sighed the mother, "I am very sorry for you, but it really is your duty to submit to your father, and if you do so readily and frankly *now* you may get your own views carried out later."

"I thought—I hoped you would have urged my wishes more than you did," grumbled Sholto. "You know so well how much I hate everything to do with trade, and father always gives *your* opinion

weight. I did look to you, mother, to speak for me more than you did."

"How could I? Do be reasonable, Sholto; you know I never oppose your father further than by offering a suggestion, and I never do even that when I perceive that he feels strongly upon the subject which is being discussed. How then could I say more for you?"

"It wasn't mother who ought to have urged it, To—it was yourself. Now if you had gone at it as if you were quite determined to carve out a way for yourself, I'd have backed you up, but really"—and here Mona's shapely hand performed its characteristic flourish—"I did not know but what you might turn round at any moment and say you were all ready for Thorntons'. Then where would your second have been?"

"You always say you will back me up, saucy miss, but when it comes to the push I never find you ready."

"Oh, Sholto! when was I not ready to stand by you?"

"When father came out with all that horrid nonsense about Munro I quite expected you to speak up for him, for you always say you are sure I could not have a better friend."

Mona's naturally pale face grew slowly crimson, but fortunately her mother and brother were gazing through their respective windows and not at her. She answered Sholto in a low, quiet tone, very different from the half-bantering one she had before employed.

"Discussing Dr. Munro's character did not have anything to do with seconding your cause, Sholto."

"But it had then, for father thinks I would never have got what he calls *high notions* if Dan hadn't put them into my head, and you know quite well that I had them long before he came to Prestonpans."

"I think," Mrs. Winton remarked with a smile, "that the objectionable tastes and opinions have come to you with your Highland blood, Sholto, and with your name. You are, indeed, very like my poor father."

"I wonder what Uncle MacAlastair will say when he hears that his heir has gone into a mercantile office in Leith;" and the lad snorted viciously.

"He will regret it, I have no doubt, as we all do, but he respects your father's prejudices, and really I do not feel that the arrangement will be altogether so—so much to be regretted, though I sympathise with your great disappointment. You will get an insight into business, which is always a valuable part of education. I think your uncle will agree with me in that."

"No doubt he will," said Mona; "he must feel that had he known as much of *business* as father does, Sholto would have been heir to something more valuable than a bit of heathery hill."

Mrs. Winton stared at her daughter in mute amazement; for Mona had always been rather fond of referring to the Highland connection. Her favourite piece of dress was a plaid of MacAlastair tartan, which she wore in a quaint, picturesque fashion; and she delighted in reading of chiefs



and mountains and wild Gaelic raids. No wonder that Mrs. Winton was astonished to find the girl going over to the other side. Nor was Sholto less surprised by Mona's speech. He whistled "The Campbells are coming" for a minute or two, while Mona congratulated herself upon having created a sensation in the minds of her hearers; then, following up her triumph with another, the girl resumed, "Father's wishes are much more important than uncle's opinions, and we ought to remember that."

"And so we do. Why, child, haven't I just proved that I defer to his wishes by agreeing to go to Thorntons'?"

Mona looked at her brother long and earnestly, and he was too well accustomed to such sisterly modes of finding out the truth to be concerned at her scrutiny. Moreover, he was well aware that there was nothing in his mind which he wished to conceal, and that he had a face well worth any woman's examination. He began to whistle again, and Mrs. Winton looked from the one to the other in some perplexity.

"Sholto," Mona said at last, in a low tone, "I do not quite understand your deference in this matter. I did not expect you to give in as you did."

"Was there ever such an inconsistent girl on the face of the earth?" he cried, laughingly. "She tells us father is right in one breath, and in the next she expresses surprise that I did not rebel straight off. All her life she has declared that her heart's in the Highlands, and now she tries to wither my poor heather with her scorn. Really, Mona, I shall not be surprised to hear you malign Danford Munro, who has been honoured with your unqualified approbation until this date."

"I am so sorry that your father dislikes the doctor so much," Mrs. Winton remarked. "It is unfortunately true enough that he is rather too fond of the pleasures of this life; but he is a very excellent young man, and if he would only speak more reverently of holy things, and go to church oftener than he does, he would be all one could desire."

"There isn't a finer fellow in Scotland in some things. Mona, how long are you going to sit there staring at your beautiful brother? Where is your tongue that you have no word to say for my friend and yours? I never fought a battle by myself before; it is too bad of you to let father rout me, and mother too. I don't care what any one says or thinks of him, I shall believe in Danford Munro as long as I believe in anything."

There was an odd blending of boyish nonsense and real angry feeling in Sholto's manner as well as in his words, which surprised his sister very much.

"You are a little unreasonable, To," she said, gently, "and you are nearly angry. Don't be angry with me. You never have been since you were a wee thing."

The lad turned quickly to his sister. "What a heathen I am. Did I speak sharply to you, Mona? I did not mean it. Do not let us talk more about this horrid transaction, for I will have to make the best of it, and talking won't mend it.

Father has gone on for years about getting me set to a desk, and though he says he will maybe give in after I have tried it for a twelvemonth, I am quite sure he will stick to his present plans for me all the same, so I may just as well put on the harness and get into the rut I have to follow without any more ado."

"The thorny path of duty is the happiest path we tread," said Mrs. Winton, who was at all times fond of quoting pretty pious lines without considering whether they were altogether so wise as they appeared, but further conversation was stopped by a tap at the door. A tap prolonged into a sort of tattoo, and played with a cane upon the panel. A tap which the trio recognised. Mrs. Winton raised her head with a pleased smile. Mona's colour deepened, and she took her brother's place by the window while he, calling out "Come in," marched across to open the door himself. Before he reached it the visitor entered.

### CHAPTER III.

"Coming events cast their shadows before."  
—Campbell.

D R. MUNRO walked up to his patient, who greeted him very cordially. Then he shook hands with Mona. Then he asked Sholto what had become of him all the afternoon. "You promised to come for a walk, and I waited until it was too late to think of going out before tea; but as soon as I had finished that absurd meal I came off to find out what had happened."

"Something very serious happened," Sholto replied, with anything but a serious air; "my future course has been decided this evening."

"Indeed! Then I suppose you will be coming at once for the letters I promised to give you to some of the professors. You are welcome to borrow some bones, and I hope the ghosts who own them won't come to your quarters in search of a missing humerus."

"Worse luck, Dan; I shan't want either letters or skeletons. I am not going to college. I am going to learn to cast up accounts, and do the public by buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest."

"He is a spoilt baby, doctor; do not mind him. Sholto is a little vexed at his father's decision, and we all are. But it is only to be for a year, and he will learn something of business in that time."

"Then he is going to Thorntons' after all. I confess I am a little sorry to hear it. You must forgive the freedom with which I speak, Mrs. Winton, but Sholto is like a younger brother of mine."

"I am very grateful for the interest you take in him," the mother replied.

"I wish," Monro went on, "that he had been allowed to go to college. A University education is the best of all foundations upon which to build one's fortunes. It helps one on in every line of business, and I think if all our mercantile men were University men we would find a higher tone in the world of commerce than it gets the credit of having."

"Let the subject alone, Dan, an' ye love me," exclaimed Sholto; "we have talked ourselves wretched over it already, and you could not have arrived more opportunely, for we are all in the dismals, and on the eve of quarrelling, for certain."

"You don't look very dismal, and I do not believe any of you can quarrel," Munro answered, with a pleasant smile—a smile that flashed like sunlight across his somewhat melancholy features, lighting them up for a moment, then passing away as swiftly as it came. That was how he always smiled, and it caused one to wonder, and to fancy that some strangely opposed traits of character must be hid behind his usual gravity.

"You are the most united family I ever met. I often wonder if you know what household jarring means."

"Is that all you know about us?" Mona exclaimed, suddenly and sharply. Her tone was certainly that of a person suffering from irritability of temper, and as that had never been one of her faults, the others were surprised.

"At least, you need not quarrel with me," answered Dr. Munro, standing up beside her, and looking down from his lofty stature upon the girl, who felt uncommonly small by his side. "I consider it will be most unlike your usual justice, Miss Winton, if you attack an inoffending mortal like myself."

Any morsel of bad temper left vanished before his words, spoken in a tone that knew its way to her heart. Lifting her eyes for one instant to his, she smiled as she remarked, "Then you are the very individual whom I ought to fight at this moment, for Sholto and I were squabbling about you after the more important subjects had been settled."

"About me! What have I done to set you by the ears?"

"It's all nonsense, Dan. Mona and I never quarrelled in our lives," exclaimed Sholto, "and we are not likely to begin about you."

The young man glanced with a perplexed, uneasy expression at the brother and sister, and Mrs. Winton, noting his look, and fearing that misconception might be put upon the careless words of the young people, said, "These children are very foolish, doctor. They will make you fancy that all sorts of ill-natured remarks have been made about you, when no such thing has chanced."

"I shall not misunderstand them or you. Please let me hear all about it, for both curiosity and vanity are on the *qui vive*."

"Don't gratify his weaknesses, mother; besides, father might not like it."

Dr. Munro looked so exceedingly worried by those last indiscreet words of Sholto's that Mrs. Winton felt sure she ought to tell him at once all that had passed.

"It is really absurd to make so much of such a trifle. The simple truth is that (as you know, doctor) my husband does not approve of frivolous or even innocent amusements such as some young men indulge in. He never cared for the like when he was young, and he cannot understand how you or Sholto can care about them. So per-

haps he has become a little prejudiced, that was all."

"I have known for some time that Mr. Winton does not like me," Munro replied, very gravely, "but I did not mind it much while I felt that it was merely because I did not follow his own stern, uncompromising adherence to old Scottish notions. Now, however, dear Mrs. Winton, I must be frank with you. Lately I have fancied there was something more than prejudice born of religious scruples in the hints Mr. Winton has thrown out, and it will be a kindness if you will tell me frankly if I am right. A man can't defend himself while he does not know the nature of his accusation."

"You are looking at this too seriously," the lady said, gently. "I have not heard Mr. Winton accuse you of any sin. He only thinks you show too much levity about serious things, and are too fond of worldly society."

"Nothing more than that?" asked the culprit, with a smile of relief.

"Nothing more than that *we* know about," Mona said; "and you need not take that much to heart. I should not feel a bit vexed about what people said or thought of me while I knew that they were saying and thinking what was not true. I should only feel hurt when conscious that I deserved censure."

"Oh, you Paddy!" laughed Sholto; "but—what is the matter, Danford?" he added, suddenly, as he caught sight of the face which Munro had striven to hide behind Mrs. Winton's couch. "Are you ill, Dan, old fellow?"

The eyes of all were on him, and Dr. Munro recovered his composure at once. "I think that vile cigar of yours upset me this morning, Sholto. Serves me right for using tobacco that never paid tribute to her Majesty. Shall we go for our walk now? the fresh air will put me all straight."

"I hope it will, doctor," said Mrs. Winton. "You look as if you worked too hard and do not take enough care of yourself."

"Work!" he replied, smiling—"and just now I was accused of liking play too much." Then the boy who had stirred up all the commotion exclaimed, "Tuts! let it all alone; one may as well enjoy fun while one is young and leave trouble to find one out. I never see any use in meeting worries half way. Mona, are you coming with us?"

"Do come, Miss Winton, it is such a fine evening," Dr. Munro added.

Mona ran off at once to get ready, for there were few things she enjoyed more than a stroll with her brother and his friend. Sholto, unlike most lads of his age, never found his sister in the way, but greatly preferred that she should make a third in their rambles; thus it had become no uncommon occurrence for Dr. Munro to propose an evening walk, and perhaps Mona and Sholto were the only individuals who did not detect the chief reason for his doing so.

The three were soon strolling through the lanes towards the battlefield, and their conversation naturally turned upon the historical incidents which have made those spots so interesting. Mona, like most true Scotch women, was a red-hot Jacobite, and had clothed Prince Charlie in the

glamour of romance which veils the failings of one whose personal attractions and misfortunes have always appealed so strongly to feminine sympathies. "I would have died for him willingly!" Mona exclaimed, in the height of her enthusiasm.

"How strange it is," Munro remarked, "that ladies will do anything for romantic heroes of the Prince Charlie type. And it does not seem to matter much whether they were really worthy of homage or the reverse. But if a poor fellow of a brother or lover were to commit one small bit of wickedness, he would be called all sorts of bad names, and the fair tyrant would give him the cold shoulder at once."

The little party had reached the old thorn-tree where the Stuart's standard had been fixed, and Mona had lifted her hat so that the wind might play among her locks. As the sun's rays touched her brow they seemed to shed their evening glory around it like an aureole. The tartan plaid which was her one little affectation had fallen from her shoulder and was trailing gracefully down her dress until its fringes curled among the grass. She made a pretty picture, and Dr. Munro was to be excused for falling into a reverie of admiration.

Sholto, in boy fashion, had flung himself astride the lower branches of the tree, which was covered with fragrant blossom, and was so intently employed in striving to detach a beautiful spray drooping overhead, that he paid no attention to Munro's speech, which was neither so coherent nor acute as we should have expected from the young doctor. I am sure the pretty picture made by Mona Winton at the time is responsible for the want of wisdom in his remarks.

But though Sholto heeded not, Mona did. Her cheeks glowed with what might have been indignation, and she asked, quickly, "Do you then believe that women turn from their idols as soon as it is found that they are only formed of clay like the poor idolaters themselves?"

"Not turn from them exactly. No! they don't do that, but they never forget the flaw that has been discovered, and it makes a difference."

"The difference it would make in me would be to call forth more love to cover the failing. My broken dolls were always more precious than the fine new ones." Danford Munro's affectation of merely spinning indifferent small talk vanished at once. Drawing close to Mona's side and gazing eagerly upon her uplifted face, he asked, in broken tones: "If I—if Sholto had done or were to do something very wrong, would you feel as you have said? would you turn from me—from him—would you forgive as you have said, and go on caring for a fellow as before?" The girl was taken completely by surprise. She had not dreamt of the conversation becoming so very personal, but with those glowing dark eyes striving to see down into her inmost heart she could not but understand that he meant his words to be applied as he put them. "You," "me," no less interested individuals, were involved in the question and answer. At the same time Mona suddenly recollected what her father had said of Munro, and

an apprehension of coming trouble laid its hand heavily on her heart.

"I hope," she murmured, with averted eyes, "that a time will never come when my belief in Sholto or you will be put to the test, but if it is—" and while hesitating what to say next, she glanced shyly at him, and saw the strained, anxious look with which he was regarding her. Her womanly nature could not withstand that gaze, so, returning it with a frank and kindly smile, she added—"if Sholto or you ever do anything that is wrong I shall perhaps be very miserable, perhaps break my heart, but I—shall—not care for my brother or—or—my friend less. Oh no!"

"Oh, Mona!" That was all he said, but if you had seen the couple as they stood together in the shade of the old thorn-tree, you would probably have mentally ejaculated, as Sholto did at that moment, "Upon my word, I believe they have fallen in love with each other!"

If Sholto had known what falling in love looked like he would have made that important discovery long before he chanced to take note of his sister and friend as they stood together under the evening light, too much engrossed with each other to remember that he was near enough to play caves-dropper if he liked. The gossips of Prestonpans had been linking the names of those young people together for months, and some had even ventured to nod significantly when the couple were seen together, as if the match were a concluded affair. Patients had thrown out hints to Dr. Munro, making him feel both angry and uncomfortable, and because he evaded the subject his questioners believed that their conjectures were correct. Society has become so false in all its estimates that it will not believe that a young man and young woman can possibly entertain a simple friendly affection for each other, and it is always on the watch to detect flirtation, or some such reason why certain individuals seek the companionship of others.

Thus unrestrained friendship between men and women has become an impossibility, and will remain so until Mrs. Grundy is consigned to the uttermost parts of the earth. By making these remarks on platonic friendship, however, I do not mean to say that Dr. Munro's attachment to Mona Winton was a case of that sort. Quite the contrary. But I do say that there is something far wrong somewhere when a gentleman is debarred from seeking the society of an agreeable lady lest it may be said he is intending "to propose."

When Danford Munro was drawn, through Sholto, into intimate acquaintance with Mona, there was no thought about her in his head beyond thinking that she was a very delightful companion and friend. And for a long time he had been quite unconscious of the real state of his feelings. It was only the talk of the village that awoke him to a sense of having passed the boundary between friendship and love, and it was with some little consternation that he discovered what the public opinion was. Indeed, Sholto and his father were about the only two people in the neighbourhood who did not know that Dr. Munro was Mona's lover, and Sholto joined the knowing ranks that



spring evening when his observations were made from the old thorn-tree.

The coveted spray was captured, and the lad came down to *terra firma* rather subdued by the discovery he had made. Sholto was very much of a boy for his years, and retained a wonderful amount of boyish simplicity, notwithstanding his long limbs and incipient moustache. Also he entertained a little wrathful feeling towards Munro; though why brothers should always feel personally aggrieved, and become insanely critical towards even their closest friends when they detect the said friends paying attentions to their sisters, I cannot comprehend.

"What was that you said just now, Danford?" he asked, a little fiercely; and Munro, feeling not at all fierce, replied,

"I maligned womankind, Sholto, and I was rebuked in a way I did not deserve."

"How was that?" the jealous boy asked, sharply.

"I said, if you or I did something wrong, that I thought Miss Winton would have nothing to say to us from that time henceforth; and she says, on the contrary, that she would be kinder still."

"A dangerous thing to promise, Mona, if you wish us to keep straight."

"Do you meditate committing a crime, Dan, that you put such absurd questions?"

"Oh! I beg your pardon, old fellow, if I have vexed you."

Munro had turned from them with a pained frown which haunted the sister and brother for years afterwards.

"You must not mind the nonsense I talk," Sholto went on, eagerly; "of course I know you will never do anything to vex Mona, and certainly I never will. See, lassie, I got the bit of May I was after. Is it not beautiful? I wish I had a sweetheart to whom I could present it, for I am sure she could not resist such a bonnie love-token. But since I have no ladye fair dearer than yourself, Mona, it shall be yours;" and Sholto held out the sprig.

Munro was standing between them, and he took the May that he might hand it to Mona. Scarcely conscious of what he did, feeling only that his love had leapt into fiery life, and that nothing but Sholto's presence prevented him from pouring forth the long-hoarded secret in Mona's hearing, Dr. Munro let his fingers close tightly over hers as she took the fragrant branch from his hand. Though no word of love should ever pass between those two, that one thrilling pressure spoke for his heart as much as any voice could have done.

"Thank you, Sholto," Mona said, softly. "I shall keep your love-token all my life to remind me of this evening."

"To remind you," said Munro, very gravely, and with a certain pleading gentleness in his voice that sounded strangely unlike his usual firm, almost commanding, tones—"to remind you always that if ever Sholto or I forget ourselves enough to cause you to blush for brother or friend you have promised to cover our transgressions with love." "I don't understand your solemn prophetic remarks, Dan," exclaimed Sholto, in his usual

light, careless manner. "I don't know what has come to everybody to-day. How I wish one could stick at twenty all one's days. I feel as if I had come into an overwhelming burden of responsibility since I reached my majority. Do let us banish all serious talk. Can you walk from here to Preston Tower in ten minutes, Mona? for I have this moment promised myself that I shall be half way up the ruin in that time. There is an old owl that dwells in one of the hidden chambers whose society I crave—that comes of listening to nothing but wisdom all the evening."

They were sauntering slowly homewards when Sholto spoke, and, accepting his challenge, Mona mended her pace, and soon all three were moving rapidly onwards.

"Now for the owls and the bats, and may they impart some of their own sagacity to this light-brained noddle of mine." And Sholto, taking a run and a leap, caught hold of a projecting stone, and was soon clambering up Preston Tower in a reckless manner that made Mona call out, "Do be careful, To; I am told the ruin is in a most dangerous condition."

"If you hear a terrific rolling of stones, you will know that I have brought the old walls down about my ears and come by a tragic end," he retorted, as he disappeared inside. Presently the lad's gay young face appeared at an opening high overhead. "Don't I look like an owl, Dan?" he called out. "And are you not coming up to enjoy the view? It is so beautiful this evening."

"Shall we go and look after him, Miss Winton? I can promise that the view will repay you for the trouble of climbing." And Mona assenting, they were soon following Sholto.

It had somehow happened that Mona had never been up Preston Tower before. It often does happen that the people who live nearest any notable "lion" are the last to visit it, and if Dr. Munro had not been as familiar with the ruin as Sholto, they would have had infinite difficulty in following him. They were rewarded for their trouble when they reached the balcony, which passes round the tower and commands an extensive view of the most interesting portions of Midlothian, for below their gaze lay a most attractive picture. To the south spread the gentle sweep of the Lammermuir hills, with the fat lands for which all the districts in their neighbourhood are famous. North lay the Forth and Fife, as formerly described. East rolled the turbulent German Ocean, meeting the Firth's brown waters where the Isle of May and Berwick Law rise out of the surrounding waves with the soft bloom of distance wrapping their heights in a delicate blue haze. Near, and to the westward, lay the unrivalled range of hills upon which the Empress of the North sits throned. In the foreground Arthur's Seat and Calton Hill. From the centre of the city radiated stately streets, spires, and lordly habitations towards the Forth on the one hand, and Duddingston Loch and the wooded lands of Craigmillar on the other; while spread behind undulated the Pentland hills, whose purple peaks were glowing in the gold and crimson of sunset.



Mona Winton had seldom looked upon a more exquisite scene, and her appreciation of its loveliness was expressed by rapt and speechless admiration. Her companions were silent for some time also,—hearts keenly alive to the beautiful seldom give wordy utterance to their feelings.

At last Dr. Munro spoke. "Confess, now, that even your beloved Perthshire cannot boast of a fairer scene than this."

"I do confess it," Mona answered; "for what Edinburgh lacks in solitary grandeur is more than made up for by its human element. I am not such a rabid Scot as to admire mountains rather than men."

"For my part," said Sholto, "I would not give you bit of rough water out-by for all Perthshire—for all Edinburgh, from Donaldson's Hospital to St. Leonards."

"You were born a sailor, surely, laddie!" the doctor remarked, which brought the sister and brother back to more personal subjects. Sholto was about to speak fretfully of the hard fate which lay before him, when Mona said, gently,

"He was born to do some useful work for our Master's glory, just as those in God's world, and not be a waster of talents for which we all have to render an account. Don't you think so?" and Mona turned her eyes, liquid with the dew of deep feeling, upon Danford Munro, who was by no means prepared to respond to her sentiments.

Sholto, however, was easily swayed by his sister's enthusiasm, and he warmly exclaimed, "Yes; you are right, Mona; and I do mean to do something grand in the world—if only I had been allowed to set about it in my own way."

"Perhaps the grand thing you are required to do is to follow a profession which you dislike. Perhaps you could do no nobler deed than that," she murmured, musingly, but Sholto could not see it in that light.

"I am not so firm as you are, and my feet are not upon such solid ground, I fear. It is hard—very hard—for me to do right when my inclinations lead me to do wrong. When I see how easily you, Mona, and you, Dan, and others do just the right thing in the right way, I despair of myself, for I know I never could make-up my mind to act decidedly about important matters."

Mona smiled, and put her hand lovingly on his arm. "To hear him speak, doctor, one would suppose our To to be a very naughty boy indeed, and yet mother said only this morning that she could not recall an instance of his ever having vexed her."

"And, notwithstanding his denunciation of himself, I do not think he means to vex her in the future," replied Munro, and they both looked at

the handsome, frank-faced lad standing between them—the link that had brought them together.

What was it at that moment which seemed to make them both dread the future for him? Surely there was nothing in his appearance and nothing in his past to cast a shadow upon his future. And yet as his sister gazed upon Sholto there flitted through her mind the prophetic words of the patriarch, "unstable as water," and though she tried to dismiss them at once they continued to haunt her. As for Dr. Munro, his fear was grounded on something more tangible. "Those laughing lips and changeable eyes don't indicate sufficient strength of character to enable you to resist temptation, my poor laddie," was the burden of the doctor's foreboding thoughts.

"I don't mean to vex anybody if I can help it," said the subject of their meditations, with a boyish pout that was very droll, and yet attractive. "I'll keep good as long as folk don't worry me, and I look to you, Dan, to keep me straight. With such a sensible fellow for my *fidus Achates* I ought to keep straight."

"Nay, nay!" exclaimed Munro; "don't look to me for help in that way; you have got a much wiser man to guide you nearer home, and you have a clear conscience to warn you from going astray."

"Don't be hypocritical, Dan! Just as if I don't know that you value father's opinions very lightly, and believe still less in orthodox religion!"

"It is becoming dusk," said Mona at this juncture. "Let us descend from cloudland; this is an eerie place in which to discuss serious questions."

"It is a dear old place, Mona," Sholto merrily said as they cautiously made their way from crumbling wall to wall. "I should never wish for a nicer refuge in an hour of need than Preston Tower. And yet—" and the impressionable lad shuddered as he glanced with an air of mingled dread and curiosity at the dark cells along their way—"I sometimes have sensations when I am up here like what people say one feels when walking over the place that is to be one's grave."

"To be buried in Preston Tower! How very romantic, To!" said Mona.

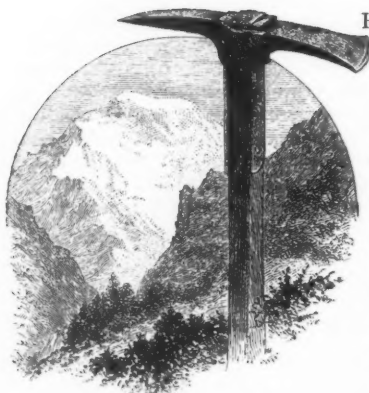
"Sensations produced by damp, unwholesome air, Sholto, laddie. Take quinine before you visit the owls and bats again," added Munro.

And then they returned to the village. The bit of May was carried home and planted, and Mona watched over its growth with a jealous care. Ah! how many rosy dreams did she indulge while tending it! Ah! how many times was it watered by her tears when the awakening came, and all the sweet visions were dissipated by the grim realities of life! Well for Mona—well for all maidens that they cannot see one step ahead.



## THE ASCENT OF CHIMBORAZO.

I.



HE "Times" said last year that its columns had recorded no more remarkable list of mountaineering achievements than those which were accomplished by Mr. Whympier, on his late journey in

South America. "A catalogue of five colossal peaks vanquished, of heights varying from more than eighteen to more than twenty-one thousand feet, reads like a summary in a school manual of Marlborough's or Napoleon's victories. . . . These results, so lightly clubbed together, must have cost weeks or months of preparation and thought." Mr. Whympier has now returned to England, having added several other victories to those which were enumerated in "The Times." He has ascended Chimborazo *twice*, has encamped on the very summit of the great volcano Cotopaxi, at a height of 19,500 feet, and been the first person to view the interior of the crater (which he indeed photographed); and has also reached the summit of the equally great mountain Cayambe, which is remarkable as being the only very elevated peak situated exactly on the equator, and which, though now dormant, was itself of volcanic origin.

Mr. Whympier is engaged in writing an account of his travels, but, as this will be extensively illustrated, considerable time will elapse before it will be ready for publication. He has, however, favoured us with such particulars as will enable us to present to our readers a sketch of his Chimborazo ascents, and we are indebted for the information thus afforded to the fact that he has been continuously connected with the publications of the Religious Tract Society for the last twenty-one years. We shall preface this sketch, which will appear in our next part, with an outline of what others have done previously in the same region, in order that our readers may be the better able to appreciate the "preparation and thought" which, the "Times" justly says, were necessary to lead to such results.

Until comparatively recent times, the Andes were generally supposed to include the highest mountains of the world, and Chimborazo was regarded as the highest of the Andes. It is now

known that there are several peaks in the Andes loftier than Chimborazo, and that there are at least several mountains in the Himalayas higher than any in the Andes. The present century was, however, well advanced before these facts were discovered, and at the time that the celebrated Alexander von Humboldt was travelling in South America it was universally believed that Chimborazo was the highest mountain in the world. There is no doubt that it was this which principally stimulated the traveller to try to reach the summit, and he was evidently profoundly vexed that he did not succeed.

Humboldt had been travelling three years in South America at the time that he made his attempt to ascend Chimborazo. He left Quito for the expedition on the 9th of June, 1802, and on June 23rd he reached the mountain. He says, that upon arriving at the elevation of 15,600 feet the way became narrower and steeper. "The natives, with one exception, refused to accompany us farther, and were deaf to entreaties and threatenings, maintaining that they suffered more than we did from the rarity of the air. We were left alone—Bonpland, our estimable friend Carlos Montufar, a younger son of the Marquis de Selva-legre, a half-cast Indian from the neighbouring village of San Juan, and myself.

"By dint of great exertion and considerable patience, we reached a greater height than we had dared to hope for, seeing we had been almost constantly enveloped in mist. In many places the ridge was not wider than from eight to ten inches! \* To our left was a precipice covered with snow, the surface of which shone like glass from the effects of frost. This thin sheet of ice was at an inclination of about thirty degrees. On the right was a fearful abyss, from 800 to 1,000 feet deep, from the sides of which projected huge masses of naked rock. We leant over rather more to this side than the other, for it seemed less to be dreaded than the precipice on our left, where the smooth sides afforded no opportunity of checking a fall by catching hold of projecting pieces of rock, and where the thin crust of ice furnished no security against being precipitated into the loose snow beneath.

"The rock became more friable, and the ascent increasingly difficult and dangerous. At certain places, where it was very steep, we were obliged to use both hands and feet, and the edges of the rock were so sharp that we were painfully cut, especially on our hands. In addition to this, I had for some weeks been suffering from a wound in my foot, caused by the repeated attacks of the niguas, †

\* Mr. Whympier informs us that he saw no place answering to this description, and says that the ridges, upon the whole, were remarkably broad.

† The sand-flea, an insect which, by burrowing beneath the skin and depositing its eggs, produces swelling and inflammation.

the Andes  
are at  
higher  
altitude was,  
the peaks were  
celebrated  
in South  
Chim-  
borazo world.  
princi-  
pal the  
y vexed

years in  
made his  
at Quito  
to go, and  
He says,  
5000 feet  
"The  
company  
threat-  
ed more than  
were left  
Carlos  
the Selva-  
bouring

considerable  
we had  
almost  
reached the  
peaks!\*  
now, the  
effects  
inclina-  
tion was a  
from the  
of naked  
side than  
than the  
h sides  
fall by  
back, and  
security  
the snow

the ascent  
certain  
obliged to  
the rock  
specially  
for some  
my foot,  
niguanas,†

bring to this  
remarkably  
the skin and

CHIMBORAZO AND CARHUAIRAZO, FROM THE DIRECTION OF RIOBAMBA.





which had been greatly aggravated by the fine pumice dust to which I had been exposed while taking measurements in the Llano de Tapia. The loose position of the stones upon the narrow ridge necessitated extreme caution, since many masses that appeared to be firmly attached proved to be only embedded in sand.

"We advanced all the more slowly as every place that seemed insecure had first to be tested. Fortunately, the attempt to reach the summit of Chimborazo had been reserved for our last enterprise among the mountains of South America, so that we had gained some experience, and knew how far we could rely on our own powers. It is a peculiar characteristic of all excursions on the Andes that, beyond the line of perpetual snow Europeans are always left without guides just at the point where, from their complete ignorance of the locality, help is most needed. In everything Europeans are left to take the lead.

"We could no longer see the summit, even by glimpses, and were therefore doubly anxious to ascertain how much of the ascent had still to be accomplished. We opened the tube-barometer at a spot where the ridge was wide enough to allow two persons to stand side by side in safety. We were only at an elevation of 17,300 feet, and therefore scarcely 200 feet higher than we had attained three months previously upon Antisana.

"After an hour's cautious climbing, the ridge of rock became less steep, but the mist unfortunately remained as thick as ever. One after another we all began to feel indisposed, and experienced a feeling of nausea, accompanied by giddiness, which was far more distressing than the difficulty of breathing. Blood exuded from the lips and gums, and the eyes became bloodshot. There was nothing particularly alarming to us in these symptoms, with which we had grown familiar by experience. Once, when upon Pichincha, though bleeding did not occur, I was seized with such violent pain in the stomach and overpowering giddiness that I sank upon the ground in a state of insensibility, in which condition I was found by my companions, from whom I had withdrawn for the sake of making some experiments in electricity. The elevation then was not so great, being less than 13,800 feet. On Antisana, however, at a height of 17,022 feet, our young travelling companion, Don Carlos Montufar, had suffered severely from bleeding of the lips. All these phenomena vary greatly in different individuals according to age, constitution, tenderness of the skin, and previous exertion of muscular power; yet in the same individual they constitute a kind of gauge for the amount of rarefaction of the atmosphere, and for the absolute height that has been attained.

"The stratum of mist which had hidden every distant object from our view began, notwithstanding the perfect calm, suddenly to dissipate. We recognised once more the dome-shaped summit of Chimborazo, now in close proximity. It was a grand and solemn spectacle, and the hope of attaining the object of all our efforts animated us with renewed strength. The ridge of rock, only here and there covered with a thin sprinkling of snow, became somewhat wider; and we were

hurrying forward with assured footsteps, when our further progress was suddenly stopped by a ravine, some four hundred feet deep and sixty feet wide, which presented an insurmountable barrier to our undertaking. We could see clearly that the ridge on which we stood continued in the same direction on the other side of the ravine, but I was doubtful whether, after all, it really led to the summit. There was no means of getting round the cleft. On Antisana, after a night of severe frost, Bonpland had been able to travel a considerable distance upon the frozen surface of snow, but here the softness of the snowy mass prohibited such an attempt, and the nature of the declivity rendered it equally impossible to scale the sides.

"It was now one o'clock in the day. We fixed up the barometer with great care, and found it stood at thirteen inches  $11\frac{2}{3}$  lines. The temperature of the air was only three degrees below the freezing-point; but from our long residence in the tropics, even this amount of cold seemed quite benumbing. Our boots were wet through with snow water, for the sand, which here and there lay on the mountain ridge, was mixed with the remains of former snow-drifts. According to the barometric formula given by Laplace, we had now reached an elevation of 19,286 English feet.

"We remained but a short time in this dreary waste, for we were soon again enveloped in mist; which hung about us motionless. We saw nothing more of the summit of Chimborazo, nor of the neighbouring Snow Mountains, far less of the elevated plain of Quito.\* We were isolated as in a balloon; a few rock lichens were to be observed above the line of perpetual snow, at a height of 16,920 ft.; the last green moss we noticed was growing about 2,600 feet lower. A butterfly was captured by M. Bonpland at a height of 15,000 ft., and a fly was observed 1,600 ft. higher; both had been carried up into the higher regions of the atmosphere by the currents of air originating in the warmer plains beneath. We did not, however, see any condors, which are so numerous upon Antisana and Pichincha, where, in those vast solitudes, from being unaccustomed to the sight of man, they are wholly devoid of fear.

"As the weather became increasingly threatening, we hurried down along the ridge of rock, and, from the insecurity of our footing, found that greater caution even was necessary than during the ascent. We delayed no longer than sufficed for collecting fragments of rock as specimens of the mountain structure. We foresaw that in Europe we should frequently be asked for 'a fragment from Chimborazo.'

"When we were at a height of about 17,400 ft., we encountered a violent hailstorm, which gave place to snow twenty minutes before passing the limit of perpetual snow, and the flakes were so thick that the ridge was soon covered several inches deep. The danger would indeed have been great had the snow overtaken us at a height of 18,000 ft. At a few minutes past two we reached the spot where we had left the mules."

\* This is not remarkable, as under no circumstances can Quito, or the neighbourhood of Quito, be seen from Chimborazo.—[Ed.]



When the measurements of the height of the Himalayas, which created so much interest a quarter of a century afterwards, were undertaken by some English travellers, Humboldt wrote to Berghaus in November, 1828:—"I have all my life imagined that of all mortals I was the one who had risen highest in the world—I mean on the slopes of Chimborazo! and have felt some pride in this elevation! It was therefore with a certain feeling of envy that I saw the announcement of the results obtained by Webb and his companions with regard to the mountains of India.\* I have consoled myself over the achievements on the Himalayas by supposing that it was through my labours in America that the English received the first impulse to direct more attention to the Snowy Mountains, than had been given for the last century and a half."†

Humboldt was evidently very proud of this expedition, although he completely failed to reach the summit; and to the end of his long life he was never tired of mentioning and of drawing attention to it. Only a few years before his death, after he had travelled in many countries and seen many other mountains, he remarked to Bayard Taylor, "I still think that Chimborazo is the grandest mountain in the world."

In 1831 an attempt to ascend Chimborazo was made by M. Boussingault, who had been residing many years in South America.‡ He was accompanied by an American, Colonel Hall, and says, in his published account, that, viewed from Riobamba (that is, from the east), the mountain exhibits two slopes of very different inclinations.§ "The one facing the Arenal|| is very abrupt, and there are to be seen, coming out from under the ice, numerous masses of trachyte. The other, descending towards the place called Chillapullu, not far from the village of Mocha, is, on the contrary, little inclined, but of a considerable extent."

"After having well examined the environs of the mountain, it was by this slope that we resolved to attack it, and, on the 14th of December, 1831, we went to lodge at the farm of Chimborazo, where we found dry straw to lie on, and some sheepskins to keep us from the cold. The farm stands on an elevation of 12,350 feet, so the nights are cool there, and, as a resting-place, it is not agreeable, because wood is scarce."

"On the 15th, at seven in the morning, we put ourselves *en route*, under the guidance of an Indian from the farm. We followed, in ascending, a rivulet enclosed between two walls of trachyte, whose waters descend from the glacier; but very soon we quitted this fissure, in order to direct our steps towards Mocha, going along the base of Chimborazo. We rose very gradually, and our

mules walked with trouble and difficulty through the *débris* of rock which has accumulated at the foot of the mountain. The slope then became very rapid, the ground was unstable, and the mules stopped almost at every step to make a long pause; they no longer obeyed the spur. The breathing of the animals was hurried and panting. We were then precisely at the height of Mont Blanc, for the barometer indicated an elevation of 15,626 feet above the level of the sea.

"After we had covered our faces with masks of light gauze, in order to preserve ourselves from accidents such as we had met with on Antisana,\* we began to ascend a ridge which abutted on a very elevated point of the glacier. It was midday. We went up slowly, and, as we got farther and farther on to the snow, the difficulty of breathing in walking became more and more felt, but we easily regained our strength by stopping at every eight or ten steps, without, however, always sitting down. As we went on we felt extreme fatigue from the want of consistency in the snowy soil, which continually gave way under our feet, and in which we sank sometimes up to the waist. In spite of all our efforts we were soon convinced of the impossibility of advancing; in fact, a little farther on the loose snow was more than four feet deep. We went to rest on a block of trachyte, which resembled an island in the midst of a sea of snow. The height noted down was 16,623 feet, so that, after much fatigue, we had only reached 997 feet higher than the place whence we set out."

"At six o'clock we were back at the farm. The weather had been splendid, and Chimborazo had never appeared to us so magnificent, but, after our fruitless journey, we could not help looking at it with a feeling of spite. We were determined to attempt the ascent by the abrupt side—that is to say, by the slope, which looks towards the Arenal. We knew that it was on this side that Humboldt had ascended this mountain, for they had pointed out to us at Riobamba the place which he had reached, but it was impossible for us to obtain exact information as to the route which he had followed to get there, for the Indians who had accompanied that intrepid traveller were no longer living.†

"At seven o'clock the next day we took the road towards the Arenal. The sky was remarkably clear. On the east we perceived the famous volcano of Sangay, in the province of Macas, which, nearly a century before, La Condamine had seen in a state of permanent eruption.‡ In proportion as we advanced the land rose sensibly. In general the trachytic plateau, which supports the isolated peaks with which the Andes are, as it were, bristling, rises gradually to the base of these same peaks. The numerous and deep crevasses which furrow the plateau seem all to start from a common centre; they become narrower as they get away from this centre. We could only compare them to the lines on the surface of a cracked glass."

\* A long time previous to this date travellers had ascended higher than 19,000 feet in the Himalayas, but their doings were little known in Europe.

† From the "Life of Humboldt," edited by Karl Bruhns.

‡ Mons. Boussingault, who is still living, an honoured member of the French Academy, was referred to in the "Bulletin of the Geographical Society of Paris," *so long ago as* 1825, as a "very distinguished French traveller, Professor of Chemistry at Bogota."

§ The slope descending towards the Arenal is that shown on the left of our engraving, and that leading towards Mocha is on the right of it. We have engraved this view from Humboldt's well-known folio volume, entitled, "Vues dans les Cordillères."

|| The Arenal is a sandy plain on the south of Chimborazo. —[Ed.]

\* Boussingault was blinded by the glare of the snow whilst attempting to ascend Antisana.

† Mr. Whympster remarks that he also was unable to learn from any one the precise direction taken by Humboldt.

‡ This volcano is still continually in eruption.

"We were at a height of 16,071 feet when we took to journeying on foot. The ground had become altogether impracticable for the mules, and, besides, those animals, whose instinct is extraordinary, tried to make us understand the great fatigue which they felt; their ears, usually so straight and attentive, were quite drooping, and, during the frequent halts which they made for breath, they never ceased looking towards the plain. Few riders have probably taken their steeds to such a height, and to travel on the back of mules, over a moving soil beyond the limits of the snow, requires, perhaps, several years' experience in riding in the Andes.\*

"After having examined the locality in which we were, we saw that, in order to gain a ridge which ascended towards the summit of Chimborazo, we must first climb an excessively steep ascent just in front of us. It was formed in great part of blocks of rock of all sizes, disposed in slopes. Here and there these fragments of trachyte were covered by sheets of ice more or less extensive, and in several points you could clearly see that the *débris* of rock lay over hardened snow. They proceeded consequently from the recent falls which had taken place in the upper part of the mountain. These falls are frequent, and in the midst of the glaciers of the Cordilleras what one has most to fear are the avalanches, in which there are really more stones than snow.

"At eleven o'clock we finished crossing a very extended sheet of ice, on which we had been obliged to cut notches in order to make sure of our steps. This passage was not without danger, for a slide might have cost us our lives. We entered, then, afresh on the *débris* of trachyte, which was firm earth to us, and from that time we were able to ascend more rapidly. We marched along in a file, I first, then Colonel Hall, and my negro last. He followed my steps exactly, in order not to endanger the safety of the instruments which were entrusted to him. We kept an absolute silence during our march, experience having taught me that nothing exhausts so much as a sustained conversation at this height; and during our halts, if we exchanged a few words it was in a low voice. It is in a great measure to this precaution that I attribute the state of health which I have constantly enjoyed during my ascents of volcanoes. And this precaution I imposed, so to speak, in a despotic manner on those who accompanied me, for on Antisana, an Indian, who neglected it, and called with all the strength of his lungs to Colonel Hall, who had lost his way as we were passing through a cloud, was attacked with giddiness and hæmorrhage.

"We had now reached the ridge at which we were aiming. It was not what we had thought it from a distance, for, in fact, there was little snow on it, and its sides were so steep that they were very difficult to climb. We were obliged to make almost unheard-of efforts, and such gymnastics are painful in these aerial regions. At last we arrived at the foot of a perpendicular wall of trachyte, which was many hundred feet in height.

There was a visible feeling of discouragement in the expedition when the barometer told us that we were only at a height of 18,460 feet. This was little for us, for it was not even the height to which we had attained on Cotopaxi. Besides, Humboldt had ascended higher on Chimborazo, and we wished at least to attain the point at which that learned traveller had stopped."

Boussingault arrived at this point at a quarter to one, and then became enveloped in cloud for a time. When this disappeared they found a precipice on their right hand, but succeeded in forcing a passage on the left of their "perpendicular wall of trachyte." At no great distance farther they began to be affected by rarefaction of the air, and "were obliged to stop every two or three steps, and often even to lie down for two or three seconds." They then found soft and loose snow lying over ice, and nearly came to grief through M. Boussingault slipping. "We were all in imminent danger. This incident made us hesitate, but, taking new courage, we resolved to go on," and by half-past one they got again to their desired ridge. There they were convinced that "it was impossible to do more," for they were "now at the foot of a prism of trachyte, of which the upper part, covered with a cupola of snow, forms the summit of Chimborazo."

"The ridge at which we had arrived was only some feet in width. On all sides we were environed with precipices, and surrounded by the strangest sights. The deep colour of the rock contrasted in the most striking manner with the dazzling whiteness of the snow. Long stalagmites of ice appeared suspended over our heads, so that one might have thought that a magnificent cascade had frozen there. The weather was beautiful, some light clouds only being visible on the west; the air was quite calm, so that the view was very extensive. The situation was new, and we felt a lively satisfaction in it. We were at a height of 19,513 feet, which is, I believe, the greatest height to which men have ever climbed.\*

"After some moments' repose we found ourselves entirely recovered from our fatigues, and neither of us experienced those uncomfortable sensations which most persons who have ascended high mountains have done. Three-quarters of an hour after our arrival my pulse, and also Colonel Hall's, beat 106 in a minute; we were thirsty, and evidently under a slightly feverish influence, but it was not a painful state. My friend was very gay, and constantly saying the most piquant things, notwithstanding that he was occupied in drawing the view that lay beneath us. All sounds seemed to me, however, thinned in a remarkable manner, and the voices of my companions were so much changed, that under any other circumstances it would have been impossible to recognise them. The slight noise which the blows of my hammer on the rock made also surprised us very much."

Towards 3 p.m. the weather began to change, and when they had descended about a thousand feet they got into cloud and a hailstorm. Night surprised them before they got off the mountain,

\* It will be seen in the sequel that Mr. Whymper succeeded in getting his train of mules up to 16,500 feet.

\* The Gerards ascended to the height of 19,500 feet in the Himalayas in 1818.—[Ed.]

and it was 8 p.m. when they arrived at the farm. No more attempts upon Chimborazo were made by Boussingault or his friend, who separated from each other shortly afterwards. The former, as we have already said, is still living, but Colonel Hall was assassinated in the streets of Quito soon after his return to that city.

Besides these attempts to ascend Chimborazo, others have been made by Professor Wagner, Garcia Moreno, the late President of Ecuador, and by Dr. Stübel. "A French traveller," also, says the "Times," "has boasted that by mere force of mountaineering genius he mounted to the top, though, by reason of the mist, he was not conscious of his triumph until his descent! But the evidence he produced of the circumstances would not satisfy the Alpine Club." The "Times," in this sentence, probably refers to a M. Remy, who has stated that he made the ascent some four-and-twenty years ago, but has never given the least information as to the direction he took, or any other details. It is not therefore possible to investigate his claims. Until Mr. Whymper's arrival in Ecuador it was universally believed that the mountain had never been ascended, although it was well known that many other persons, besides those to whom we have referred, had at one or another time made attempts in various directions.

The name of Chimborazo has frequently been brought prominently before the public in late years, on account of its lower western slopes having been the scene of the operations of Mr. Spruce, when engaged in collecting seeds and plants of *Cinchona* for transmission to India.

This work was performed under circumstances of great difficulty and hardship, and, in his report to the India Office,\* Mr. Spruce says, "that he was but too often in that state of prostration when to lie down quietly and die would have seemed a relief." He had the satisfaction of seeing his work brought to a successful issue, and *Cinchona* cultivation is now well established in India,† and promises at no very distant date to become so successful as to render it possible to manufacture and sell at a much lower price than heretofore that invaluable preparation, sulphate of quinine.

For these and for other reasons the name of Chimborazo will be long remembered; and, though it has been deposed from the high position of being the loftiest of known mountains, it will always be ranked as one of the grandest mountains in the world. We cannot conclude these remarks better than by quoting the following passage from the historian Prescott: "Few of the works of nature, indeed, are calculated to produce impressions of higher sublimity than the aspect of this coast, as it is gradually unfolded to the eye of the mariner sailing on the distant waters of the Pacific, where mountain is seen to rise above mountain, and CHIMBORAZO, with its glorious canopy of snow, glistening far above the clouds, crowns the whole as with a celestial diadem."‡

\* Report on the expedition to procure seeds and plants of the *Cinchona Succirubra*, or Red Bark-tree. 1861.

† The Dutch are also cultivating several species of *Cinchona* with much success in Java, and recently it has also been introduced into Jamaica, and it seems likely that there, too, it will be grown successfully.

‡ "History of the Conquest of Peru."

### A New Year's Song.

IN prayer your voices raise ye  
To God, and Him now praise ye,  
Who to our life from heaven  
All needed strength hath given.

The stream of years is flowing,  
And we are onward going,  
From old to new surviving,  
And by His mercy thriving.

As faithful mother keepeth  
Guard while her infant sleepeth,  
And all its grief assuageth  
When angry tempest rageth;

So God His children shieldeth,  
Them full protection yieldeth;  
When need and woe distress them,  
His loving arms caress them.

*From the German of Paul Gerhardt.*

In vain is all our doing,  
The labour we're pursuing  
In our hands prospers never,  
Unless God watcheth ever.

O God of mercy! hear us;  
Our Father! be thou near us;  
'Mid crosses and in sadness  
Be Thou our spring of gladness.

Of all forlorn be Father,  
All erring ones ingather,  
And of the poor and needy  
Be Thou the succour speedy.

All earthly gifts excelling,  
The Holy Ghost indwelling,  
Give us to make us glorious,  
And lead to Thee victorious.

JOHN KELLY.

## SUSSEX FOLK AND SUSSEX WAYS.

BY THE REV. JOHN COKER EGERTON, M.A., RECTOR OF BURWASH.

I.



*Copley Fielding.*

THE WEALD OF SUSSEX.

[By permission, from Sir R. Wallace's Collection.]

THOUGH I have lived nearly the whole of my life in the country, country human nature is almost my only country taste. I am ashamed to own that I know hardly anything about the lives and habits of the birds, beasts, and fishes which are to be found in my parish. Trees, ferns, and wild-flowers afford me a real but sadly unscientific enjoyment; and with the geological formation of the district I have but a very superficial acquaintance, derived mainly from the various kinds of mud which I encounter in my parochial walks. With country people, however, I have a keen sympathy. Their habits of thought, their opinions, their prejudices, their superstitions, their manner of speech, their quaint expressions, their dry humour, their shrewd sense, their civilities, and even their harmless rudenesses,

have an interest for me which makes my country life a very happy one. Sussex human nature has afforded me the most opportunities of observation, inasmuch as I have spent nearly all my clerical life in a large and somewhat wild parish in the Eastern division of that county; and my belief in the various good qualities of East Sussex human nature, after making full allowance for all drawbacks, is thoroughly sincere.

In its outward manifestations, however, it is undergoing such a rapid change, that in a few years time the manners and customs of Sussex men, women, and children, with whom I have long been familiar, will have passed away as utterly as pack-horses and stage waggons. "Round frocks" will be extinct, and with them the characteristics of mind, thought, and speech which



round frocks betokened. I well know that the change must come, but I own that I look forward with little satisfaction to the time when our boys and girls will all speak a uniform language prescribed by the Committee of Council on Education, and when our men and women will think only just as other people think.

At present, racy Saxon speech, which gains in force much that it may lose in elegance, is still to be heard among us, and premisses which have been leisurely "draaed through" our native minds, yield conclusions quite as reasonable as those reached by more professed thinkers, and conclusions at times far more originally expressed.

Many years ago I heard from a parishioner, an opinion of politics, which, whoever was its author, had in my ears a true Sussex ring about it, and which I felt to be no mere second-hand cynicism, but the genuine belief, however much mistaken, of some dweller in the country, who, thinking for himself, had come to doubt the existence of political honesty.

"Well," he said, "in my opinion, politics are about like this: I've got a sow in my yard with twelve little uns, and they little uns can't all feed at once, because there isn't room enough, so I shuts six on 'em out of the yard while t'other six be sucking, and the six as be shut out, they just do make a hem of a noise till they be let in, and then they be just as quiet as the rest."

I have heard of another parishioner expressing himself much to the same effect, when he used to say, "I be a miller, and I've got rats, and I keep cats, and one day I looks into a place under my mill, and there I sees cats and rats all feeding together out of one trough at my expense."

Whether these reflections are true or not, is quite another matter, but I believe them to be opinions formed independently, and not the echoes of the clubs or newspapers.

This difficulty in believing in political honesty is, however, not confined to our county, for one of my Sussex neighbours tells me that a friend canvassing in a Metropolitan borough at the last election, was met by this objection, that it mattered little who went to Parliament, for that they all made a lot of money by it. In vain was it urged that it was just the other way, and that a seat in "The House" meant money out of pocket instead of in. "Come," said the voter, "I'm not going to believe that. Don't you see in the paper often enough, cries of 'Divide, divide.' Now do you think they'd cry 'Divide, divide,' if they'd got nothin' to divide? No, no! they just take the taxes and divide them among themselves—that's what they do." I myself, though no politician, once fell under an amusing suspicion in the matter of money on the part of some of my flock. When I married, my parishioners were kind enough to make me a handsome present—the result of a parochial subscription. Some time afterwards, I was reminded of the fact, by being told of an unexpected criticism which was current, viz., that it was "a curious thing that our parson couldn't get married without sending the hat round for money to pay his wedding expenses."

The moral which I deduced was an additional

argument for the necessity of disarming suspicion by the utmost publicity in, at any rate, all money matters in which one is in any sense a trustee for the parish. Nor is suspicion on the part of our poor limited either to politics or to parsons. I was told the other day that on some of the best "canned" meats being shown to a poor woman in the village shop in the next parish to ours, she promptly replied, "No, no—none of them things for me; they be all lions and unicorns—they be." The good body might well be excused doubting the tenderness of such meat. An old Sussex working ox was never looked upon as furnishing the choicest joints, but, as compared with lions and unicorns, it would probably be tenderness itself.

Who again can find fault with the incredulity of a west-country cottager of whom I heard many years ago, that in speaking to a district visitor, or, to a "strict lady," as I have heard a district visitor called among ourselves, she said, "Ah, ma'am, my son that has been up to the North Pole, he tells me some things that I really can't believe, though he is my son. He tells me, ma'am, that he has seen with his own eyes 'ice bugs' as big as a church." It is not easy to realise the claim which such an assertion would make upon the faith of a cleanly old English country woman. What too could be more natural than the wonderment of a poor man, one of my Wiltshire flock, who, having been to see the Great Exhibition in 1851, returned with this one overwhelming difficulty in his mind, "How the gentlefolks could like to eat 'Poor Man's Friend,' a well-known red ointment, very similar in colour and consistency to the raspberry ices which he saw largely consumed, and which in his innocence he took for the, to him, much more familiar but nauseous compound. But to return to Sussex.

Our people live much by themselves, and they think for themselves, and their judgments of men and things are often delightfully fresh and unconventional.

It was not, however, one of our own people, but an inhabitant of the more enlightened borough of Lewes, who, being asked after a general election how he had given his vote, replied, "Well, I've voted for the Tories ever so long, but this time I thought I'd give these Conservatives a turn!" Personally, I have little reason to look upon Sussex politics with satisfaction; my experience of them having been a trying one. I was once voting for the county, and though it is true that the opinions which I upheld were successful, I suffered much every way in giving effect to them at the poll. The arrangements at Mayfield were such that I was crushed as badly as I ever was in a London crowd, and I escaped at last from the schoolroom in which the votes were taken, only to be encountered by a more than half-drunken voter, whose unhappy memory served him to reproduce for my benefit one, I think, of Cobbett's irreverent sayings, which he bellowed out from the opposite side of the street, "My politics be these: I be for more fat pigs and less fat parsons."

*Apropos of pigs,*

"Some men there are love not a gaping pig."

—*Merchant of Venice*, iv. i.

I am of Shakespeare's mind on this point, and I almost wonder that I can look one in the face, as I associate them chiefly with ideas of rebuke and indignity. Soon after I came into Sussex, a neighbouring clergyman gave me a splendid mastiff as a companion in my walks. That it could draw upon me a reference to the unclean animal any more than to parrots or porcupines, was an idea that had not entered into my head. However, so it was; over and over again had I to listen to the vexatiously practical formula, "Excuse me, sir, but, in my humble way of thinking, it would pay you a deal better to keep a couple of pigs." Poor Mona, how I hated pork when I thought of her stately uselessness, and felt that, in my people's eyes, she ought to be represented by two of the least lovable creatures upon earth. But my cup of humiliation in connection with pigs was not yet full, and it remained for a poor man at Bourne-mouth to fill it. I was admiring one evening a very fine donkey which was standing outside the Highcliffe Mansions Hotel in a cart in which was a hog-tub. While I was listening to the praises of the animal's temper and speed, which its owner began to pour out very freely, his mate came out from the hotel with a pail of wash. This he emptied into the tub, and then, seeing me talking to the man with the donkey, and taking me for the proprietor of the hotel, to whom he evidently wished to speak, he came up to me and said, "Please, sir, are you the gen'lman as belongs to the wash?" Now if the wash had belonged to me, it would not have conferred any great dignity upon me, and I own that, on the contrary, to be addressed as a mere adjunct to the wash, as a mere complement of a hog-tub, confirmed me in my abhorrence of pigs and of all that belongs to them. And yet I have heard a crest and a motto derived from this very animal, attributed to our county, pointing to a temper which may be either simple obstinacy or that honourable sturdiness of resistance to pressure, whether in matters of opinion or of practice, which in England produces "Village Hampdens," and, fortunately, when occasions need, national ones also. Our crest, it is said, is "a hog," and our motto, "We wun't be druv." Be this as it may, it seems to me perfectly true that mere authority goes but a little way with a genuine Sussex man. "If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason on compulsion" (Henry iv., ii. 4). This impatience of compulsion enabled one of my parishioners, fifty years ago as I am told, to maintain a long and successful resistance even to the combined influence of his wife and every member of his family. The good man was the owner of an enormous hog, which had grown so coarse and unpleasant, that when it was killed, all in the house declined to touch it, and insisted that it should be buried. This peremptory request put the good man so completely on his mettle, that he then and there registered a vow, that sooner than bury the hog, he would eat it himself, and as my informant assured me, he used to say "I kept my word, though I was two years about it." The truth of this tradition having been unkindly questioned, I have taken some pains to verify it.

I confess with regret that the history of the particular hog to which the story was attached, I have traced by aid of the memory of one of our old people, to a different and more common-place end. Still, the account was so circumstantially given by the contemporary curate of Burwash, since, alas, dead, that I feel fairly confident that as regards some hog or other, the tradition is true.

Again, I have known a Sussex man give up his cottage and subject himself to some expense and much inconvenience rather than sacrifice the life of a favourite cat which was suspected of poaching. "No," said the man, not unreasonably, "if they'd catch'd him at it, that would be another thing altogether, but I'm not goin' to have my cat killed naun the more just because they 'think' he poaches."

An amusing instance of our independence, though based, I fear, on arrant selfishness, occurred many years ago, so I have heard, when the Prince of Wales, afterwards George iv, happened to be passing through the village on his return to Brighton from a visit to Sir John Ladd, one of his Royal Highness's boon companions, who was then staying in the adjoining parish of Etchingham.

Our bells were not rung, and for our lack of loyalty we fell under the royal displeasure. Inquiry was made, and the reason alleged by the ringers for their silence was, that "they had rung for him when he came thro' the first time, and he gave them no beer, so they weren't going to ring for him again; not likely!"

Strangers who have bought property in the parish have often been greatly struck by the "fore-rightness" and impatience of anything approaching to high-handed treatment exhibited by our working men. I well remember the conclusion to which a retired officer of the army soon came who had bought one of our farms, and who found that orders given in barrack-yard tone were not received with exactly barrack-yard submission. He honestly avowed that he would far sooner command a regiment of soldiers than one Burwash labourer. Another new proprietor, who is long since dead, but whose temper and language while he was with us, were not quite such as accorded with our views of what is due from an employer to those whom he employs, speedily received from one of his labourers the following assurance. "You see, sir, it's like this. If you was to go on at me for about five minutes as you go on at your gardener, we should part." I have known even a kind suggestion resented, only because the recipient fancied he detected a tone of patronage and authority in what was said. One bitter winter morning, one of my parishioners overtook a cart in which was a boy who had got a lift. The poor boy looked so miserably cold that my good friend said to him compassionately, "If I were you, my little man, I'd get down and walk." "No, that I wun't; not if I freeze fust," was the indignant reply. Surely there was, at any rate, a tenacity of purpose in that boy which ought in some way or other to stand its possessor in good stead, and I have often been sorry that I have lost sight of the lad. One old man I knew

well in my early Sussex days, of whom it was said that he boasted that "he had never bent his knee to any man." But in this case it must be admitted that he had a "straight knee," and could not bend it at all. It must not, however, be supposed that our native population are not amenable to any discipline. They are, on the contrary, very tractable if they are approached in the right way, but the mere exercise of authority is perhaps the least successful method of dealing with them.

In our depressed times, a good many years ago, one of our able-bodied parishioners was an inmate of the workhouse, and, feeling, I suppose, aggrieved by being obliged to go into "the house," he showed his feelings from time to time by various acts of insubordination. For these he was necessarily punished, and I have always understood that he accepted his fate with the dogged remark, "Well, gentlemen, as long as you choose to find punishment, I'll find back." The man certainly was not one of our finer spirits, and passed among us as somewhat ill-conditioned; still, submit quietly he would not to a power which he considered to be unjustly exercised.

Another more light-hearted, but far more culpable offender, used to be credited with an enviable equanimity, produced by simply balancing what he had deserved against what he had got. "I don't know," he used to say, "that I've any call to complain. I've been to Lewes six times; three times they found me guilty when I hadn't done nothin', and three times they let me off when I was guilty." So long as he could feel, even by the aid of his imperfect logic, that on the whole he had had justice done him, he was content. "Oppression makes the wise man mad," says Solomon; and whether our people are wise or not, I cannot help feeling that the Saxon spirit of resistance to whatever may even savour of oppression has survived in a somewhat greater degree than usual among the East Sussex peasantry with whom I am best acquainted, and that it makes them, in their own phrase, "mad" more readily than it does some of the more phlegmatic of their countrymen.

To me, the sense of living among people who are not afraid to speak their mind and let me know their real sentiments is most satisfactory, and I may add that my theory on this point was, in a small matter, once put to a curiously practical test. I had been giving a lecture in the schoolroom on "The Characteristics of an Englishman," and I had, I suppose, put rather prominently forward, an Englishman's natural love of independence, and of doing as he likes. At any rate, as I came away from the lecture, I profited, I hope, by the independent criticism of one of my younger hearers, "Well, I was an Englishman: I did as I

liked; I went to sleep." I am glad to say that my faith in my own doctrine did not fail me, and that I valued this testimony far more than I should have done the insipid generality, "Oh, yes, sir, it were all very nice."

This spirit of independence and "fore-rightness," if sometimes rather too strongly developed, has, at any rate, I think, one good effect—it tends to take hypocrisy out of the number of our besetting sins. Hypocrisy, I fancy, meets with scant sympathy in the minds of our Sussex folk. There is plenty of it, no doubt, but the public conscience, I believe, abhors it, however successfully some of our less scrupulous brethren may practise it. There is, possibly, I fear, a touch of selfishness in this general condemnation of a hypocrite, inasmuch as I commonly hear one very strong reason urged for the indignation—viz., that when hypocrisy is found out, as, sooner or later, in our limited community it almost always is, it makes kind-hearted people suspicious, and so dries up the stream of liberality which would otherwise have continued to flow. Still, apart from this, there is among us, I am sure, a keen sense of the shamefulness of imposing upon good nature, and a skilful hypocrite must not expect to enjoy his success amid the applause of admiring neighbours. Once, when asking in school the meaning of the word "hypocrite," I got the following pertinent answer, "When a man walks lame as hasn't got nothin' the matter wi' him;" but whatever the definition of hypocrisy may be, the thing itself is well understood, and as a rule heartily detested. I once met with a curious instance of the feeling of indignation at the accusation of hypocrisy, in the person of an old man, one of my parishioners, who, being in "the union," was out for a holiday. I was asking him how he got on in "the house," which I was sure was the best place for him, seeing that he was in years, was infirm, and not very strong-minded. He spoke fairly contentedly of his lot, but one thing evidently rankled in his mind, for he stopped, and, leaning on the two "bats," i.e., sticks, with which he was walking, said, rather excitedly, "The master calls me a hypocrip—he does. Now," he said, "if I be a hypocrip"—and an impediment in his speech, made worse by his excitement, caused him to stutter terribly as he spoke—"I wish somebody would take one of these bub-bub-bats, and hide me bub-bub bang out." He could not well have expressed himself more forcibly.

On the whole, then, I think I may say with confidence, that any one coming to live among us, and studying the character of our people, would be favourably impressed with our freedom of thought and speech, as well as by the quaint forms which that thought and speech occasionally take.







READING ALOUD.

[From the Picture by J. Rougeron.

## MEMORABLE SCENES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

### I.—OLD ST. STEPHEN'S CHAPEL.



ST. STEPHEN'S CHAPEL.—INTERIOR AFTER THE FIRE.

**I**F sometimes by way of compliment our present chambers of legislation bear the designation of St. Stephen's—as in a well-known poem of that name, published in 1860—it is only a compliment. The famous and ancient chapel of St. Stephen's, from which the designation arose, was, as our readers well remember, destroyed by a fire which broke

out in the library of the House of Lords at half-past six in the evening of Thursday, 16th of October, 1834. Some portions of the ancient walls of the venerable building still remain, but the hoary, although most inconvenient edifice, consecrated by memories and associations with the most august names of the story of the growth of England's greatness, has so entirely passed away, that it is

quite impossible for the visitor, excepting as a bold imagination moves through the fields of biography and history, to revive the impressions and episodes in the life of the sacred spot. Into the more remote periods of the history, either of the spot or the building, it is no part of the intention of the present papers to enter. St. Stephen's Chapel, in which for so many ages the Commons of England assembled, the stationary ark of the English covenant of freedom, the earliest shrine from whence free speech boldly lifted up its voice, was first erected by King Stephen and dedicated to the saint and martyr, the monarch's namesake; it was rebuilt or restored by Edward III, and still dedicated to the honour of St. Stephen. It was also largely endowed as a monastery, and appears to have passed safely through the sequestering period of the reign of Henry VIII, but in that of Edward VI its monastic rights and revenues were surrendered, and the building was granted to be, what it continued to be until the flames dissolved it, a permanent Chamber of Parliament for the Commons of England, which body had, until that time, been moveable, having no settled place of meeting. In the course of ages other changes took place, such as the extension of the walls upon the accession of the Irish members by the Act of Union; but beyond a doubt this was the building in which was first planted the young sapling of English liberty; within those walls were heard the tones of the storm which shook and threatened to uproot the young tree, and there the first sunbeams shed their power, giving boldness to the stem and verdure to its branches.

No very pleasant place in itself, especially in the later years of its history, like many objects very romantic through the haze of poetic description or in the lines of the artist's pencil, but found to be singularly uncomfortable and disagreeable upon a nearer acquaintance, the venerable chapel of St. Stephen's receives quite a disenchanting touch in the vigorous but prosaic description of William Cobbett, who was one of the members of the House, and sat there in the year of its fall. "Why," he asks, apparently with the natural indignation of a new member, "why are six hundred and fifty-eight of us crammed into a space that allows to us no more than half a foot square? There we are crammed into this little hole, squeezing one another, treading upon each other's toes, running about to get a seat, going to the hole at seven o'clock in the morning, as I do, to stick a bit of paper with my name on a bench, to indicate that I mean to sit there for that day; then routed out of those places again after a division has taken place, and running and scrambling for a seat in just the same manner as people do when they are let into a dining-room at a public dinner at the Crown and Anchor or elsewhere." We suppose nobody ever desired a seat in the present House of Commons for the sake of the comfort they were likely to find there; in truth we should speak of it as a most uncomfortable spot, but compared with the old chapel of St. Stephen's, which calls down the judicious indignation of Cobbett, it has something of modern

enjoyment as in contrast with the domestic felicities of mediæval times.

But "that hole," as Cobbett somewhat irreverently calls it, was the grand workshop and forge of the noblest English thought and intelligence. To read the history of the transactions which took place in "that hole" is to read the story of the way in which a Government settled itself; there, in fact, was wrought out the story of England through all its mistakes and in the assertion of all its majesties.

"Thence Freedom broadened slowly down,  
From precedent to precedent."

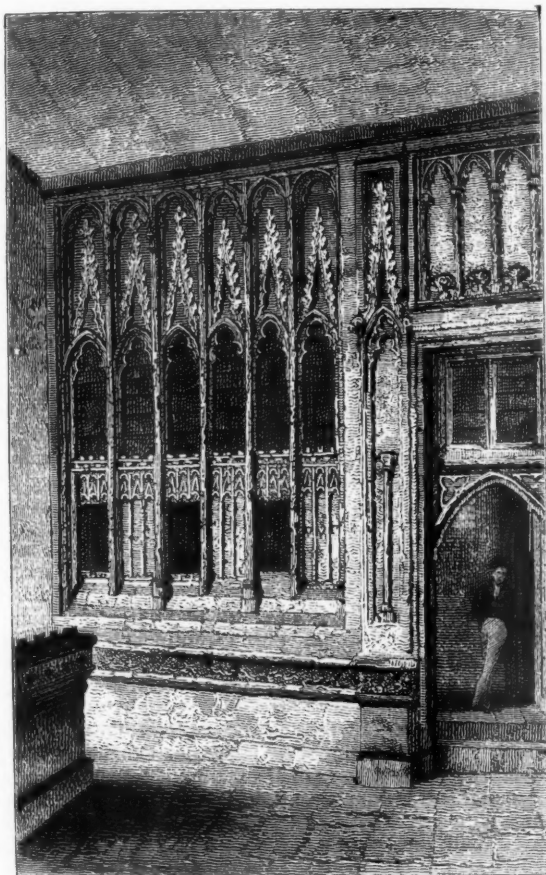
And very singular some of the precedents were. We shall have occasion to refer to many of them, neither honourable nor imitable, many precedents now distinctly renounced, and as we look back upon them sometimes awakening in the mind a sense of drollery and sometimes even a sense of shame, for the House of Commons, as we shall see, has not always been an immaculate and purely white and innocent creature. Sometimes, and even in some of its great scenes, it strikes us as very much the reverse of this; and yet, even in some of its great mistakes, the eye of the historian will not fail to notice how there was an unconscious bearing on, even through odd and grotesque ways, to a settled end. Could we, for instance, sweep away all the intervening illusions of time and enter that St. Stephen's Chapel when the Long Parliament was sitting there, we should see a congregation not so crowded as that described by Cobbett, but in circumstances quite as uncomfortable, sitting there on rows of hard parallel benches rising as in an amphitheatre from an open space in the centre of the floor, and over this a members' gallery, the ascent to which was by a ladder! But in that long, narrow, inconvenient chamber, what names meet the memory as we attempt to realise the scene through such fragments as we have from the Journals of Sir Simonds D'Ewes. In that droll assembly of steeple-crowned and broad-leaved hats, what celebrated figures meet the eye—the learned Selden, "honest Jack Maynard," destined to so long a life that as in his earlier years he stood up in Westminster Hall to accuse Strafford, at ninety years of age he headed the lawyers who received William on his way to the abdicated throne; and when the Prince said, "Mr. Serjeant, you must have survived all the lawyers of your standing," "Yes, sir," said the old man, "and but for your Highness I should have survived all the laws too." In that Long Parliament we descry the forms of Hampden, Digby, Hyde, Falkland, Culpepper, Hollis, Pym, and how many besides whose names create a stir and animation in the mind. And what great historical scenes we are compelled to remember as the singular old barn-like and uncomfortable chamber—than which many a lowly village Methodist chapel seems quite as, if not far more commodious—rises to the imagination.

A panoramic view of the successive scenes presented in St. Stephen's Chapel could not fail to interest the eye and the mind of the spectator. Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, in his gossiping books,



presents us with a very different picture of the dress of the members from that which meets the eye of spectators now. Thus, speaking of April, 1782, he says, speaking of the retirement of Lord North: "Never was a more total change of costume beheld than the House of Commons presented to the eye when that assembly met for the dispatch of business after the Easter recess. The Treasury bench, as well as the places behind it, had been for so many years occupied by Lord

which afforded subject for conversation no less than food for mirth. It happened that just at the time when the change of administration took place, Lord Nugent's house, in Great George Street, having been broken open, was robbed of a variety of articles, among others, of a number of pairs of laced ruffles. He caused the particulars of the effects stolen to be advertised in some of the daily newspapers, where they were minutely specified with great precision. Coming down to



LOBBY IN THE OLD HOUSE OF COMMONS.

North and his friends, that it became difficult to recognise them again in their new seats, dispersed over the Opposition benches, in greatcoats, frocks, and boots. Mr. Ellis himself appeared for the first time in his life in an undress. To contemplate the ministers their successors, emerged from their obscure lodgings, or from Brooke's, having thrown off their blue and buff uniforms; now ornamented with the appendages of dress, or returning from court decorated with swords, lace, and hair-powder—excited still more astonishment. Even some degree of ridicule attached to this extraordinary and sudden metamorphosis,

the House of Commons immediately after the recess, a gentleman who accidentally sat next to him, asked his lordship if he had yet made any discovery of the articles recently lost. 'I can't say that I have,' answered he; 'but I shrewdly suspect that I have seen some of my laced ruffles on the hands of the gentlemen who now occupy the Treasury bench.' This reply, the effect of which was instantly increased by the presence of Fox and Burke in their court dresses, obtained general circulation, and occasioned no little laughter."

In the plain and altogether undecorated person-

ages whom we now see either sitting in the House or moving familiarly to and fro in the lobby, it is a difficult thing to realise the descendants of those men and times when our senators appeared in their seats daintily dressed in their silk attire, gay colours, and velvet doublets. The first Mr. Pitt attached immense importance to costume, and always if possible appeared in a full-dress coat, with the wig. Members wore their orders, and red and blue ribbons glittered imposingly on the benches. We find Lord North always designated "the noble lord in the blue ribbon." Stars glittered and flashed on either side. These grandeurs faded away. Strange does it seem to think of Charles James Fox as he first appeared before the House with hat and feather; afterwards he adopted the blue frock-coat and buff waistcoat. It is said the American Revolution demolished court dress, black swords, and bag-wigs, and Mr. Pitt's tax discomfited the profusion of hair-powder.

We have referred to some of the questionable precedents in the ancient history of the House. One odd and peculiarly humiliating usage has vanished from the observances of the House. It was an indignity which lingered until the middle of the last century, and has been well designated as the odious form of compelling all members to receive their sentence "meekly kneeling upon their knees." There is, indeed, a dark series of precedents enlivened by one instance which may assuredly pass for a memorable scene in the story of the Long Parliament, of the sturdy Welsh judge, David Jenkins, who absolutely refused to kneel, and instead of that act harangued the Speaker in a downright fashion. "Mr. Speaker," said he, "since you and this House have renounced all your duty and allegiance to your sovereign and natural liege lord, the king, and are become a den of thieves, should I bow myself in this house of Rimmon, the 'Lord would not pardon me in this thing.'" We can scarcely wonder, but we are told the House was in a perfect uproar as this unexpected catapult and cartel of defiance was thrown down; the dignity of the House was outraged, and ten, and sometimes twenty, members were attempting to speak together; they voted the "malignant," however, guilty of treason, and sentenced him to die without any further trial. He expected to die, and appears to have been exceedingly covetous of the honour; said he would go to the gallows with Bracton on his left shoulder, the statutes at large on his right, and the Bible round his neck; that those books, being his counsellors, should hang with him. "And first," said he, "I will eat much liquorice and gingerbread, thereby to strengthen my lungs, so that my voice may be heard far and near." He was disappointed, however, for Henry Martin, the famous regicide, averted his doom, good-humouredly moving the suspension of the day of execution. This is certainly one of the most famous instances in the history of the institution of kneeling at the Bar of the House.

Another instance occurred in 1751. During the intervening years delinquents appear to have submitted without resistance; but in this year Mr. Alexander Murray, brother of Lord Elibank, was

called up to receive sentence of committal to Newgate for the utterance of some words—which were not satisfactorily proved, and which he absolutely denied—but when he appeared at the Bar he peremptorily refused to kneel. "Nothing on earth," he declared, "should induce him to submit to such an indignity." Finally the House resolved "that Mr. Murray, having in a most insolent and audacious manner at the Bar absolutely refused to bend upon his knees, is guilty of a high and most dangerous contempt of the authority and privilege of this House." The difficulty remained—what to do with the rebel?

The Speaker insisted that such insubordination must receive exemplary chastisement, or all authority was at an end; they could not, as in the instance of poor Jenkins, sentence him to death, but they doomed him to solitary confinement in Newgate, without the use of pen, ink, or paper; and there the tough and intractable gentleman continued for four months. While there his health was so far in danger that, upon the representation of his physician, it was proposed that he should be removed into the custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms; but this he also refused—he rejected the offer, and declared that he would continue in prison until the end of the Session. Then, when the gates of his prison were thrown open, he made a kind of triumphal procession to his own house, attended by the Sheriffs of London, a long train of carriages, and the acclamations of the populace. The House of Commons was not yet content. Upon its reassembling the House voted that he should be recommitted to Newgate, and receive judgment on his knees. But the bird was flown; Mr. Murray, although indisposed to avail himself of liberation from Newgate as an act of favour, determined to do his best to keep at a distance from that retreat for injured innocence, and fled to the Continent. The Privy Council, moved by the House of Commons, offered £500 for his apprehension. Public opinion, however, took part with the exile, and revolted against his persecution; and so, says Townsend, in his "Memoirs of the House of Commons," "Mr. Murray had the consolation of learning that by his firmness and suffering an end was silently put to a practice which, with reptile tenacity of life, had lingered for centuries." The necessity for kneeling was silently abrogated during twenty years, and in 1772 it was abolished by a standing order. The rule had been waived in some instances to which it is not necessary to refer, but we certainly wish we knew the name of that pleasant wag, of whom the story is told, who, some time before the protest made by Murray, when brought up for judgment, and of course compelled to receive it on his knees, took his revenge, and expressed his indignation by rubbing his knees after rising from the floor of the House, and pretty loudly but excusably exclaiming, "This is the dirtiest House I was ever in in the whole course of my life!" The usage still lingered in the House of Lords, and even Warren Hastings, before whose nod rajahs and sovereign princes had bowed down, was, when impeached, compelled to kneel. When Miss Burney complained of this indignity to Mr. Wyndham, he said,

"It is a humiliation not to be wished or defended. It is indeed a mere ceremony, a mere formality, but it is a mortifying one, and so obsolete, so unlike the practices of the times, so repugnant from a gentleman to a gentleman, that I myself looked another way; it hurt me, and I wished it dispensed with."

The House of Commons, a grave assembly, has sometimes been startled from its propriety by memorable circumstances which scarcely rise to the dignity of history, but seldom perhaps was that sense of propriety more startled than when that externally awful and imposing person the Speaker, in the course of a dead silence, was accosted by a hiccough from the Reporters' Gallery, and the voice of a drunken reporter shouting with stentorian lungs, "Mr. Speaker, favour us with a song!" The Serjeant was upstairs in a minute, and the wicked reprobate added to his crime, when about to be taken into custody, by accusing and charging a most grave and peaceful-looking Quaker sitting near at hand with being the author of this violation of the sanctities of the place. Even Mr. Townsend, in his grave volumes, condescends to refer to this circumstance. The story of the House is by no means wanting in ludicrous incidents.

The present House of Commons is very young, its story is not wanting in illustrious names or the record of magnanimous transactions; but with it these papers will have little to do. We look farther back; it seems as if a new *régime* of government, a new order of actors, and a new building commenced their career together. It is while we survey in memory the men and scenes of the old chapel of St. Stephen's that we have borne in upon our mind the appropriateness of the fine words of our laureate:—

"Of old sat Freedom on the heights,  
The thunders breaking at her feet;  
Above her shook the starry lights;  
She heard the torrents meet.  
There in her place she did rejoice,  
Self-gathered in her prophet-mind,  
But fragments of her mighty voice  
Came rolling on the wind.

Then steep she down thro' town and field  
To mingle with the human race,  
And part by part to men revealed  
The fulness of her face.  
Grave mother of majestic works,  
From her isle-altar looking down,  
Who, god-like, grasps the triple forks,  
And king-like wears the crown."

Will the glory of the latter House equal that of the former? When it is remembered that in it the first throbbings and pulsations of freedom bearded and defied the Tudors in their haughty arrogance, and taught the senators of the Stuarts how dangerous, indeed how impossible, it ever is to attempt to curb the rising sense of right in a great and religious people; when the great scenes of the Commonwealth are recalled, and those agitations which led to the expulsion of one dynasty

and the securely settling of another on the throne of the realm; and other times succeeding, the pulse quickens beneath the mighty associations and the subduing spells wrought by the mingled wefts of history and imagination during the passing of ten generations. It was along that old floor Charles stepped while he left his guards at the door as he faltered to the Speaker's chair in his suicidal attempt to arrest the five members. And it was within those walls appeared the apparition of the man in plain black clothes, with grey worsted stockings, walking up and down the floor with his hat on his head and his large basket-hilted sword by his side,—stamping with his foot, filling the chapel with his soldiers, denouncing the mace as a bauble, coolly expelling every member—not one attempting to draw his sword—then coolly locking the door, putting the key in his pocket and walking quietly home to his house in King Street hard by. Within those walls Chatham triumphed over physical weakness and decay, employed his crutch as the sceptre of oratory, smote astonished France and startled England as by electricity from her inane repose.

Men whose courage had never been questioned on the field here found themselves caught in a strange bashfulness as they attended to receive the thanks of the nation they had served—such men as Blake and Marlborough, and, more eminent still, the hero of a hundred fights, Wellington. That was a memorable scene when, as the liberator of Europe entered, all the members rose uncovered, enthusiastically cheering him as he passed up to receive from the Speaker the thanks of the nation. It was within those walls that Pitt, speaking on the abolition of the slave trade, introduced a beautiful and apt quotation from the sun just then rising in the early morning and pouring a sudden burst of splendour upon the wearied but attentive audience. It was upon that floor that Burke, great even in his failures, threw down the dagger as a specimen of the presents which the French fraternity were preparing for his countrymen, and, all circumstances considered, the action was not so histrionic, perhaps, as it seems. There Fox, the Demosthenes of the House, poured out his wonderful enchantments of oratory. And it is singular to read how those two great rivals, Pitt and Fox, held in admiration each other's powers. One night, after Fox had been speaking, a noble lord, coming out of the House with Pitt, began to abuse Fox's speech, "Don't disparage it," said Pitt; "nobody could have made it but himself;" while Fox characterised a speech of Pitt's as one that would have excited the admiration and envy of Demosthenes. "A man made to be loved," said Burke of Fox; and George III, his avowed and implacable enemy, said, "Little did I ever think that I should live to regret Charles Fox's death." And, again: "I never thought I should have regretted the death of Charles Fox as I do." Thinking of those two mighty wrestlers, we feel the propriety of Scott's fine words:—

"With more than mortal powers endowed,  
How high they soared above the crowd!



Theirs was no common party race,  
Jostling by dark intrigue for place ;  
Beneath each banner proud to stand,  
Looked up the noblest of the land,  
Till through the British world were known  
The names of Pitt and Fox alone.  
Genius, and taste, and talent gone,  
For ever tombed beneath the stone,  
Where—taming thought to human pride !—  
The mighty chiefs sleep side by side ;  
Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,  
'Twill trickle to his rival's bier ;  
O'er Pitt's the mournful requiem sound,  
And Fox's shall the notes rebound.  
The solemn echo seems to cry—  
' Here let their discord with them die,  
Speak not for those a separate doom  
Whom fate made brothers in the tomb ;  
But search the land of living men,  
Where will you find their like again ? ' ”

Within those walls, from age to age, sat England's greatest masters, Francis Bacon and Isaac Newton, and Joseph Addison and Richard Steele, and our greatest philanthropists, Meredith and Romilly ; they echoed with shouts of laughter from successive generations of wit, Charles Townsend and Brindsley Sheridan, and George Canning and Henry Brougham, and Daniel O'Connell. As we think of all these names the memory of the old chapel rises before us like a classical sanctuary, while there streamed forth from its hallowed memorials the effulgent rays of freedom and loyalty, of chivalry and eloquent genius, and prescient statesmanship and invincible power. It will be the object of succeeding papers to select the choicest scenes, with their appropriate actors and rivalries, in the hope that they may nourish and cherish the love of freedom and of loyalty which have made the memory of the place so sacred to the English heart.

## OLD MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

### ROMAN.



**T**HAT the Romans left a lasting impress on this country is evident from only a casual survey of some of those usages which prevail amongst us. An interesting instance of this fact may be gathered from the many marriage observances of a religious or superstitious character practised in ancient Rome, and which

were quite common in England within the present century. Although, in certain cases, these have lost much of their identity through the lapse of years, yet the greater part of them are little altered, serving as valuable historical curiosities in so far as they illustrate the primitive manners and customs of our ancestors. These relics, too, of early social life have an additional importance whenever they are found closely connected with such an eventful crisis in each one's domestic history as marriage. Indeed, their very existence in the nineteenth century sufficiently indicates that, in spite of the world's advanced culture, man's

feelings have not altered, finding their expression in the same outward signs as those which marked similar observances in a remote period.

Commencing, then, with that preliminary stage of matrimony, the "betrothal," or engagement, we find that with the Romans this was regarded as quite a solemn act ; and, hence, was attended with various ceremonies, the object of which was to make the contracting parties realise the momentous step they were about to undertake. In truth, the betrothal day was designed to be a thoroughly impressive one ; each being taught the moral obligation of the compact they were ratifying, and the influence it should exert on their daily life. Consequently, unlike some of our modern engagements, which are often thoughtlessly and prematurely made, the Roman ones were considered as strictly sacred, and their enactment was effected by the drawing up of an agreement formally signed and sealed after the manner of marriage settlements at the present day. In our own country, however, in days gone by, much the same usage was practised ; and Shakespeare, whose plays contain so many references to the customs of his day, has recorded in a few well-known lines the principal incidents of betrothal as it formerly existed. Describing the ceremony of espousals in the last act of "Twelfth Night," the priest says :—

" A contract of eternal bond of love,  
Confirmed by mutual joinder of your hands,  
Attested by the holy close of lips,  
Strengthened by interchangement of your rings ;  
And all the ceremony of this compact  
Sealed in my function by my testimony."

, sat Eng-  
and Isaac  
ard Steele,  
edith and  
f laughter  
, Charles  
and George  
and Daniel  
names the  
us like a  
med forth  
ent rays of  
eloquent  
invincible  
ing papers  
eir appro-  
that they  
edness and  
ory of the

expression  
ch marked

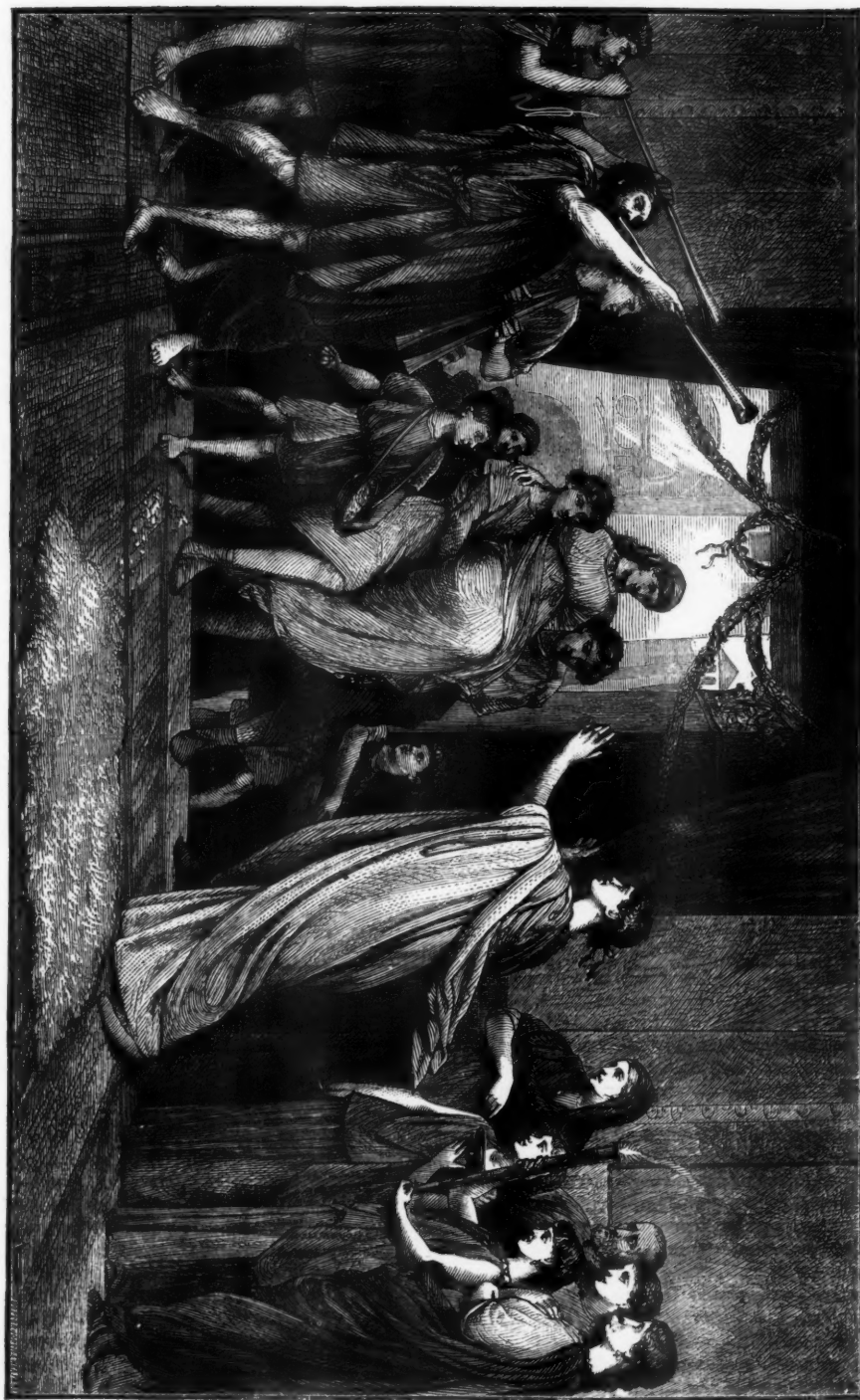
nary stage  
agement,  
s regarded  
s attended  
which was  
e momen-  
In truth,  
thoroughly  
the moral  
ifying, and  
daily life.  
rn engage-  
nd premar-  
sidered as  
as effected  
ally signed  
age settle-  
n country,  
ame usage  
ose plays  
oms of his  
a lines the  
t formerly  
espousals  
the priest

nds,

r rings ;

A ROMAN WEDDING.—THE BRIDES HOME COMING.

J.C. Galtie.



As soon as the Roman girl was betrothed she received from her lover a ring, which she wore as an evidence of her engagement. It was generally made of iron, symbolical of the lasting character of the engagement, and probably, it has been suggested, springing out of another Roman custom, the giving of a ring as earnest upon the conclusion of a bargain. It appears that this betrothal ring, apart from its associations, was superstitiously treasured up, and was often believed to be a safeguard against unseen dangers. Coming down to comparatively modern times, we find that in England, in past years, the betrothal ring was looked upon as the most important of all the presents given by lover to lover—at first only one ring being employed at a love-contract, the circlet given by the man to the woman. Later on, however, it was the fashion for lovers to interchange rings, allusions to which custom are frequently to be found in Shakespeare's plays, as, for instance, in the passage quoted above, and in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," where we read (ii., 2) :—

"Julia.—Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake (*giving a ring*).

Proteus.—Why, then, we'll make exchange; here, take you this.

Julia.—And seal the bargain with a holy kiss."

Espousals, on the other hand, were also made without the use of the ring. Thus in the "Tempest" (iii., 1) Shakespeare makes Ferdinand and Miranda join hands only. The history, therefore, of the modern engagement ring is exceedingly old, and although by most persons regarded as nothing more than a graceful tribute on the part of the lover to his future bride, is a survival of the Roman practice of presenting a ring to the lady on the conclusion of the engagement contract. When betrothed, the Roman maiden laid aside her girlish dress, some parts of which were offered as a sacrifice to the Penates, or household gods. She was now clothed in the dress of a wife, and, says Mr. Napier,\* "secluded from her former companions, and put under training for her new duties." A similar practice remained in force in Scotland about sixty years ago; for as soon as a girl became a bride she excluded herself in a great measure from society, and it was supposed to be highly unlucky for her to be seen at church until after the wedding-day, and on this account she was careful to keep away.

In selecting the time for the marriage ceremony, every precaution was taken to avoid an unlucky month, day, and hour for the knot to be tied. On these several points the Romans were most superstitious; and eighteen centuries ago Ovid mentions the objection to marriages in May, which he not unreasonably explains by the occurrence in that month of the funeral rites of the Lemuralia† :—

"Nec viduæ tædis eadem, nec Virginis apta  
Tempora. Quæ nupsit non diuturna fuit.  
Hæc quoque de causa, si te proverbia tangunt,  
Mense malus Maio nubere vulgus ait."

\* "Folk-Lore of West of Scotland," 1879, 46.

† Ovid, Fasti, v. 487.

Indeed, the sayings that marriages in May are unlucky survives to this day in England, a striking example, as Mr. Tylor points out,\* how an idea, the meaning of which has perished for ages, may continue to exist simply because it has existed. That May with us is not a month for marrying may easily be seen, any year, from the lists of weddings in the "Times" newspaper, the popular belief being briefly summed up in the subjoined familiar proverb :—

"Marry in May, and you'll rue the day."

Although, however,† there has generally been a prejudice against May as a month unpropitious for marriages, yet it was honoured in feudal England as the month of all months especially congenial to lovers. What time, indeed, so appropriate for the expression of the tenderest and purest affection as that season when all nature is rejoicing over the earth's new life, as seen in the thousand flowers that deck the meadows, and the countless fragrant blossoms that clothe the trees, whilst happy birds fill the sunny sky with their jubilant anthems of thanksgiving? Most readers are doubtless acquainted with the following stanza in "The Court of Love"—that charming composition of graceful fancy and thought :—

"I had not spoke so sone the worde, but she,  
My soveraine, did thank me heartely,  
And saide, 'Abide, ye shall dwell still with me  
Till season come of May, for then truly  
The king of love and all his company  
Shall holde his feste full rialy and well,  
And there I bode till that the season fell."

Some of the reasons assigned for not marrying in May have been these :—that women disobeying this rule would be childless; or, if they had children, that the firstborn would be an idiot, or have some physical deformity; or that the married couple would not be happy in their new life, and soon become weary of each other's society—superstitions which still retain their hold throughout the country. The most fortunate month, however, for marrying was June, and so, when Ovid was anxious about his daughter, he

"Resolved to match the girl, and tried to find  
What days unpropitious were, what moons were kind;  
After June's sacred ides his fancy strayed,  
Good to the man and happy to the maid."

At the present day June is a popular month for marrying; and in many places the old Roman fancy of its also being a lucky month for birth is still firmly believed. Again, in arranging for a wedding, the Romans always took special care to avoid the kalends, nones, and ides of every month, as also the Feast of the Parentalia. Equal care, too, was paid to the time and hour for the performance of the ceremony; and advice was sought from astrologers and soothsayers, who, by divinations and a critical observance of omens, recommended the contracting parties as to the most favourable opportunity. Thus, the appearance of

\* "Primitive Culture," 1873, i. 70, 71.

† See Jeaffreson's "Brides and Bridals," i. 291—293.



a crow or a turtle dove was considered an auspicious omen, these birds being considered as symbolical of conjugal fidelity. In the same way, too, with us, not only is Friday avoided as an ominous day, but no greater dread is perhaps occasioned among the credulous than by the approach of a raven:—

“Which, seldom boding good,  
Croak their black auguries from some dark wood.”

This, when seen over the head either of the bride or the bridegroom, is regarded as the harbinger of coming misfortune or sorrow, its presence alone, even for a minute or so, being sufficient in the eyes of the fanciful to dampen the joy of such a bright occasion. Pliny tells us, that in his day the *circos*, a kind of tame hawk, was looked upon as a good omen at weddings, a further proof of the antiquity of this class of superstitions. It was formerly believed, also, that a union could never be happy if the bridal party, on their way to church, were unfortunate enough to meet one of the following animals: a hare, a dog, a cat, a lizard, or serpent; but, on the other hand, if a spider, toad, or wolf came across their path, they were sure to have prosperity and happiness. While, too, on the subject of omens, it is a good sign for the sun to shine upon the bride, an allusion to which we find in Herrick's “*Hesperides*”:—

“While that others do divine,  
Blest is the bride on whom the sun doth shine.”

Among other omens, it is said to be unlucky for a woman to marry a man whose surname commences with the same letter as her own:—

“To change the name and not the letter  
Is a change for the worse and not for the better.”

Those, therefore, who are believers in such matters always take care to make use of every precaution so as to avoid their occurrence. Happily, as many as are possessed of true wisdom take little cognisance of these superstitions, knowing that there is a higher and omniscient Power that directs and controls the lives and affairs of men.

As far as the nuptial ceremony itself was concerned, the Romans were in the habit of celebrating it with many imposing rites and customs, some of which are still in use in this country. As soon, therefore, as the soothsayer had taken the necessary omens, the ceremony was commenced by a sheep being sacrificed to Juno, under whose special guardianship marriage was supposed to rest. The fleece was next laid upon two chairs, on which the bride and bridegroom sat, over whom prayers were then said. At the conclusion of the service the bride was led by three young men to the home of her husband. She generally took with her a distaff and spindle filled with wool, indicative of the first work in her new married life—spinning fresh garments for her husband. Five torches were carried to light her. It has been suggested that the custom once existed in this country.

Shakespeare speaks of this practice in *1 Henry VI* (iii., 2), where Joan of Arc, thrusting out a burn-

ing torch on the top of the tower of Rouen, exclaims,—

“Behold, this is the happy wedding torch  
That joineth Rouen with her countrymen.”

The threshold of the house was gaily decorated with flowers and garlands; and in order to keep out infection it was anointed with certain unctuous perfumes. As a preservative, moreover, against sorcery and evil influences, it was disenchanted by various charms. After being thus prepared, the bride was lifted over the threshold, it being considered unlucky for her to tread across it on first entering her husband's house. The musicians then struck up their music, and the company sang their “*Epithalamium*.” The keys of the house were then placed in the young wife's hands, symbolical of her now being the mistress. A cake, too, baked by the vestal virgins, which had been carried before her in the procession from the place of the marriage ceremony to the husband's home, was now divided amongst the guests. To enhance the merriment of the festive occasion, the bridegroom threw nuts amongst the boys, who then, as nowadays, enjoyed heartily a grand scramble. In this description of a Roman wedding the reader will observe how many of its details correspond, more or less, with similar ones practised amongst us, some of which indeed have not altered in any respect, in spite of their remote antiquity.

Thus, for instance, cakes, which, in one way or another, have been from the earliest times associated with weddings, held a prominent place in the Roman wedding. The “*Confarreatio*,” the most sacred of the Roman forms of marriage, in which the rites were performed with solemn sacrifices and offerings of cakes, was so called from the cake which was carried before the bride, and the offerings of burnt-cakes by the Pontifex Maximus. Our modern wedding-cake, therefore, whilst bearing a striking resemblance to the “*Confarreatio*” of the Romans, may possibly have been partially derived from it. At the same time, however, as Sir John Lubbock has pointed out in his “*Origin of Civilisation*,” the presence of a similar custom, under various forms, has existed from time immemorial amongst remote savage or semi-civilised people, who cannot be supposed to have adopted it from the Romans. Thus he tells us that among the Iroquois the bride and bridegroom used to partake together of a cake of “*sagamite*,” which the bride offered to her husband. The Fiji Islanders have a very similar custom. Again, among the Tipperahs, one of the hill tribes of Chittagong, the bride prepares some drink, sits on her lover's knee, drinks half, and gives him the other half; in short, in one form or another, a similar custom is found among most of the hill tribes of India. One point, however, it is interesting to note, that, just as the Roman bride, in accordance with the practices of *Confarreatio*, whilst giving her right hand to her spouse, held in her left three wheat-ears, so the English bride, in later centuries, bore in her hand or on her head a chaplet of bearded spikes of wheat. Indeed, corn in some form has always entered into the marriage ceremony, and it

is curious to trace its history. In days gone by, either corn-ears or small fragments of broken biscuit or cake (as rice is now) were dropped on the newly-married couple on their return from church, a custom which is still kept up in some country districts. In Scotland and the north of England, as soon as the bride returns to her new home, one of the oldest inhabitants, who has been stationed on the threshold, throws a plateful of short-bread over her head, taking care that it falls outside the house. This is immediately scrambled for, as it is considered most fortunate to secure a piece, however small. In Yorkshire, on the bride's arrival at her father's door, a plate of cake is flung from an upper window upon the crowd below; and a method of divination consists in observing the fate which attends its downfall. If it reach the ground in safety without being broken, the omen is a most unfavourable one. If, on the other hand, the plate be shattered in pieces, the auspices are looked upon as most happy. The same custom exists in some parts of Northumberland, where, on the bride's entry of her father's house, she is met at the door, a veil thrown over her head, and a quantity of cake pitched over her. This practice is thus alluded to by Herrick:—

"While some repeat  
Your praise, and bless you, sprinkling you with wheat."

The modern wedding-cake is doubtless a survival of the symbolical corn-ears originally worn by the bride, and which in after times were made into cakes and sprinkled upon the bride's head. In course of time these cakes were converted into one large mass, enriched with almond-paste; and that the ingredients of a bride-cake in the seventeenth century were not unlike one at the present day may be gathered from Herrick, who says:—

"This day, my Julia, thou must make,  
For mistress bride, the wedding-cake;  
Knead but the dough, and it will be  
To paste of almonds turned by thee;  
Or kisse it thou but once or twice,  
And for the bride-cake there'll be spice."

Just, too, a century ago, Smollett, in his "Expedition of Humphrey Clinker" (1771), described how Mrs. Tabitha Lismahago's wedding-cake was broken over her head, and its fragments distributed among the bystanders, according to the

custom of the ancient Britons, who imagined that to eat one of the hallowed pieces would ensure the unmarried eater the delight of seeing in a vision the person to be his wife or her husband.

Again, the Roman custom, already referred to, of lifting the bride over the threshold of her husband's home had its exact counterpart in Scotland within the present century, it being customary to lift the young wife over the doorstep, lest, as Mr. Napier\* says, "any witchcraft or *ill é'e* (evil eye) should be cast upon and influence her." Indeed, we are informed that the same practice prevailed in the north of England some years ago—an interesting survival of the primitive superstitions of our ancestors.

In the same way also as the Roman bride was presented with the keys of her husband's house, so in Scotland and in our own country, "her mother-in-law handed her the keys of the house and furniture, thus transferring the mother's rights over her son to his wife."

Lastly, we must not omit to mention the Roman bride. As far as we can judge, her attire must have been exceedingly graceful, consisting of a simple tunic with a girdle. Her hair was divided with the head of a spear, to remind her that she was about to be married to one of a warlike race, and therefore must acquit herself in a manner worthy of her dignified position. It must be remembered, too, that the spear was sacred to Juno, who, as we have already seen, was considered to be the special guardian of the marriage state. A wreath of flowers was generally placed on her head—flowers, as now a days, having entered largely into most of the ceremonies of the ancients. In short, it has been truly remarked that one of the chief characteristics of the Roman bride was the simplicity of her dress, which harmonised completely with the solemnity of the occasion.

In the above brief survey of the old marriage customs and superstitions connected with a Roman wedding, we have endeavoured, whilst describing these, to show how intimately they are interwoven with those of our own country, and how, after the lapse of many centuries, they still survive in our midst as interesting relics of the primitive life of our ancestors.

T. F. THISELTON DYER.

\* "Folk-Lore of West of Scotland," 51.



## KATHRINE KOPS.

WHAT CAME TO HER AS A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

FROM THE DUTCH OF J. J. CREMER.



VERY year the 1st of January was a memorable day for Kathrine Kops. At the time that our story begins it was the fiftieth anniversary of her birth. Although she had remained single, many suitors had offered her marriage; but from the time, long ago, when her betrothed, Hans Ritter, forsook her to marry a smart town-bred girl, Kathrine had persistently refused every offer, the more so because Naas and Gerrit, with others of the village, who advanced pretensions to her hand, did so only at the death of her brother, when she had become the sole possessor of the house, garden, and the money which her father and mother had left with the notary of a neighbouring town for her use.

No doubt it was in consequence of this that Trine's heart, after her love-affair with Hans Ritter was over, seemed closed to all generous sentiments. She was reserved, and her character had become morose and petulant. She avoided the society of her youthful companions who had married around her and had glad faces brightening their hearths. The wandering poor no longer ventured to apply at her door, for they were sure to meet with a rebuff.

Notwithstanding Trine Kops's fifty years, she still retained the firm, elastic gait and active habits of a young peasant; she undertook all household cares herself, although she could well have afforded to keep a servant; but it was repugnant to her, now, to share her solitary home with any human being. A dark grey cat was her only companion.

The dawn of the day of which we are about to write was cold and dreary. The snow had already fallen, and when Trine opened her kitchen window she remarked, with sadness and ill temper, that the aspects of the sky would not tend to brighten the thoughts and memories which the recurrence of that day every year were sure to bring back.

The long space of twenty-six years had passed since Hans Ritter had presented her with a bouquet on her birthday—a bouquet of white chrysanthemums; and only in the following spring another had usurped her place and had received a bridal bouquet from his faithless hands.

With a heavy heart Trine still, according to her established custom, set about preparing a large rich cake which was to ornament her table.

Whilst it was baking she employed herself plucking the feathers off a fowl selected from her poultry-yard, which was to be added to the good cheer displayed in honour of the day. The cat even was not admitted as a witness to her operations, being confined to the loft until all should be completed.

She now took the cake, quite hot, out of the oven, and that it might quickly cool exposed it on

the outer ledge of her window to the frosty air. Then she busily set to work turning the spit, whilst intently thinking and mourning over that day twenty-six years ago.

A slight noise aroused her from her reverie. Glancing towards the window whence it proceeded, she perceived a little boy about ten years old wistfully looking at the cake on the window, and, as she made sure, just about to seize it and to carry it off.

In an instant Trine crossed the threshold of her door and firmly seized the delinquent.

"I have caught you, wretched boy, in the very act of stealing; is it not so? Before I take you up to the burgomaster I must know why you came here to commit a theft. Speak, rascal."

"I am so hungry," stammered the child.

"Hungry, indeed! I feel convinced that if it had been bread it would not have tempted you."

"I would rather eat bread," said the child.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Trine, with surprise.

"Yes, because I wished to take some to Gretchin."

"And who is Gretchin?" asked Trine, with visible curiosity.

"My little sister; she is blind!"

Trine attentively examined the boy, who was now facing her. There was something in the tone of his voice which, in spite of herself, seemed to touch her heart.

We have already stated he appeared about ten years old, his countenance was prepossessing, and would have been handsome but it was so excessively thin and wan, evidently arising from long and continued severe privation.

Trine Kops, meanwhile, took care not to relax her hold of him. With her it was a conviction that concerning evil committed one ought to be pitiless, and this theory took still wider proportions when little boys were the delinquents—little vagabonds, as she called them, who took pleasure only in lying, stealing, and following their evil inclinations. But in the present case, something indefinable within her seemed to offer opposition to her habitual severity; something, indeed, which was incomprehensible to herself. Was it the look, the voice of the child, which exercised this strange fascination over her?

With the view of satisfying her curiosity, Trine again began to question him.

"Do you live in this village? I do not think I ever saw you before."

"It is the first time I have ever been here, madame," said the boy; "and it is only since this morning that—"

"Oh, doubtless you find it more convenient to stroll about from one village to another," said Trine.

The child quickly understood her meaning, and



replied, "I should not have wished to touch that cake had we not both been so hungry—Gretchin and I."

"Gretchin," said Trine, "you mentioned that name just now; how do I know but that it is a falsehood you are telling?" all the time endeavouring to stifle the sensibility newly awakened in her.

"I could take you to see her, madame, if—"

"If what?" interrupted Trine.

"I fear that you would not like to accompany me to the place where she is, because you might think that under the pretence of seeking her I meant to escape out of your hands."

He is sharper than I supposed him to be, thought Trine.

"Well! where is your sister?"

"I left her down there, under the shelter of the barn," said the child, pointing to the field.

"You might be better employed than crossing fields to pilfer cakes, I think. Why do you not remain at home with your parents?"

"Our parents are both dead," said the boy, with an accent of sadness.

"Dead!" repeated Trine, somewhat affected, for she could not but recall at this moment the grief she herself had felt when she lost one after the other, her father, mother, and brother, and by their loss she found herself alone in the world.

"Yes, madame," said the boy, "they died six months ago."

"Where?"

"Yonder, in the town."

"Why, then, were you not taken care of by your uncles or aunts?"

"Madame, we have neither uncles nor aunts."

"What! no relations?"

"No *near* relations."

"Then you have been wandering about the country ever since that time?"

"Alas! yes, madame; we have been obliged to do so."

"Living by begging or stealing, I dare say?"

"No, indeed!" quickly replied the child, colouring up; "the people in the village are often so kind as to give us food, and to allow us to sleep in their barns; but this morning I had been refused everywhere I went; so that, passing by here, I did dare to knock at your door, and knowing that Gretchin was hungry—"

"You preferred to steal from me?"

The boy was silent, hanging down his head.

Under the influence of emotion that she strove to conquer, Trine wished to convince herself that he was not deceiving her, after which she could better decide what to do.

"Wait for me a moment," she said, making him sit down near the fire. "I will go with you to the barn to see whether what you say is true or not."

"Oh! will you really come?" said the child, joyfully.

"He does not seem at all frightened," thought Trine.

"Now then, I am ready." And, holding her little prisoner by the arm, they proceeded in the direction towards the field he had mentioned.

She then perceived a sort of shed by the side of a meadow standing at a distance from any habita-

tion; she allowed her companion to go on before her a little way. Soon he called out, "Gretchin! Gretchin!"

"Where are you, brother?" a child's weak voice replied; and Trine saw a little girl about eight or nine years old, who had a sweet expression of face, but whose eyes, alas! were completely closed to the light, advancing with outstretched hands and uncertain step.

"Have you brought me some bread?" she asked, eagerly; "I am so hungry."

"No, Gretchin, no bread; but I bring a good lady who is anxious to see you."

"Where is she?" asked Gretchin, groping forwards.

And Trine Kops, whose heart was more moved than it had been for many years, took the child by the hand in a tone of voice more sympathetic than usual, and said, "I am sorry, little girl, that you are so hungry; if you will come with me to my house you shall both of you have something to eat and to drink."

"Let us go, Hans."

"We are very grateful to you madame," said the boy, "for your kindness."

They reached Trine's house quickly, and she placed some bread-and-butter on the table, and poured some hot tea out for them. One may suppose that they did justice to the breakfast, which they could not have reckoned upon half an hour previously.

Trine was the first to break silence.

"Did not your sister just now call you Hans?" she asked the boy. "What is your other name?"

"Ritter, madame, Hans Ritter."

"And your father, how was he called?" demanded Trine, with deep emotion.

"I bear the same name that he did."

Trine Kops rose from her seat, and paced up and down the room deeply agitated. Could it be possible that the Hans and Gretchen now before her were actually the offspring of her betrothed of other days?—of Hans Ritter who was the cause of her life being embittered? Oh! could she hate those unfortunate orphans?

The most painful, the keenest memories crowded through her mind, memories of those long past hours, and her heart was over-brimming with emotion. A sentiment arose, a fervid hope that she might retain those young creatures with her for ever. How happy it would render her to act a mother's part towards them. These feelings, so new to her, she could not repress, her long-concealed but lingering affection of so many years completely vanquished her.

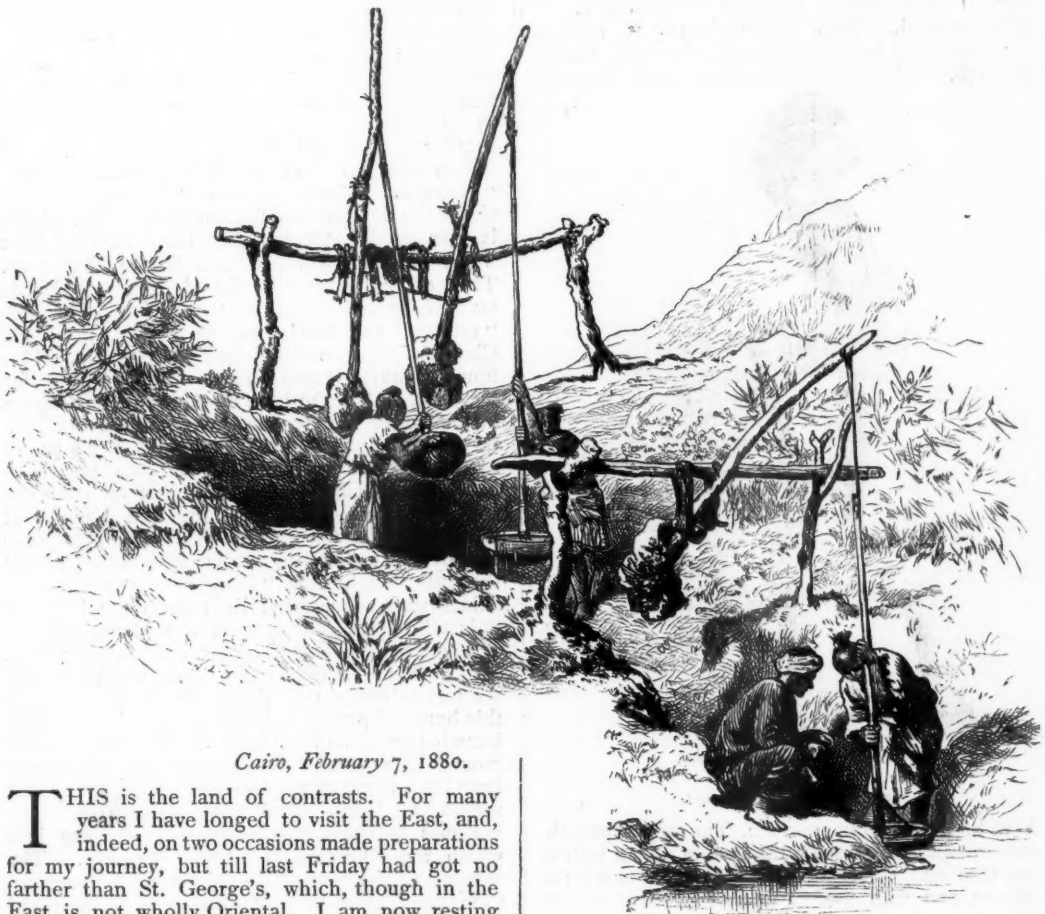
Her heart—the good and generous heart of other days—shook off its apparent torpor, the hard surface of selfishness disappeared, and when the two children had finished their meal, and were getting up from table to thank her and to take their leave, "Children," she exclaimed, fondly caressing them, "would you like always to stay here with me?"

With visible delight they answered in the affirmative. It was then arranged that they should remain.

That day, it is needless to add, was the most satisfactory, the purest, the holiest birthday which Trine Kops had ever passed.

## PAST AND PRESENT IN THE EAST.

BY THE REV. HARRY JONES, M.A., RECTOR OF ST. GEORGE'S-IN-THE-EAST.



*Cairo, February 7, 1880.*

THIS is the land of contrasts. For many years I have longed to visit the East, and, indeed, on two occasions made preparations for my journey, but till last Friday had got no farther than St. George's, which, though in the East, is not wholly Oriental. I am now resting for a day or two here on my way to Thebes, after seeing which we hope, please God, to journey to Sinai, and then, by Beersheba and Hebron—where we shall change our camels for horses—reach Jerusalem, and thence zigzag through Palestine to Damascus.

This, I repeat, is the land of contrasts. I have plunged into the Bible and the "Arabian Nights." Sindbad rowed me ashore, Mustapha carried my familiar carpet bag, and I took a ticket in a Midland railway carriage with "First class" printed on it in English, and reached, at Cairo, a hotel which might be the Louvre, Fifth Avenue, or Langham, only the conductor of the omnibus was Orientally superb in dress and demeanour, the boots who took my luggage had on a turban and long white nightshirt, and Gehazi answered the

summons of an electric bell. The rail runs for a long distance close by the side of a much-frequented dry mud road, on which from the window I saw Joseph's brethren riding their asses into the land of Egypt. Lines of Arab-led camels wobbled slowly along without looking at the express which shot past them. The country, flat as the sea, is all dry mud, apparently without a stone, and profoundly fertile. It is tilled in little squares by patriarchs, keeping their sheep, or ploughing with ploughs three thousand years old, but always walking about their business with picturesque deliberation. The line thus cuts its narrow modern streak through this ancient and here unchanged land past mud villages, which look as if they were built by beavers, and the in-

habitants of which saw Herodotus yesterday. I am much struck by the appearance of the people. They are tall, well made, and seemingly well fed. Though their houses are mere blisters of clay, with a hole for the owner to go in and another for the smoke to go out, the men are stately.

I had read so much about the pertinacity of the beggars in these parts, and the Arabian hubbub on, say, the landing from a steamer, that I was struck with the listless mode of their appeal. They seemed hardly to venture on a repeated request, though I declined, kindly enough, to give, when a donation would obviously



EGYPTIAN RUNNING FOOTMAN.

have brought a gang upon me. The only approach to peremptoriness was in the case of a man with a sad face and voice, who held out his hand for a piastre, and with perfect unconsciousness of the imperative character of his summons said, "Now, mister, look alive." Poor fellows, they get more kicks than halfpence sometimes: as thus. The train was stopping at a country station. A tall, picturesque Arab came up to the window, and, smiting his breast, said something apparently courteous. He might have been blessing me; but the station-master, an irritable little Egyptian, a head and shoulders shorter than my friend, came quickly up and gave him such a sounding whack on his head with a stick that I thought he would have flown at him in return. But no; he calmly walked off the platform without the least expression of surprise or resentment. It seems he was begging, which is not allowed at the stations.

The genuine Cairo is a few hundred yards from this hotel. You stroll in five minutes from, say, the Langham, into the "Arabian Nights." The

streets laid with mud, full of holes, and with houses nearly meeting overhead, seem to lead nowhere, and reveal at every step wonderful interiors, with patriarchal figures squatting in perspective. The people, moreover, apparently walk nowhere, but wander about, as some one says, like mites in a cheese. There are many street cries, but the calls to prayer sound from the minarets clear above all the hubbub. They are mostly given by blind men, who are chosen not merely because this is an office which can be filled without eyesight, but for the possession of two or three wonderfully penetrating notes in their voices. I had never seen a mosque, and was deeply impressed in visiting, with my travelling companion and brother parson, Edgington, yesterday, that of Sultan Hassan. The words "sombre," "huge," "barbaric," offered themselves in my mind to clothe the thoughts which arose there. The middle is open to the sky, and contains a covered tank where the worshippers wash before they pray. Thus devout entry into the place of worship is marked by reiterated baptism. There are no "fittings" but mats, and, of course, no seats. Clouds of pigeons flitted and cooed about. This house of prayer is also a home, or resting-place, for the poor. Men who have no other roof can repose under that of the mosque. We left several asleep there. The impulse to uncover the head as we entered it was corrected by a little boy, who brought rush slippers for us to put on over our boots, and thus carry in nothing that defiled. It is open all day for prayer. Rich and poor pray side by side. The sun's rays came slanting in, and the first thought was, "Here is a spot where it shines with consecrated light upon the just and unjust," so catholic seemed the place, with its pigeons, prostrate worshippers, and sleeping poor. And then the thought came back, weighted with the remembrance that those who built and used this house of prayer had their sympathies and faith bounded by a wall as hard as that which stood around this court. Some years ago we should have been thrust away if we had sought to set foot within its doors. And now, among the many mosques of Cairo, this is one of the few into which the Christian is allowed to step. The worship of the ancient Egyptians was more generous than that of these, for in some of its ritual hieroglyphs the husband and wife are seen side by side. The mosque gives a side door and gallery alone to women.

The view from the platform of that of Mohammed Ali, which we next visited, has often been described. That cannot be truly done. It is magnificent. Cairo, with its countless minarets, lay at our feet, broken by the desolate ruins or rubbish of the old city. Beyond it stretched the plain towards the Delta. On the left shone the waters of the Nile, and beyond them, standing apart in sheer desert, were the Pyramids of Gizeh. This was my first glimpse of them. They looked far larger than I had expected, and showed themselves as in calm contemptuous contrast to the minarets of yesterday, beneath us. The mosque from the outside of which this grand view is seen is built wholly of alabaster, and, within, measures



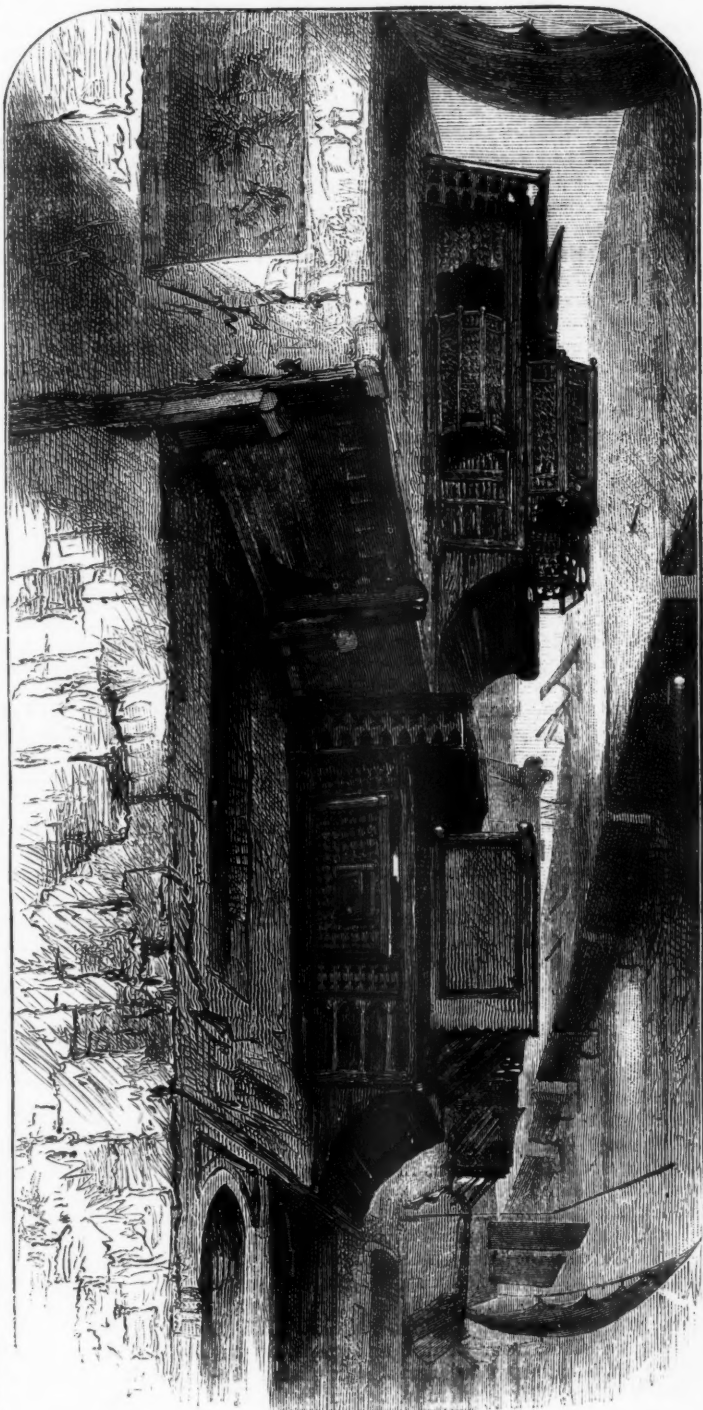
300 feet square. It is hung with 900 lamps and entirely spread with carpets. It was nearly dark, but while we were there a thunderstorm came on, and a flash for a moment lit up its huge interior.

We have hitherto seen, or rather visited, none of the monuments of *ancient Egypt*. True, in Alexandria we saw the obelisk which our questionable example has tempted the Americans to take down—the last of Cleopatra's needles—and which was then being packed up for shipment to the West. But Alexandria itself is young compared with the Egypt of old, and Cairo—chiefly built of stones from pyramids—is much younger than London. We have, however, driven to Heliopolis, or "On," where Joseph's father-in-law was priest of the famous Temple of the Sun, where, too, Moses learned the wisdom of the Egyptians, and where, later still, Plato studied. All that remains of it is the track of its walls seen in a dry rubble embankment, which encloses fields of corn and beans irrigated with a thousand rills. But within stands an obelisk which once stood, not then alone, before the Temple and by the spring of the Sun. There is a little rush-fringed pond which marks this last. And this is all. True, on looking at that obelisk, which has now stood there 4,000 years, which saw the marriage of Joseph and Asenath, and is the oldest in the world, we were glad that we had come alone, and that no other tourists with their comments were then visiting the place. I hope that no enthusiastic collector will turn his greedy eyes upon it, and root up its grand solitary surviving spine.

Though his temple was gone the Sun was there, fierce and hot over our heads, and men were scooping water from his spring to help to do his work.

We have not yet visited the Pyramids, hoping to do so on our return from Thebes, for which we start on Tuesday. Meanwhile, I venture to set down some of the impressions made by an Oriental town on one who has long desired but never yet visited the East.

I might, perhaps, add a word about the way from England to Alexandria. We came



STREET IN CAIRO

by the Indian | express with the mail which runs from Calais

to Brindisi, with only one change of carriage, at Bologna, when the passengers shift from the Belgian sleeping car to a Pullman, and go on without a break to their land's end. It was touching to find ourselves, fresh from the manifold last impressions of London, and home farewells, met at once with talk about Peshawar and the "front." The familiar life of India filled the railway carriage directly we had left Charing Cross. Our train consisted for most of the way of six trucks filled with letter-bags and one sleeping car, which we found dozing on the Calais pier. When we reached Paris this crawled like a great beetle across streets, stopping lines of early market carts, till it got into a main line again. It is really the shuttle of the thread between England and India, and is shot backwards and forwards once a week across Europe. It was a striking run. After crossing freezing France, where the white ground meeting the white sky left no horizon, and showed little dingy cities as if they were hanging in the air, and where distant rows of bare poplars looked like pins stuck in a linen table-cloth, the Alps were disposed of in twenty-three minutes. It is the burrowing rail, not the broad carriage road over the pass, which has marked the great change in their passage. The road, indeed, though a marvel of engineering skill, is longer than the old narrow track traversed on foot time out of mind. It simply enabled wheels to cross, which ground up slowly enough, and beat the walker, in speed, only by being able to trundle down when the top of the pass had been reached. There was not very much time saved by the road to the sturdy traveller who used his own legs. But weakly people and merchandise could be carted over when the snow allowed a passage. Now all are shot through the bowels of the mountain, summer and winter, and the very word "pass" finds no place in the mention of this Alpine transit. It is blotted out by the tunnel. I had hardly time to recall the old grind over Mont Cenis before we found ourselves on its other side. At last, after passing through the snow-covered north of Italy, and then closely skirting a bright sea dotted with a few red sails, we stepped out at Brindisi into a soft spring morning, which soon grew into a day so hot that we were glad to get under the awning of the steamer. The Peninsular and Oriental Company must look to their character. We never made more than ten and a half knots an hour in the passage to Alexandria, and for a long time only some nine and a half. Thus in this short run we were a day behind time.

I had no idea that Crete was so beautiful. As we steamed past its snow-covered mountains it looked like, say, the Bernese Oberland sticking out of the water. We carried a stray pilot with us, a most unsailor-like official, in slippers, turban, baggy trousers, and a brand-new pair of kid gloves. The crew was Italian, from Venice, and anything but smart. It was comical to hear the English boat-swain's orders. He generally began in Italian, with a strong Devonshire accent, and ended with, "Confound you, that's wrong again." I think the men understood the last halves of his sentences best.

February 9, 1880.

At last the day approaches for our voyage up the Nile. How long have I looked forward to this! and how curiously the almost sacred sense of its arrival is dashed with the utterly modern and Western character of the preparations required. The ticket in English, the printed plan of the boat, showing the number of your cabin, the price for the business, set down in vulgar £ s. d., all press forward to blot the sentiment of a near acquaintance with the mysterious river. But the berth is secured, the fare is paid, the portmanteau is packed, and we shall be off to-morrow.

During the two or three days spent in Cairo before the starting of the steamer we have, however, had some experience of shopping in the "bazaars" of this city. A "bazaar" is a narrow, scent-laden, clay-floored street, with blinds hung over it crosswise from housetop to housetop, and on either side a row of small square rooms, with their fronts taken out, and their interiors and fringes hung with goods in picturesque medley. The turbaned shopman, often with painted eyes, and finger and toe nails stained red with henna, squats on the counter, which is flush with the street, smoking his pipe and sipping coffee, like brown gruel, from an egg-cup. Here is a specimen of one transaction. We wanted a number of coarse things used by the people: spoons—apparently made with a pocket-knife—rings, necklaces, etc., etc. Achmed, our dragoman, on this occasion helped us. An old gentleman squatted a yard or two off, who took, seemingly, no more interest in the matter than one of the inevitable half circle of bystanders who always assist at a purchase. He sat, smoked, rated an Arab, who drove too near to him, a donkey laden with vegetables, and otherwise rather disinterested himself from the transaction. At last, when we had to pay, we found that *he* was the proprietor of the establishment; for he pocketed the price. The shopman, however, asked for a *douceur*. For this Achmed silently and rudely gave him a dig in the pit of the stomach with the biggest of our spoons, at which he grunted. But that he could not help.

A purchase generally involves not merely deliberation, but patience. A seller will sometimes treat you, even when a probable purchaser, with perfectly concealed interest, smoking his pipe, and looking beyond you when he turns his face your way. Then you lay hold of the article you want, and ask its price. The idlers close in to watch the approaching diplomacy. He removes his *chibouque* from his lips, and says "So much." You offer much less. He throws it down on the counter, and resumes his pipe without a word. But business is begun. You walk away for five minutes, and lounge back again. By degrees the proposals and rejections approach one another, and, possibly, at last he holds the article out with an air which says, "Well, I'll part with it to get rid of you."

After all, generally, I suspect that a European pays more than the thing is worth, or what he would have got it for after five minutes' more parley. But it is difficult to realise at first the utter contempt for "time" which prevails among these merchants. It is not "money" with them.

I have heard of an American, fond of making

purchases, but ignorant of any tongue besides English, who travelled in Europe with a card, on one side of which was printed, in several languages, "How much?" When he had held this sufficiently long before the seller to get an answer, he turned the card round and exhibited, also in various tongues, "I'll give you half." Had he visited Cairo he would have been wise to alter the reverse of his ticket, and make a less extravagant proposal.

#### *On the Nile.*

We are fairly afloat now, after some impotent fraud, noise, and a curious exhibition of servility. The fraud was the attempted stowage in our boat of some half-dozen sacks of oranges which an enterprising but stupid Egyptian thought he could smuggle up to Thebes, where the sale of them would have paid him well. But he did the thing so transparently that the agent on board pounced upon him and them at once, emptying them into the river, while the "smuggler" pleaded as if for his life, and screwed up his face like a child that had cut its finger. There was a wild rush of the crowd into the water to pick up the confiscated fruit, which they carried ashore in their laps, quite regardless of the recollection that they wore only shirts. Directly they landed, a party of soldiers, who stood watching the process, pounced on them. Then the agent, thinking this unfair, borrowed a stout stick of a bystander, and fell single-handed upon these military gentlemen, beating some, and knocking one or two down head over heels. The curious thing was that they took this correction of their greediness merely with a few yells to show how much they were hurt, and bundled off. The crowd meanwhile, on board and on shore, assisted in the general uproar, which conveyed no expression of sympathy with either side, and was only an increment of shouting.

At last the paddles began to turn, and we were off, with a very picturesque pair of steersmen at the helm. Elsewhere one has seen a notice desiring passengers not to speak to the man at the wheel. Here such a direction would have been often superfluous, for sometimes these two fellows talked together so vehemently that nobody could have got in a word. At one or two apparent crises they quarrelled, and let the wheel go, seemingly to scratch one another's faces. Our Arab captain used the universal "Ease her!" "Stop her!" etc., delivered in the queerest accent, for beyond these orders, he did not know a word of English. . . . We have passed the young Khedive, who has been, with five large white steamers, to visit some of the sugar factories set up by his father, now at Naples. As our boat is really a government one, all the crew manned the paddle-boxes and bridge to "cheer" as he passed. It was a curiously monotonous salute, reminding one of the sing-song say-

ing of the addition table by an infant school. The present Khedive has only one wife. How many his father had is a disputed point among Egyptians. I asked a gentleman who had resided for some time at Cairo, and his reply was, "How many? Why, he doesn't know himself." Very little indeed seems to be counted here. There is no real record of births, deaths, or population. And, as might be supposed, the number of sick, and the proportion of special diseases, is unknown. Small-pox is very common. No care appears to be taken to isolate such as suffer from it. I have seen a beggar pushing about among the street crowds in the full bloom of a smart attack. The prevalence of ophthalmia in Egypt is well known. There are almost an incredible number of people here who have lost at least one eye. They seem to accept this as an inevitable dispensation. It is horrible to see children lying listlessly in the sun with a cluster of flies, which carry infection, settled on their faces. They don't seem to have energy enough to fray them away. But, as has been remarked, though there are so many blind, and the villages swarm with curs, you never see a blind man led by a dog.

The "coaling" of the boat is done mainly by children, often little girls, who carry heavy basketfuls of fuel on their heads, and stagger on board in a dirty irregular procession, which is stimulated at intervals by hulking fellows with big sticks.

But the labour of some of the men is severe enough. I refer to that of the irrigators, fine chocolate-coloured fellows, wearing a simple loincloth. They work with a sort of rough balance or lever, having at one end a stone, or large lump of mud, and at the other a shallow leaking bucket. This is dipped into the water, and then emptied quickly into a small clay tank, from which similar arrangements lift the bucketful till the level of the bank is reached, and the gardens or fields are watered. A man at the top guides the resulting stream into channels, mostly with his foot. Higher up the river the water is raised by buffaloes, which turn a wheel, over which works a string of coarse earthenware jars, each as it comes to the top emptying itself into a trough. These water-wheels are made wholly of wood, neither the cogs nor axles being greased. Thus a hum rises from them in the silence exactly like the buzz of mosquitos. The value of the property of the river-side farmers, and the tax laid upon it, is judged by the number of these buffalo-driven wheels which each owns. This is, naturally, a much-disliked form of taxation; but it is convenient for the government, as there is no possible concealment of the items of an income. A man of substance, however, has the questionable gratification of making a noise in his neighbourhood, for the creaking of his machines fills the air.







## THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

THE village folk  
declared the  
house was  
haunted ;

They shunned the crumbling and deserted halls ;  
And none at eventide could pass undaunted,  
Within a stone's-throw of its lonely walls.

About the ghost opinions were divided,  
As in such matters often is the case ;  
But this they all agreed—there ever glided  
Some strange uncanny presence round the place.

It might have been the baron's lovely daughter,  
Whose history one aged crone knew well ;  
To pass an idle hour a stranger sought her,  
And begged to hear the tale she had to tell.

Whereat the grandam, old and somewhat simple—  
For later years drop as an avalanche  
On wit and judgment—blinking neath her wimple,  
Began to babble of the Lady Blanche.

They called my Lady Blanche the royal lily,  
So fair she was, so stately and so tall ;  
Her brow was marble and her smile quite chilly,  
Though very seldom did she smile at all.

Of England's maidens she had been the fairest ;  
And boasting wealth and beauty to allure—  
Most potent charms—and either of the rarest,  
She lacked not suitors, that you may be sure.

Yet she was cold as ice,—I might say colder,  
For ice will thaw if there be fire to burn ;  
She fanned the flame, which, straightway waxing  
bolder,  
Found her nor touched nor melted in return.

Until there came a knight, than whom no braver,  
For lady's love or lady's honour fought ;  
Then suddenly young Cupid did enslave her,  
And in his mesh the noble maiden caught.

Once there, the rogue was kind enough to lend her  
A subtler beauty and an added grace ;

Her eagle glance grew gentle, soft, and tender,  
Sweeter and sweeter still the haughty face.

In short, she loved after no feeble fashion ;  
The calm that once her bosom had possessed,  
Upheaved and shattered by the breath of passion,  
Proving but snow on the volcano's crest.

Perhaps the little god, resisted longer,  
To mark his conquest wounded rather worse ;  
Or it may be her love was all the stronger,  
For seeming hopeless—women are perverse.

Sir Theodore but owned a slender rental,  
Which yielded, truth to say, more slender gains ;  
Then he was simply knight, his birth was gentle,  
A monarch's blood had mingled in her veins.

And Blanche was proud till love contrived to  
change her,  
Proud as her sire, a man of temper hot ;  
But she was smitten with the handsome stranger,  
And he, to say the least of it, was not.

As to a marriage—why, he should oppose it ;  
He would not see his heiress thrown away ;  
She who could wed with princes an she chose it,  
Or royal dukes, as powerful as they.

Therefore it should not be ! This edict made he,  
Thinking of course that all would then be right.  
Therefore it should be ! quoth my wilful lady  
And met Sir Theodore that very night.

I need not dwell upon the lovers' greeting,  
His burning words and her pretence to chide ;  
The morrow was to see a final meeting,  
Then hasty flight and she would be his bride.

That morrow dawned, and when its hours were  
dying  
She said, "Ah, me ! the evening comes too soon."  
Turning, no doubt, even amid her sighing,  
To watch impatient for the fair new moon.

But Dian showed not yet her silver crescent ;  
Not yet, not yet awhile would Vesper flame ;  
Red as a fireball sank the sun, and pleasant  
Murmur from bird and breeze and fountain came

And down the terrace steps my lady wandered,  
Gazing upon the wondrous western skies;  
Sweeter than all their glory as she pondered,  
Rare light of love within her starry eyes.

Onward she strayed, nor heeded she was treading  
A by-path, winding and but little known;  
This to a thicket led; its mazes threading,  
My lady listened, she was not alone.

And then she smiled; whisper of happy lovers  
She surely heard, and turned from whence it came;  
Then sudden stopped, as one who half discovers  
What startling shocks yet holds him all the same.

Ah! cruel light of day, that only lingers  
To show the maid how faithless some can be;  
She pushed aside the leaves with trembling fingers,  
And saw her recreant knight—yes, it was he

Whose voice she caught in well known accents  
tender,  
Save when his lips met with a lingering kiss  
Another willing pair—oh! could fate send her  
No rival prouder, worthier than this?

A cottage lass! My lady viewed the couple,  
Much I imagine as a tigress would  
Couching among the verdure, lithe and supple,  
A glance that boded very little good.

She marked their fond farewell; the damsel lowly  
Her eyes failed not to follow from the scene.  
He sighing watched her too, then turned him  
slowly,

And saw right in his path an outraged queen.

"Go to your peasant love; your honour broken,  
I know how frail a reed mine rested on.  
Go, traitor, go!" and when he would have spoken  
She waved him back and only cried, "Begone!"

But here, the gossip said, stung into fury,  
He roundly swore he wished no better fate;  
Not all her father's lands, nor twice her dowry,  
Would tempt him to regret so fierce a mate.

Well, from that hour my lady's face looked older  
And cheerless as the twilight skies above;  
Each year that came left her a little colder,  
And if she ever laughed she laughed at love.

The stern old baron with his fathers slumbered,  
The daughter calmly filled his vacant place;  
And when her kin among the dead were numbered  
Still lived alone, last of her ancient race.

And since the heart must ever grow inhuman,  
Shut out from sympathy with all its kind,  
Time made my Lady Blanche a cruel woman,  
Whose greed for gold narrowed and warped her  
mind.

She passed the poor and hungry by unheeding,  
The widow and the orphan sore oppressed;  
But when she died, their cry for justice pleading,  
Wailed through the dusty vault and broke her  
rest.

And so where once fair dames in beauty flaunted,  
And doughty knights of warlike deeds would boast,  
There stands the ruined mansion, only haunted  
By vague traditions—and my lady's ghost.

S. E. G.

## SPIRITUALISM.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING BISHOP.

I.

**N**E needs no excuse in these times for an article on Spiritualism. The thing itself is ever with us, and to explain the means by which its professors produce their wonderful effects is too much of a public benefit to require apology. If it were not that spiritualism does moral and mental harm, one might be content to let professional spiritualists flourish on the credulity of their victims. If people will not investigate reasonably they deserve perhaps to pay the price of experience; but when that price consists not only of gold, but of wrecked homes,

ruined intellects, and broken hearts, I say it is too much, and the thing must be stopped. Not only are these the results, but even those who do not themselves suffer are too much influenced by false conclusions as to the greatest truths that come under human observation, and false ideas of life present and of things to come are but too frequently the indirect consequences.

The object of this article is not to theorise, but to explain how the arts of spiritualism are practised. But before proceeding to describe, a few words of general observation may be allowed.

One great source of deception lies in the fact that people come to the investigation of the subject of spiritualism as if they knew all about the methods of its professors, although they may in many cases know nothing even of the ordinary means by which jugglers of divers kinds attain their ends. This may seem rather a low basis to start from in considering the subject, but it will be justified before the end of this article is reached. Another observation is that we must not ascribe any workings of so-called spiritualists to supernatural means until we have exhausted the natural and mundane methods by which they can be produced. And even if we fail in that way, we need not hasten to assume, then, that they are other than natural unless it be that we are ashamed to confess that our knowledge is limited. The mode of reasoning in these cases must be that of reasoning by exclusion, well known to physicians, by which it is to be assumed that the manifestations are not to be regarded as spiritual provided they can be physically or physiologically accounted for. To assume that a case of phenomena ascribed to spiritualism cannot be produced (suppose they cannot) by the means of which we are acquainted, therefore they must be produced by supernatural means, is, as a journalist of late said, as reasonable as to say, "Mr. Ruskin did not write the 'Heathen Chinee,' nor did Mr. Thomas Carlyle, therefore it was written by the Earl of Beaconsfield." It may be said that scientists are quite well acquainted with modes of reasoning and investigation, and that their judgments are not to be thus slighted. This requires explanation. In the first place no one can say that any scientific man has ever investigated these phenomena with the result of belief in them, if he has taken as much care and painstaking skill in the process as he would have done in investigating any unknown combination of elements, say in chemistry. There has always been an element of willingness on the part of the investigators to believe the assumption that there was "something in it." So far does this feeling extend that scientists have taken pains, when they would not investigate fairly, and could not otherwise account for the phenomena, to invent new names for unknown forces, and have adopted such phraseology as that of *odic force* and *psychic force*, of which nobody ever heard until scientists were puzzled by simple trickery. Talleyrand used to say that it was much easier to deceive a clever man than a fool. There was reason in the remark, for fools will generally take the simplest mode of arriving at a conclusion which has a chance to be right, but the philosopher, with too much knowledge at his fingers' ends, will search into all the regions of space—and invent another—but he will have it made out that the thing was at least worth his investigation.

The reader of the following explanations may perhaps be so struck by their simplicity, as others have been, as to say that no one could possibly have been deceived by such easy means. For this reason I have given some of the very easiest tricks of spiritualists; so that those who doubt their efficacy may personally try them upon their friends, when they will find, as others have

done, that their powers of deception are much higher than they anticipated. When people go prepared to believe—and the sceptics are comparatively few at a *séance*—it requires no great stretch of natural, let alone supernatural, power to persuade them that they are actually *en rapport* with the uncanny regions of the departed. The credulity is so widespread that people do not suspect its influence with themselves, and so credit their fellow-men with what they call "such foolishness." Indeed, this principle is now so far appreciated that one eminent physiologist\* has ascribed the whole success of the phenomena of spiritualism to the possession, on the part of the audience, to a diseased faculty of wonder. Again, those who have seen the feats of spiritualists never tell what actually happens. They invariably leave out some connecting link of the operations, and so convey to others the very impressions which it is the interest of the spiritualists to create.

I will describe the spiritist's *séance* as given by a first-class medium. Since it is only imagination, let us select one of the best. If the exhibition is given in the house of the medium you may expect to have much more lively manifestations than in a public hall. The reason is obvious. The spiritualist will tell you that this arises from any number of plausible circumstances, the chief being that the atmospheric conditions are favourable, and that the magnetic influences are conducive to manifestations there. The more worldly reason is that in his own house he can control not only the spiritual but the mechanical forces to an almost unlimited extent. A reference to a description of the house of the arch-magician Robert Houdin will show what can be done by means of electric communication between room and room, and how a particular portion of the carpet, the space under the wainscot, the leg of a chair, the frame of a picture, may conceal electric wires that will produce raps and taps, and influences innumerable.

Even in such a favourable spot you will be told sometimes that the spirits are not under the control of the medium, and what you demand will not always be done. Something surprising will, however, be accomplished, and your attention will probably be drawn away from what you desire to the novel exhibition that is awaiting you, and which will be the greater in proportion to your supposed credulity.

But let us suppose the medium in a room which is not specially prepared, where he will be reduced to the necessity of using the means that nature has provided him with for deception, aided by artistic training. Let us ask the medium for a test of what is known as dematerialisation. The following is regarded as a conclusive test of this power on the part of the spiritualist. I will first describe it and then show how it is done.

A ring, generally of steel, and about nine inches in diameter, is shown as that which is to be dematerialised. Then, while the medium and the visitor, whom for courtesy let us call the investigator, are seated opposite to each other, the lights are turned out, the ring having been pre-

\* See Professor Gairdner's leader in "The Journal of Mental Science," April, 1879.



viously placed on the head of the latter in the sight of those present. The investigator will afterwards show something like the following. His hands are clasped by the medium, and while they are in contact, the ring leaves his head—those present will have seen it, apparently phosphorescent, waving about in the air, at least eight feet from his chair—and while he is quite conscious that the medium retains hold of his hands, the ring is transferred from its position on his head to one on his arms. The lights are then turned on, and the spectators see the medium firmly holding the hands of his *vis-à-vis*, and the ring not where it was originally, but on the arm of the investigator, where of course it could not have been placed without the hands being unclasped. There is no doubt about its being the same ring, because it has been marked to prevent substitution. The investigator firmly believes that the medium has done all this, and distinctly asserts that his hands have never lost the feeling that they were being held by the medium, and those around are naturally astounded at the result.

This is a very pretty experiment, but, of course, in describing it, the investigator has left out the link that would have made the mystery absurdly plain. Here is the method followed by the medium: On taking his seat opposite the investigator, the knees of the latter are firmly clasped between those of the medium, while the hands of the investigator, palms downwards, are placed upon his own knees, as in the heavier lines of the illustration A. Then



the medium makes a few passes, from the shoulder to the finger tips of his *vis-à-vis*, for the alleged purpose of getting up the magnetic current and producing favourable conditions. Here it may be as well to notice that the hands are always brought down as nearly level as possible, care being taken to make the outstretched fingers travel in a straight line from the wrist to the finger tips. The real reason is that he may convey the impression of two hands passing over those of the investigator, whereas, as will be seen from the dotted lines, only one hand—each pair of fingers widely separated—passes over them. This of course requires to be carefully done, but the knack can be acquired after a few trials. The right hand of the medium is not employed in this, it being required for other purposes, and the divided fingers of the left keep the delusion perfect in the

mind of the blindfolded person operated upon. The medium having by a few firm passes impressed his victim with the idea that two hands are thus engaged, next proceeds to mystify the persons who are seated around in the dark circle. They have seen nothing of what has been going on, and have only heard their friend declare that he felt the two hands of the medium upon his hands.

The right hand of the medium is disengaged, as we have said, and with this he removes the ring from the head of the unsuspecting inquirer, exacting a declaration the while that their hands are still in contact. He then anoints the ring with phosphoric oil, which makes it dimly visible in the darkened room, and, taking from his own pocket a pair of "lazy-tongs," he grips the ring in that instrument and stretches it out, touching several persons sitting around, and making it sweep around their heads. He knows their position, and, having a good eye for distance, has gauged the exact spot before the lights were extinguished, and persuaded them that to stir would disturb "the conditions." This part of the experiment done, and the phosphorus pretty well exhausted, he shuts up the "lazy-tongs" and slides the ring upon his own right arm. The medium's next move is as follows. He dexterously slips the thumb of his right under that of the left hand, which has all along been resting on those of the subject. A little care is of course necessary to prevent the movement being felt. The hands being thus arranged the subject is asked to firmly grasp one in each of his. Now to do this it is necessary for him to turn the palms upwards, and the medium, taking advantage of this movement, brings his palms quickly together, and allows both to be grasped. The ring meanwhile is supposed to be floating about in space, and the medium announces that the spirits are about to dematerialise it. His hands tremble violently, as if his arms were undergoing some ghostly operation, and with a sudden jerk he transfers the ring to the other arm. The man of the inquiring turn of mind is as much astonished as his neighbours when the ring is found there when the lights turn up, and is ready to declare that the hands of the medium never left his. In his explanation of how his hands were grasped no one has ever been known to give a correct description, and the general impression is that they were during the whole *séance* just as they were found at the close.

There is a temptation to say that this experiment, as here described, could never have deceived any one. But the fact remains that not only hundreds of intelligent persons, but some of the most learned and acute professors, have been gulled in this very way. Try the experiment upon a friend who has not heard of it, and if your manipulation is at all good the result will be surprising, and perhaps a little saddening.

This is an apt illustration of the deception of the sense of feeling, and is, in fact, after all, only a variation of the old schoolboy trick of placing the second finger over the third, and touching a marble with the tips, when there is the impression

conveyed of touching two marbles. Deception of this kind is not confined to feeling, as mediums well know, and they make use of their knowledge. The tambourine-whanging, which is practised while the medium is supposed to be confined in a darkened room, and which is heard all over the place, is a demonstration of the deceptive nature of sound, which I may as well illustrate here. The audience at a *slance* invariably state that musical instruments were sounded above, below, behind, and around them, in positions which the medium

could never have reached. But it is a fact that when a man is blindfolded he knows no more of the direction of sounds than he does of the distinction of colours. While your friend is blindfolded for your dematerialisation experiment, click two coins directly in the medial line of his face - hold them directly in front, directly behind, or above or below him, and ask where they are, and he will not once in a hundred times guess correctly unless some movement of your body betrays you.

### UNBEATEN TRACKS IN JAPAN.\*



HE readers of the "Leisure Hour" require no introduction to Miss Bird. Her narrative of "Life in the Rocky Mountains," the most popular book of travel last season, appeared first as letters in our pages.

In former years she has favoured us with many a record of adventurous exploration and graphic description of scenes in the Old World and the New. Her last expedition, to far-off Japan, has a character beyond that of personal adventure, and is published by Mr. Murray in the style befitting an important work of instruction as well as of amusement. Professing chiefly to move upon unbeaten tracks, especially to explore the northern island of Yezo, with its mysterious aborigines, the Ainos, and to visit the shrines of Nikkô and Isé, the record includes travels in the better-known regions, and gives most vivid descriptions of the country, and of the life of the people. Even upon what may be called the beaten tracks of Japanese travel much new and clear light is thrown by so shrewd and practised an observer. In fact, the most interesting and valuable portion of the work is that which treats of "Young Japan," the old nation moving in new lines under the influence of modern civilisation. The political situation is all transformed within the last few years. And there is wonderful interest in hearing how the ancient customs and opinions and modes of life are affected by an outward revolution unparalleled in history.

A few sentences will suffice for clear statement of the political condition of the Japanese empire when first opened up to foreign influence, and for explaining the wonderful revolution that has since taken place.

When Commodore Perry, in 1853, appeared in Japanese waters with an American fleet, there was at Yeddo a personage designated, "His Majesty the Tycoon," † who appeared to be the ruler of the nation. At another city, Kiyôto, there lived a

personage known as the Mikado, with some mysterious authority, not understood then, nor several years later, when British interests were represented by Lord Elgin and Sir Rutherford Alcock. The Dutch traders, who had for two hundred years resided by sufferance at Nagasaki, could not give any explanation beyond that of their historian, Kœmpfer, long the chief authority on Japanese affairs. Kœmpfer described a dual sovereignty, one spiritual, vested in the Mikado at Kiyôto, and the other secular, wielded by the Shôgun at Yedo. It turns out that this divided authority was wholly fabulous and delusive. The Mikado was really the representative of the old hereditary monarchs of Japan, while the Shôgun, originally the chief of the army, had usurped the title and power of Emperor, and, as such, treated with the American and English powers. The Shôgun was head of a powerful class of feudal chiefs, known as the Daimiyos, each of whom had a large body of armed retainers, "two-sworded" men, who lorded it over the nation, as the Janissaries did in modern, and the Prætorian Guard in ancient times, in other capitals. These Daimiyos had their territories in various parts of the country, but they also all, or most of them, had fortified palaces or castles in Yedo, and lived there part of the year with their retainers. The power of this feudal or baronial element may be estimated from the fact that it numbered nearly 450,000 out of the total population of Yedo, which was estimated, in 1860, at a million and a half. There were eighteen great Daimiyos, each of whom brought about 10,000 followers with him to Yedo. There were 342 inferior Daimiyos, each of them bringing, on an average, 1000 followers. It may be readily understood how this armed force kept in subjection the peaceful community amidst which they lived.

All this is utterly changed now. The Daimiyos, shorn of their power and titles, have retired into private life, many of them still possessing great wealth and local authority, and some of them having consented to the new order of things only after resistance and rebellion. A Tycoon or Shôgun no longer exists. The Mikado, emerged from mysterious obscurity, is now the *de facto* as well as *de jure* Emperor, in the person of a young

\* By Isabella L. Bird, author of "Six Months in the Sandwich Islands," a vols., with map and illustration. John Murray.

† Shôgun, as Miss Bird calls him; more properly Siogoon, derived from the Chinese Ta-tsiang-kioon, signifying "great leader of the army." Mikado, or Mikato, is also a word of Chinese derivation, meaning "the great Emperor."

modern-looking man in European dress, whose authority is a modified despotism, with tendencies to constitutional government. The very name of Yedo is changed to Tōkiyo, and, so far as public affairs are concerned, all things are new in the government of Japan.

How far this new order of things is national and likely to be enduring it is hardly time to decide. The fact that the revolution came from the people, and from within, not from external force, gives prospect of permanence. Those who chiefly form the council of the empire are men of intelligence and firmness. The prime-minister, Iwakura, and his chief colleagues, visited Europe and America with the view of studying Western civilisation, and transplanting its best results to Japanese soil. They have organised an army and navy, post-office and telegraph service, efficient police,\* and, above all, national education. In the schools and colleges some of the higher posts are held by Europeans or Americans, but in many state departments native superintendence is fully established. In the administration of justice great advance has been made, and the people enjoy full civil and religious freedom. Foreigners, who till a few years ago were excluded, have now every consideration and privilege. No greater proof of the orderly and peaceable condition of the empire could be given than that an English lady, with only a native interpreter, travelled through the remotest and wildest regions without molestation, and without any approach to incivility beyond what arose from the natural curiosity to see a stranger. Throughout the country there are government post-stations, as in Russia, for the benefit of travellers, and to the most distant places the protection of police and of law extends.

The swiftness of the advent of the new order of things is one of the most wonderful events in history. It has all taken place in little more than ten years. The following incident is worthy of being mentioned. At the meeting of the British Association at Brighton, Mr. Mossman, author of "New Japan" (J. Murray), the best book on the history of the empire, was reading a paper (in the Geographical Section) on Yedo. A gigantic native plan† of the city covered the wall, to which the speaker was pointing during his description, when Iwakura and other Japanese notables unexpectedly entered. They were accompanied by Sir Harry Parkes, now the British Minister at Japan. One of the visitors was the chief magistrate, or mayor, as we would say, of Yedo. Through Sir Harry Parkes they expressed their gratification at what they saw and heard, and at the interest taken by Englishmen in their native country. This can only have been seven or eight years ago. These men have been among the chief agents in the revolution. They have had in Sir Harry Parkes an intelligent and sympathising adviser. The Japanese government has also had the wisdom to seek the personal co-operation of able men, Germans, as well as Englishmen and Americans,

in organising and conducting their national departments.

In order that the civilisation may not be merely superficial, the more slow process of educating the people has to be attended to. Nor should this be left to the native government alone. There is a grand field for Christian missionary work, and for the diffusion of Christian literature. The old superstitions are destroyed by science and by education, as in the government schools of India; but the danger is of scepticism and materialism prevailing. Miss Bird tells us that in the book-sellers' shops she found the works of Herbert Spencer and of Darwin, but no books of Christian literature. She laments the deficiency, expressing a hope at the same time that the teaching introduced may be the simple truths of revealed religion, without the conventional and complicated systems of our creeds and confessions which owe their origin and use among us to controversies and conditions altogether unknown as yet in a new country like Japan. We are not surprised to hear that the influence of medical missionaries and other laymen has been far more marked than that of professional teachers of Christianity.

In previous volumes of the "Leisure Hour" we have given many communications about Japan and Japanese life, both from residents and from travellers.\* It is enough now briefly to remind our readers that the population is larger than that of the United Kingdom, being about thirty-five and a half million souls. With the exception of about twelve thousand Ainos and five thousand foreigners, English, American, and Chinese, the population is absolutely homogeneous, and yellow skins, dark, elongated eyes, and dark, straight hair, are the rule. The same language, with some immaterial provincialisms, is spoken by all the Japanese, and similar uniformity prevails in temples, houses, and costumes. The people of "the treaty ports" are contaminated by contact with foreigners; those of the interior are gentle, courteous, and hospitable.

Foreigners are still confined to a limit of twenty-five miles from the trade treaty ports, except around with passports, which are readily granted to travellers.

The islands which form the Japanese empire are very numerous, as are those which form Great Britain if we counted all the islets and rocks of western Scotland, but there are only four of considerable size. Nipon is the centre island, with Shikoku and Kimshu to the south, and Yezo to the north. The total area is about 150,000 square miles, being larger than Great Britain and Ireland, but smaller than any one of the eighteen provinces into which China is divided.

Railroads have been introduced between Yokohama and Tōkiyō, and Kobe, Kiyōto, and Otsu, seventy miles in all. The main roads vary in width from thirty feet to that of mere rude bridle tracks, and the bye-roads are narrow tracks only passable for pack-horses. Nearly all travelling must be done on foot or on pack-horses, or in covered bamboo baskets, called *kago*, carried by men, or on the level in *kurumas*, two-

\* There are at present 23,000 policemen, generally intelligent and well-behaved fellows, and "about 30 per cent. of them wear spectacles!"

† A reduced fac-simile of this map is given in "The Leisure Hour" of January, 1873.

\* Especially in 1868, a series of papers on Life in Japan; in 1872 on the history and progress of the nation; and in 1865 on the Ainos of Yezo.



wheeled vehicles drawn by men. There are *yadoyas* or inns on most of the routes, and post stations where horses and coolies can be procured at fixed rates.

Miss Bird has many amusing things to tell about the plans and preparations for the journey, the fears and dissuasions of friends, and the hiring of a native servant, Ito, a youth of eighteen, but intelligent and useful, who had the advantage of having accompanied Mr. Maries, an English botanical collector, in many expeditions in search of plants in which Japan is rich. On the whole, Ito served his mistress well as servant and interpreter, though out of her sight he assumed great airs in rural places as a city lad, and bearing a government passport.

From the moment of starting, the journey, whether by wheel or on horseback, or on foot, will be followed with unflagging interest. We can only select a few characteristic bits of description or narrative.

#### VILLAGE LIFE.

These villages are full of shops. There is scarcely a house which does not sell something. Where the buyers come from, and how a profit can be made, is a mystery. Many of the things are eatables, such as dried fishes, an inch and a half long, impaled on sticks; cakes, sweetmeats, composed of rice, flour, and very little sugar; circular lumps of rice dough, called *mochi*; roots boiled in brine; a white jelly made from beans; and ropes, straw shoes for men and horses, straw cloaks, paper umbrellas, paper waterproofs, hairpins, toothpicks, tobacco-pipes, paper *mouchoirs*, and numbers of



THE BELLE OF KAMINOVAMA.

other trifles made of bamboo, straw, grass, and wood. These goods are on stands, and in the room behind, open to the

street, all the domestic avocations are going on, and the housewife is usually to be seen boiling water or sewing with a baby tucked into the back of her dress. A lucifer factory has recently been put up, and in many house-fronts men are cutting up wood into lengths for matches. In others they are husking rice, a very laborious process, in which the grain is pounded in a mortar sunk in the floor by a flat-ended wooden pestle attached to a long horizontal lever, which is worked by the feet of a man, invariably naked, who stands at the other extremity.

In some women are weaving, in others spinning cotton. Usually there are three or four together—the mother, the eldest son's wife, and one or two unmarried girls. The girls marry at sixteen, and shortly these comely, rosy, wholesome-looking creatures pass into haggard, middle-aged women with vacant faces, owing to the blackening of the teeth and removal of the eyebrows, which, if they do not follow betrothal, are resorted to on the birth of the first child. In other houses women are at their toilet, blackening their teeth before circular metal mirrors placed in folding stands on the mats, or performing ablutions, unclothed to the waist. The village is very silent early while the children are at school; their return enlivens it a little, but they are quiet even at play; at sunset the men return, and things are a little livelier; you hear a good deal of splashing in baths, and after that they carry about and play with their younger children, while the older ones prepare lessons for the following day by reciting them in a high, monotonous twang. At dark the paper windows are drawn, the *amado*, or external wooden shutters are closed, the lamp is lighted before the family shrine, supper is eaten, the children play at quiet games round the *andon*; and about ten the quilts and wooden pillows are produced from the press, the *amado* are bolted, and the family lies down to sleep in one room. Small trays of food and the *tobako-bon* are always within reach of adult sleepers, and one grows quite accustomed to hear the sound of ashes being knocked out of the pipe at intervals during the night. The children sit up as late as their parents, and are included in all their conversation.

I never saw people take so much delight in their offspring, carrying them about, or holding their hands in walking, watching and entering into their games, supplying them constantly with new toys, taking them to picnics and festivals, never being content to be without them, and treating other people's children also with a suitable measure of affection and attention. Both fathers and mothers take a pride in their children. It is most amusing about six every morning to see twelve or fourteen men sitting on a low wall, each with a child under two in his arms, fondling and playing with it, and showing off its physique and intelligence. To judge from appearances, the children form the chief topic at this morning gathering. At night, after the houses are shut up, looking through the long fringe of rope or rattan, which conceals the sliding door, you see the father, who wears nothing but a *moro* in "the bosom of his family," bending his ugly, kindly face over a gentle-looking baby, and the mother, who more often than not has dropped the *kimono* from her shoulders, enfolding two children, destitute of clothing, in her arms. For some reasons they prefer boys, but certainly girls are equally petted and loved. The children, though for our ideas too gentle and formal, are very prepossessing in looks and behaviour. They are so perfectly docile and obedient, so ready to help their parents, so good to the little ones, and, in the many hours which I have spent in watching them at play, I have never heard an angry word, or seen a sour look or act. But they are little men and women rather than children, and their old-fashioned appearance is greatly aided by their dress, which, as I have remarked before, is the same as that of adults.

There are, however, various styles of dressing the hair of girls, by which you can form a pretty accurate estimate of any girl's age up to her marriage, when the *coiffure* undergoes a definite change. The boys all look top heavy and their heads of an abnormal size, partly from a hideous practice of shaving the head altogether for the first three years. After this the hair is allowed to grow in three tufts, one over each ear, and the other at the back of the neck; as often, however, a tuft is grown at the top of the back of the head. At ten, the crown alone is shaved and a forelock is worn, and at fifteen, when the boy assumes the responsibilities of manhood, his hair is allowed to grow like that of a man. The

grave dignity of these boys, with the grotesque patterns on their big heads, is most amusing.

In the large towns the shops afforded endless matter of observation. With most of the useful and ornamental Japanese wares we have long been familiar, but there are some departments less known.

#### JAPANESE BOOKS.

There are large book-shops which supply the country towns and the hawkers who carry books into the villages. "Pure Literature Societies" are much needed in Japan. The books for which there is the greatest demand are those which pack the greatest amount of crime into the smallest space, and corrupt the morals of all classes. A bookseller tells me that eight-tenths of his very large stock consists of novels, many of them coarsely illustrated, and the remaining two-tenths of "standard works." You will be interested to know the names of some of those which few but the most illiterate families are without, and which take the place occupied with us by the Bible and "Pilgrim's Progress."

There are certain books for women called collectively the Bunko, and respectively "Women's Great Learning," the moral duties of women based upon the Chinese Classics; "Woman's Small Learning," introductory to the above; "Woman's Household Instruction," the duties relating to dress, furniture, reception of guests, and the minutiae of daily and ceremonial life; "The Lady's Letter-Writer;" and "Twenty-four Children," stories of twenty-four model Chinese children. These books, which, if printed in small Roman type, would not be larger altogether than the "Cornhill Magazine," contain, says an informant, the maxims and rules, many of them a thousand years old, on which the morals and manners of "all our women" are founded, so that their extreme similarity is easily accounted for. These books are studied and taught from early infancy. In many respects this careful training for the domestic duties of married life, and for all possible circumstances, so that a girl is never in any difficulty as to how she shall act, is far wiser than the haphazard way in which many of our girls are allowed to tumble into positions for which they have had no previous training, and to learn life's lesson by the sharp teachings of experience. There is another book which is read and re-read, and committed to memory in every Japanese household by the women, the contents of which are, a collection of a hundred poems by a hundred poets, lives of model women, rules to secure perfect agreement between man and wife, and examples of such agreement, and other useful and ornamental knowledge, suitable for maiden, wife, and mother.

Books are remarkably cheap. Copyright is obtained by a Japanese author by the payment to Government of a sum equivalent to the selling price of six copies of his work. They are printed from wooden blocks, on fine silky paper, doubled so that only the outsides receive the impression, but I have not seen anything in the way of binding better than stiffened paper of a heavier quality than the pages, except in the case of hand-painted picture-books, which are often bound in brocade and gold and silver stuffs.

Here is the description of a Japanese village-house of the better sort:—

#### A VILLAGE HOUSE.

I don't know what to write about my house. It is a Japanese idyll; there is nothing within or without which does not please the eye, and after the din of *yadoyas*, its silence, musical with the dash of waters and the twitter of birds, is truly refreshing. It is a simple but irregular two-storeyed pavilion, standing on a stone-faced terrace approached

by a flight of stone steps. The garden is well laid out, and, as peonies, irises, and azaleas are now in blossom, it is very bright. The mountain, with its lower part covered with red azaleas, rises just behind, and a stream which tumbles down it supplies the house with water, both cold and pure; and another, after forming a miniature cascade, passes under



JAPANESE KURUMA, OR JINRIKISHA.

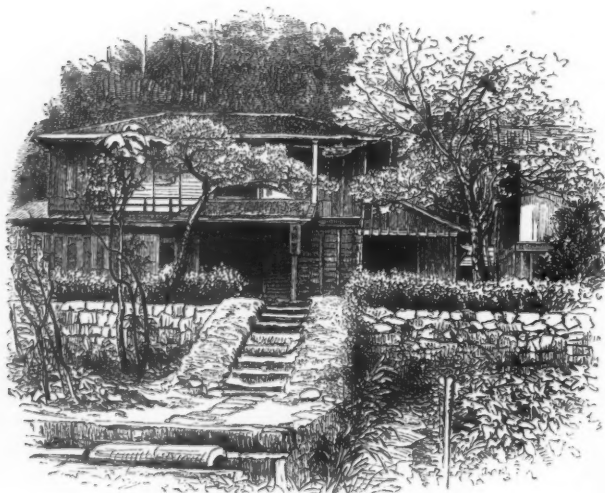
the house and through a fishpond with rocky islets into the river below. The grey village of Irimichi lies on the other side of the road shut in with the rushing Daiya, and beyond it are high, broken hills, richly wooded, and slashed with ravines and waterfalls.

Kanaya's sister, a very sweet, refined-looking woman, met me at the door and divested me of my boots. The two verandahs are highly polished, so are the entrance and the stairs which lead to my room, and the mats are so fine and white that I almost fear to walk over them even in my stockings. The polished stairs lead to a highly-polished, broad verandah with a beautiful view, from which you enter one large room, which, being too large, was at once made into two. Four highly-polished steps lead from this into an exquisite room at the back, which Ito occupies, and another polished staircase into the bath-house and garden. The whole front of my room is composed of *shôji*, which slide back during the day. The ceiling is of light wood crossed by bars of dark wood, and the posts which support it are of dark polished wood. The panels are of wrinkled sky-blue paper splashed with gold. At one end are two alcoves with floors of polished wood, called *tokonoma*. In one hangs a *kakemono*, or wall-picture, a painting of a blossoming branch of the cherry on white silk—a perfect piece of art, which in itself fills the room with freshness and beauty. The artist who painted it painted nothing but cherry-blossoms, and fell in the rebellion. On a shelf in the other alcove is a very valuable cabinet with sliding doors, on which peonies are painted on a gold ground. A single spray of rose azalea in a pure white vase hanging on one of the polished posts, and a single iris in another, are the only decorations. The mats are very fine and white, but the only furniture is a folding-screen with some suggestions of landscape in Indian ink. I almost wish that the rooms were a little less exquisite, for I am in constant dread of spilling the ink, indenting the mats, or tearing the paper windows. Downstairs there is a room equally beautiful, and a large space where all the domestic avocations are carried on. There is a *kura*, or fireproof storehouse, with a tiled roof on the right of the house.

Kanaya leads the discords at the Shintô shrines; but his duties are few, and he is chiefly occupied in perpetually embellishing his house and garden. His mother, a venerable

old lady, and his sister, the sweetest and most graceful Japanese woman but one that I have seen, live with him. She moves about the house like a floating fairy, and her voice has music in its tones. A half-witted servant-man and the sister's boy and girl complete the family. Kanaya is the chief man in the village, and is very intelligent and apparently well educated. He has divorced his wife, and his sister has practically divorced her husband. Of late, to help his income, he has let these charming rooms to foreigners who have brought letters to him, and he is very anxious to meet their views, while his good taste leads him to avoid Europeanising his beautiful home.

Supper came up on a *zen*, or small table six inches high, of old gold lacquer, with the rice in a gold lacquer bowl, and the teapot and cup were fine Kaga porcelain. For my two rooms with rice and tea I pay 2s. a day. Ito forages for me, and can occasionally get chickens at 10d. each, and a dish of trout for 6d., and eggs are always to be had for 1d. each. It is extremely interesting to live in a private house and to see the externalities at least of domestic life in a Japanese middle-class home.



KANAYA'S HOUSE.

There are some points in which Japanese civilisation is actually in advance of our own. One is the civil behaviour and politeness taught to the young. As in China, so in Japan, great attention is paid to "manners," and the lowest classes thus have a self-possession and courtesousness too often sadly lacking in lands of superior knowledge.

Another excellence in native administration is the existence of provincial law courts, with Judge Deputies possessing full jurisdiction in both civil and criminal cases, superior to the district petty courts, and subject to appeal to higher courts only when capital punishment is involved.

Payment wards in hospitals are another useful institution scarcely known in England, perhaps introduced to Japan from America. The readiness with which new customs are adopted attests the docile and sensible disposition of the people, though the weakness of fashion common to all countries is leading them to adopt European dress, and manners, too, generally, a change very rarely to be esteemed an improvement.

As an example of the discomforts and perils of

the way, we quote the account of crossing the mountain pass of Yadate, of which Miss Bird says that, in spite of severe pain, it was one of the most interesting days of the journey.

#### A MOUNTAIN PASS.

As I learned something of the force of fire in Hawaii, I am learning not a little of the force of water in Japan. We left Shirasawa at noon, as it looked likely to clear, taking two horses and three men. It is beautiful scenery—a wild valley, upon which a number of lateral ridges descend, rendered strikingly picturesque by the dark pyramidal cryptomeria, which are truly the glory of Japan. Five of the fords were deep and rapid, and the entrance on them difficult, as the sloping descents were all carried away, leaving steep banks, which had to be levelled by the mat-ticks of the *mago*. Then the fords themselves were gone; there were shallows where there had been depths, and depths where there had been shallows; new channels were carved, and great beds of shingle had been thrown up.

Much wreckage lay about. The road and its small bridges were all gone, trees torn up by the roots or snapped short off, by being struck by heavy logs, were heaped together like barricades, leaves and even bark being in many cases stripped completely off, great logs floated down the river in such numbers and with such force that we had to wait half an hour in one place to secure a safe crossing; hollows were filled with liquid mud, boulders of great size were piled into embankments causing perilous alterations in the course of the river; a fertile valley had been utterly destroyed, and the men said they could hardly find their way.

At the end of five miles it became impassable for horses, and with two of the *mago* carrying the baggage we set off, wading through water and climbing along the side of a hill, up to our knees in soft, wet soil. The hillside and the road were both gone, and there were heavy landslips along the whole valley. Happily there was not much of this exhausting work, for just as higher and darker ranges, densely wooded with cryptomeria, began to close us in, we emerged upon a fine new road, broad enough for a carriage, which, after crossing two ravines on fine bridges, plunges into the depths of a magnificent forest, and then by a long series of fine zigzags of easy gradients, ascends the pass of Yadate, on the top of which, in a deep sandstone cutting, is a handsome obelisk, marking the boundary between Akita and Aomori *ken*. This is a marvellous

road for Japan, it is so well graded and built up, and logs for travellers' rests are placed at convenient distances. Some very heavy work in grading and blasting has been done upon it, but there are only four miles of it, with wretched bridle tracks at each end. I left the others behind and strolled on alone over the top of the pass and down the other side, where the road is blasted out of rock of a vivid pink and green colour, looking brilliant under the trickle of water. I admire this pass more than anything I have seen in Japan; I even long to see it again, but under a bright blue sky. It reminds me much of the finest part of the Brunig Pass, and something of some of the passes in the Rocky Mountains, but the trees are far finer than in either. It was lonely, stately, dark, solemn; its huge cryptomeria, straight as masts, sent their tall spires far aloft in search of light; the ferns, which love damp and shady places, were the only undergrowth; the trees flung their balsamy, aromatic scent liberally upon the air, and in the unlighted depths of many a ravine and hollow, clear, bright torrents leapt and tumbled, drowning with their thundering bass the musical treble of the lighter streams. Not a traveller disturbed the solitude with his sandalled footfall; there was neither song of bird nor hum of insect.

In the midst of this sublime scenery, and at the very top of the pass, the rain, which had been light but steady during the whole day, began to come down in streams and then in sheets. I have been so rained upon for weeks that at first I took little notice of it, but very soon changes



occurred before my eyes which concentrated my attention upon it. The rush of waters was heard everywhere, trees of great size slid down, breaking others in their fall; rocks were rent and carried away trees in their descent, the waters rose before our eyes; with a boom and roar as of an earthquake a hillside burst, and half the hill, with a noble forest of cryptomeria, was projected outwards, and the trees, with the land on which they grew, went down heads foremost, diverting a river from its course; and where the forest-covered hillside had been there was a great scar, out of which a torrent burst at high pressure, which in half an hour carved for itself a deep ravine, and carried into the valley below an avalanche of stones and sand. Another hillside descended less abruptly, and its noble groves found themselves at the bottom in a perpendicular position, and will doubtless survive their transplantation. Actually, before my eyes this fine new road was torn away by hastily improvised torrents, or blocked by landslips in several places, and a little lower, in one moment, a hundred yards of it disappeared, and with them a fine bridge, which was deposited aslant across the torrent lower down.

On the descent, when things began to look very bad, and the mountain-sides had become cascades bringing trees, logs, and rocks down with them, we were fortunate enough to meet with two pack-horses whose leaders were ignorant of the impassability of the road to Odaté, and they and my coolies exchanged loads. These were strong horses, and the *mago* were skilful and courageous. They said, if we hurried, we could just get to the hamlet they had left, they thought, but while they spoke the road and the bridge below were carried away. They insisted on lashing me to the pack-saddle. The great stream, whose beauty I had formerly admired, was now a thing of dread, and had to be forded four times without fords. It crashed and thundered, drowning the feeble sound of human voices, the torrents from the heavens hissed through the forest, trees and logs came crashing down the hillsides, a thousand cascades added to the din; and in the bewilderment produced by such an unusual concatenation of sights and sounds we stumbled through the river, the men up to their shoulders, the horses up to their backs. Again and again we crossed. The banks being carried away, it was very hard to get either into or out of the water; the horses had to scramble or jump up places as high as their shoulders, all slippery and crumbling, and twice the men cut steps for them with axes. The rush of the torrent at the last crossing taxed the strength of both men and horses, and as I was helpless from being tied on, I confess that I shut my eyes! After getting through, we came upon the lands belonging to this village—rice fields with the dykes burst, and all the beautiful ridge and furrow cultivation of the other crops carried away. The waters were rising fast, the men said we must hurry; they unbound me, so that I might ride more comfortably, spoke to the horses, and went on at a run. My horse, which had nearly worn out his shoes in the fords, stumbled at every step, the *mago* gave me a noose of rope to clutch, the rain fell in such torrents that I speculated on the chance of being washed off my saddle, when suddenly I saw a shower of sparks; I felt unutterable things, I was choked, bruised, stifled, and presently found myself being hauled out of a ditch by three men, and realised that the horse had tumbled down in going down a steepish hill, and that I had gone over his head. To climb again on the soaked *futon* was the work of a moment, and with men running, and horses stumbling and splashing, we crossed the Hirakawa by one fine bridge, and half a mile farther re-crossed it on another, wishing as we did so that all Japanese bridges were as substantial, for they were both 100 ft. long, and had central piers.

We entered Ikarigaseki from the last bridge, a village of 800 people, on a narrow ledge between an abrupt hill and the Hirakawa, a most forlorn and tumble-down place, given up to felling timber and making shingles; and timber in all its forms—logs, planks, faggots, and shingles, is heaped and stacked about. I had not long found a resting-place, when I was roused by Ito shrieking above the din on the roof that the people thought that the bridge by which we had just entered would give way; and running to the river bank we joined a large crowd, far too intensely occupied by the coming disaster to take any notice of the first foreign lady they had ever seen. The Hirakawa, which an hour before was merely a clear, rapid, mountain stream, about four feet deep, was

then ten feet deep, they said, and tearing along, thick and muddy, and with a fearful roar. Immense logs of hewn timber, trees, roots, branches, and faggots, were coming down in numbers. Most of the harvest of logs cut on the Yodate Pass must have been lost, for over 300 were carried down in the short time in which I watched the river. It was most exciting to see the grand way in which these timbers came down; and the moment in which they were to strike or not to strike the pier was one of intense suspense. After an hour of this two superb logs, fully thirty feet long, came down close together, and striking the central pier nearly simultaneously, it shuddered horribly, the great bridge parted in the middle, gave an awful groan like a living thing, plunged into the torrent, and re-appeared in the foam below only as disjointed timbers hurrying to the sea. Not a vestige remained. The bridge below was carried away in the morning, so, till the river becomes fordable, this little place is completely isolated. On thirty miles of road, out of nineteen bridges, only two remain, and the road itself is almost wholly carried away!

Of another mountain pass in Yezo, the description is equally vivid, and well shows the indomitable spirit of the traveller, undaunted by outward difficulties, and retaining enthusiasm for the good and beautiful, even amidst bodily ailment and mental depression.

#### YEZO TRAVEL.

Possibly these extraordinary passes do not exceed 1,500 ft. in height, but the tracks ascend them through a dense forest, with most extraordinary abruptness, to descend as abruptly to rise again sometimes by a series of nearly washed-away zigzags, at others by a straight, ladder-like ascent deeply channelled, the bottom of the trough being filled with rough stones, large and small, or with ledges of rock with an entangled mass of branches and trailers overhead, which renders it necessary to stoop over the horse's head while he is either fumbling, stumbling, or tumbling among the stones in a gash a foot wide, or else is awkwardly leaping up broken rock steps nearly the height of his chest, the whole performance consisting of a series of scrambling jerks at the rate of a mile an hour.

In one of the worst places the Aino's horse, which was just in front of mine, in trying to scramble up a nearly breast-high and much worn ledge, fell backwards, nearly overturning my horse, the stretcher poles, which formed part of his pack, striking me so hard above my ankle that for some minutes afterwards I thought the bone was broken. The ankle was severely cut and bruised, and bled a good deal, and I was knocked out of the saddle. Ito's horse fell three times, and eventually the four were roped together. Such are some of the *divertissements* of Yezo travel.

Ah, but it was glorious! The views are most magnificent. This is really Paradise. Everything is here—huge headlands magnificently timbered, small, deep bays into which the great green waves roll majestically, great, grey cliffs, too perpendicular for even the most adventurous trailer to find root-hold, bold bluffs, and outlying stacks cedar-crested, glimpses of bright, blue ocean dimpling in the sunshine or tossing up wreaths of foam among ferns and trailers, and inland ranges of mountains forest-covered, with tremendous gorges between, forest filled, where wolf, bear, and deer make their nearly inaccessible lairs, and outlying battlements, and ridges of grey rock with hardly six feet of level on their sinuous tops, and cedars in masses giving deep shadow, and sprays of scarlet maple or festoons of a crimson vine lighting the gloom. The inland view suggested infinity. There seemed no limit to the forest-covered mountains and the unlighted ravines. The wealth of vegetation was equal in luxuriance and entanglement to that of the tropics, primeval vegetation, on which the lumberer's axe has never rung. Trees of immense height and girth, specially the beautiful *Salisburia adiantifolia* with its small fan-shaped leaves, all matted together by riotous lianas, rise out of an impenetrable undergrowth of the dwarf, dark-leaved bamboo, which, dwarf as it is, attains a height of seven feet, and all is dark, solemn, soundless, the haunt of wild beasts, and of butter-

flies and dragonflies of the most brilliant colours. There was light without heat, leaves and streams sparkled, and there was nothing of the half smothered sensation which is often produced by the choking greenery of the main island, for frequently, far below, the Pacific flashed in all its sunlit beauty, and occasionally we came down unexpectedly on a little cove with abrupt cedar-crested headlands and stacks, and a heavy surf rolling in with the deep thunder music which alone breaks the stillness of this silent land.

There was one tremendous declivity where I got off to walk, but found it too steep to descend on foot with comfort. You can imagine how steep it was, when I tell you that the deep groove being too narrow for me to get to the side of my horse, I dropped down upon him from behind, between his tail and the saddle, and so scrambled on!

The sun had set and the dew was falling heavily when the track dipped over the brow of a headland, becoming a waterway so steep and rough that I could not get down it on foot without the assistance of my hands, and terminating on a lonely little bay of great beauty, walled in by impracticable-looking headlands, and being itself the entrance to an equally impracticable-looking, densely-wooded valley running up among densely-wooded mountains. There was a margin of grey sand above the sea, and on this the skeleton of an enormous whale was bleaching. Two or three large "dug-outs," with planks laced with stout fibre on their gunwales, and some bleached drift-wood, lay on the beach, the foreground of a solitary, rambling, dilapidated grey house, bleached like all else, where three Japanese men with an old Aino servant live to look after "Government interests," whatever these may be, and keep rooms and horses for Government officials—a great boon to travellers who, like me, are belated here. Only one person has passed Lebungé this year, except two officials and a policeman.

There was still a red glow on the water, and one horn of a young moon appeared above the wooden headland; but the loneliness and isolation are overpowering, and it is enough to produce madness to be shut in for ever with the thunder of the everlasting surf, which compels one to raise one's voice in order to be heard. In the wood, half a mile from the sea, there is an Aino village of thirty houses, and the appearance of a few of the savages gliding noiselessly over the beach in the twilight added to the ghastliness and loneliness of the scene. The horses were unloaded by the time I arrived, and several courteous Ainos showed me to my room, opening on a small courtyard with a heavy gate. The room was musty, and, being rarely used, swarmed with spiders. A saucer of fish-oil and a wick rendered darkness visible, and showed faintly the dark, pathetic faces of a row of Ainos in the verandah, who retired noiselessly with their graceful salutation when I bade them good night. Food was hardly to be expected, yet they gave me rice, potatoes, and black beans boiled in equal parts of brine and syrup, which are very palatable. The cuts and bruises of yesterday became so very painful with the cold of the early morning that I have been obliged to remain here.

For the account of the Ainos, their customs,

superstitions, and modes of life, we must refer to the book, only remarking that, although rough in appearance, they are gentle in disposition. We find some corrections, but not very much additional knowledge added by Miss Bird to the information gathered by Mr. J. J. Ensley, who resided at Hakodadi, as Consul, from 1861 to 1863. Mr. Ensley communicated much curious and interesting matter about the Ainos, with illustrations from native drawings, which appeared in the "Leisure Hour" for 1865. They are physically superior to the average Japanese, and have some good qualities and capacities. The religious sense, or consciousness of the supernatural, they strongly possess, though their ignorance leads them to strange superstition. They reverence the woods and the sea, whence, as hunters and fishers, they get their food, and the greatest object of worship is the bear, the largest animal known to them, as the symbol of strength and courage. The worst feature in them is the love of saki, or rice-spirit, the abundant use of which is the main element in their superstitious worship. The present chief is, in this sense, a very devout man. But his adopted son and heir, Pipichari, is a resolute abstainer, and has a few followers in his good resolution. He is a handsome and intelligent savage, whose first introduction to the English lady is thus described:—

"He had cut his foot badly with a root, and asked me to cure it, and I stipulated that it should be bathed for some time in warm water before anything more was done, after which I bandaged it with lint. He said 'he did not like me to touch his foot, it was not clean enough, my hands were too white,' etc.; but when I had dressed it, and the pain was much relieved, he bowed very low and then kissed my hand! He was the only one among them all who showed the slightest curiosity regarding my things. He looked at my scissors, touched my boots, and watched me, as I wrote, with the simple curiosity of a child. He could speak a little Japanese, but he said he was 'too young to tell me anything, the older men would know.'"

If a medical missionary would volunteer to live for a time in Yezo, and be the friend and teacher of Pipichari, there would be hope for the preservation and elevation of the Ainos.



AINO HOUSES.



## ELECTRIC LIGHTING.

THE important problem of electric lighting for general use has at last been solved. While Mr. Edison and others have been continuing their experiments, and while we have been startled every now and then by the announcement of some impending discovery in America, the solution is found by Mr. Swan, an engineer at Newcastle-on-Tyne. In a lecture delivered on October 20th, 1880, before the members of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle, the president, Sir W. G. Armstrong, in the chair, Mr. Swan gave a detailed narrative of his experiments, and announced the principle of his invention. The lecture-room was lighted by the new method, and every one present felt that this demonstration was complete.

The principle is very simple when once discovered and demonstrated—the incandescence of carbon in vacuo. Until now, the chief practical hindrance has been the difficulty of division of the light, but this is easily effected by Mr. Swan's invention. All the previous proposals for producing light by electricity are divisible into the two classes: first, lighting by the electric arc; second, lighting by incandescence. In the electric arc there is a break, or gap, which has to be bridged or arched over by electric current or flame. This is the light which has been seen for some years past, as at the Place de l'Opera, in Paris, in the British Museum reading-room, and in many public places. For such use, where strong and clear light is required, and also for lighthouses, workshops, and large spaces, whether in the open air or under roof, the ordinary electric light has been wonderfully efficient. If it has failed, the failure has been caused either by the current being irregular, or the points wasting away, and requiring to be renewed.

“There has been no difficulty in producing and displaying a light almost equal to that of the day, but it is a kind of light not suited to the lighting of dwelling-houses, nor shops, nor streets. It does not lend itself kindly to division nor extensive distribution. It will give you either a great deal of light or none. For certain exceptional uses it is excellent. If you want a very brilliant illumination, all centred in one focus, for a lighthouse, or signal, for example, or for a high-roofed railway station, or very large workshop, or open space, it is unquestionably the most economical and the best of all artificial lights. It has already found for itself in England over two hundred appropriate applications. Its use is continued and increased on the Thames Embankment; it is used in the reading-room of the British Museum; in the Picton Library, Liverpool; in a portion of the South Kensington Museum; at the Liverpool Street Railway Station; the Barrow Shipbuilding

Works; the St. Enoch Railway Station, Glasgow; on the Promenade at Blackpool; and at the New Albert Docks, where, by means of Siemens' lamps, three miles of wharfs and quays are made almost as light by night as by day, and at a very moderate cost.

“As an illustration of the economy of lighting by means of the electric arc under conditions suited to its use, I instance the case of the Alexandra Palace, where 2,000 gas-lights, which consumed 26s. worth of gas per hour, are replaced by six of Mr. Crompton's lamps, giving a greater aggregate amount of light than the 2,000 gas-burners, at a cost of 6s. per hour. In some instances the economy of the electric-arc light is greater by half than in the case I have mentioned. Not only is it economical in such a case as that of the Alexandra Palace, but it produces an effect of general illumination, overhead as well as upon the ground, not producible by any other means.

“But the interest which attaches to electric-arc lighting is much lessened by the fact that the purposes to which that mode of lighting is suited are exceptional. We do not, as a rule, want the light of 1,000 candles or more all in one place; what we do generally want is a number of small and steady lights, spread about in different rooms, and in different parts of those rooms.”

Twenty years ago Mr. Swan made trial of electric lighting with incandescent charcoal, dispensing with the arc-current, and using an ordinary air-pump receiver. The subject was laid aside till Mr. Crooke's Radiometer experiments recalled Mr. Swan's attention to the production of a high vacuum. With the assistance of Mr. Stearn, of Birkenhead, new trials of incandescent carbon were then made, resulting in the success now announced.

It is due to Mr. Edison to state that he had, by separate investigation, arrived at the conclusion that platinum lamps were impracticable, and he had tried lamps with carbonised cardboard or paper. Mr. Swan, in his lecture, since published, acknowledges Mr. Edison's genius, but claims for his own invention, and its application, not only priority, but superior efficiency and economy. He reckons that sixty pounds of coal employed in raising steam to generate electricity is capable of producing in his lamps the effect of one thousand feet of gas burnt in gas-burners in the ordinary manner. If the claim is right, no long time will pass before the practical use of electric lighting will be understood and appreciated in our streets and our homes. The electricity will be produced by large steam-engines, and distributed by wires to a whole town or district, exactly as gas is now distributed by gas-works.



# "Beside Thy Cradle here I stand."

John Sebastian Bach.

*Adagio.*  
*mf*

TREBLE.  
Be - side Thy cra - dle here I stand, O Thou that e - ver

ALTO.  
Be - side Thy cra - dle here I stand, O Thou that e - ver

TENOR  
(3ve lower).  
Be - side Thy cra - dle here I stand, O Thou that e - ver

BASS.  
Be - side Thy cra - dle here I stand, O Thou that e - ver

PIANO.  
*Adagio.*  
*mf*  
♩ = 40.

*p*

liv - est, And bring Thee with a will - ing hand The ve - ry gifts Thou

*p*

liv - est, And bring Thee with a will - ing hand The ve - ry gifts Thou

*p*

liv - est, And bring Thee with a will - ing hand The ve - ry gifts Thou

*p*

liv - est, And bring Thee with a will - ing hand The ve - ry gifts Thou

giv - - est. Ac - cept me; 'tis my mind and heart, My

giv - - est. Ac - cept me; 'tis my mind and heart, My

giv - - est. Ac - cept me; 'tis my mind and heart, My

giv - - est Ac - cept me; 'tis my mind and heart, My

soul, my strength, my ev' - ry part, That Thou from me re - qui - - rest.

soul, my strength, my ev' - ry part, That Thou from me re - qui - - rest.

soul, my strength, my ev' - ry part, That Thou from me re - qui - - rest.

soul, my strength, my ev' - ry part, That Thou from me re - qui - - rest.

*By permission, from Novello's Edition of Bach's "Christmas Oratorio."*

## CURIOSITIES OF CRIMINAL LAW.

### I.—MYSTERIOUS DISCOVERY OF CRIME.



MORE than thirty years passed in the criminal courts of this country have brought before the writer many curious circumstances connected with offenders and offences, which he proposes shortly to note, only premising that each case mentioned came under his own personal observation, and that he can therefore vouch for the perfect correctness of the narration.

A few years since, at the Oxford Summer Assizes, a young woman was put upon her trial for the attempted murder of her male child of two years and a half old. She was a domestic servant to a wealthy farmer, and both she and her child had been treated with the utmost kindness by her master's family. The burden and expense of her infant, however, caused her to determine to get rid of it, and, asking for a holiday one bright day in July, she left the farm with the child in her arms.

On the morrow she returned alone, and stated, in answer to inquiries, that she had left the boy to be taken care of by a relative living some miles off. So far there was nothing particularly remarkable in the circumstance of the disappearance of the child, and no curiosity or suspicion appears to have been excited.

The day after her return from her holiday two men were working in a field some two miles from the farm where the prisoner lived. One was an old inhabitant of the part, the other had only the same morning arrived in the neighbourhood. During their day's work the stranger asked his companion the nearest way to a certain hamlet, where he had obtained lodgings. The right pathway was described to him, and he was told that at one point he must skirt round a small coppice, and resume the path at the other side. He was particularly warned not to go *through* the coppice, as in the midst there was an ancient dry well, quite unprotected, into which he might possibly fall. And here the mysterious part of the story occurs. He deposed on the trial, that do what he could, he was unable to get this well out of his head for the rest of the day, and so overwhelming was his desire to see it, that his companion, overcome by his solicitations, at last agreed to accompany him to the coppice on his return home, and to point out the place to him.

Arrived at the well, which was almost hidden by briars and long grass, they lay on the margin and peered into the darkness below. After some conversation as to its depth, one threw a stone down, and after a few seconds a low wailing cry reverberated up the dismal shaft. A second stone was dropped down, and again the cry came up to them. Shocked and alarmed, they hastened to a farmhouse near, and procured ropes and a lantern, and half a dozen labourers returned with them to

the well. At first no one was bold enough to attempt the descent, but at last a ploughboy of twelve, a noble little fellow (and much praised by the presiding judge at the trial afterwards), volunteered. He was lowered carefully down, the lantern tied to his wrist, and, when raised again, had a poor bleeding but living baby boy in his arms, which was easily recognised as the child of the farm-servant we have referred to. The well was one hundred and twenty feet deep, dry, with four pointed stakes standing perpendicularly from the bottom, and the boy was found lying between the stakes, where it had remained thirty-six hours. The writer well remembers the touching spectacle of the little fellow standing on the bar-table in the Court at Oxford, stripped, to show the cruel wounds and bruises he had received, holding out his hands and crying to go to his mother, who, an hour afterwards, had sentence of death recorded against her, and passed into penal servitude for life.

Much curiosity was excited as to how, without causing instant death, the child could have got to the bottom of the well. The prisoner, after her conviction, told the writer that she had not "heart" to *throw* the child down, so lowered it with a doubled piece of string passed under its clothes, afterwards drawing up the string and leaving the boy to starve. Verily, "the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel."

A remarkable case of a similar kind occurred not long since in the county of Somerset. An agricultural labourer, a widower, wished to marry a neighbour, a friend of his late wife. He had one child, a girl eight years old, and the woman he proposed to make his second wife refused him on the ground that, being obliged to provide for the livelihood of his child, he had not sufficient means to render the home of a second wife comfortable. She also pretty strongly intimated that should anything "happen" to his daughter, she would not refuse his addresses.

A few days after this the widower called upon his deceased wife's sister, who had taken charge of his child since the death of her mother, and said he wished to "take his little one out for a walk." She put her trusting hand in his, kissed her aunt, and walked away with her father.

From that day the poor child was never again seen alive, the father left the neighbourhood, and no inquiry was instituted for some weeks. A magistrate of the district then casually hearing of the disappearance of the child, formed an idea that the girl had been murdered, and not only so, but that her body had been thrown down a deserted coalpit in the vicinity. He said afterwards, upon the trial, that he had no notion why the idea possessed him, but that it haunted him night and day, and was so strong, that after urging his brother magistrates to explore the mine, which



they refused to do on the ground that it was full of water, and that to pump it dry would occasion more expenditure of public money than could be justified by the mere suspicion of one of their number, he himself undertook the labour, and, at an expense of £200, emptied the pit. Nearly 100 feet below the surface the body of the poor child was found, wrapped and corded in a mackintosh, easily identified as her own father's.

The father was apprehended somewhere in South Wales, was tried at Taunton, convicted, and executed, and made a full confession of murder before his execution. He had dug the child's grave, he said, in a field, whilst she gathered wild flowers and twined them in his hat. He clave her skull in with his spade and buried her, then went day after day to see if any one had disturbed the remains. On the third occasion of his going he found that a dog, or some other creature, had uncovered one of her little feet. This alarmed him; he dug up the remains, and deposited them where they were afterwards found.

In both these cases the remarkable circumstance was—a *third party* being so mysteriously influenced as to lead to the discovery of the murder and attempted murder. It frequently happens that the guilty party *himself* acts in such a manner, and in obedience to such influences, as make him the

discoverer of his own crime, and the instrument of his own detection.

Some twenty-five years since a case of this sort was tried before the late Baron Alderson. The prisoner, ten years previously, had robbed and murdered an old gentleman on the public highway. The booty was a purse of gold and a very remarkable old silver watch. The gold the prisoner kept, as unlikely to be identified; the watch he secreted in the hollow of an old tree, covering it with earth. He subsequently went abroad, and for eight or nine years nothing more was heard of him. The body of the old gentleman had been found, an inquest had resulted in a verdict of "Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown," and the circumstance was well-nigh forgotten.

During all these years, however, the assassin had continually in his mind the desire to recover and wear the old watch which had belonged to his victim. This desire at last became so strong that he actually returned from abroad, repossessed himself of the coveted article, and took it to a watchmaker in the town for repair. The watch was identified, evidences pointing to the guilt of the prisoner sprang up in every direction, and, on his arraignment at the next assizes, he pleaded guilty and was subsequently executed.

### An Episode of Seven Dials.

HE commenced his life and trials  
In a shop in Seven Dials,  
Where his owners in a wicker prison reared him,  
And he sniffed the noisome stench,  
Listening to the louts and wenches  
Who with gibes and jests while passing daily  
jeered him.

Nay, some cruel ones would tease him  
With a stick, or pinch and squeeze him  
Till the dog's poor soul with grief and care was  
carking;  
Yet with resignation tender  
He would harm not his offender,  
Tho' when goaded to the quick he fell a-barking.

With a woe in such full measure,  
And but little joy or pleasure,  
Life or death to him was lightest of all matters;  
But his heart was warm and kindly,  
And he loved, nay, worshipped blindly  
A small bundle of humanity in tatters!

Some street arab, who would sally  
From a densely crowded alley,  
And around the wicker prison wistful linger;  
Whilst the dog by way of greeting  
Wagged his tail in joy at meeting,  
And came nestling near the bars to lick his finger.

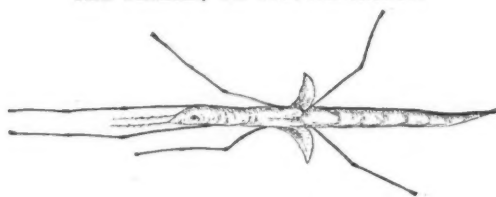
Thus they met in every weather,  
Feeling joyful when together,  
And the dog with loving look gazed on the other;  
Tho' his face was grimed and dusty,  
And his clothes were torn and rusty,  
In his eyes there gleamed the fondness of a  
brother.

But, ah me! some person thought him  
Worthy of a home—and bought him,  
So he from his little wicker cage was taken;  
And when next day brought the vision  
Of a *stranger* in derision,  
His one friend turned homeward grieving and  
forsaken!

REGINALD BARNETT.

## NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

### THE PHASMA, OR SPECTRE-INSECT.



LOPAPHUS COCCOPHAGUS, OR COCOA-EATING LOPAPHUS.

Sketched (roughly) from nature by W. W. Gill.

The only species of this remarkable family of insects in the Pacific with which I am acquainted is the *Lopaphus coccophagus*, or "Cocoa-eating Lopaphus." It spends its life exclusively upon the leaves of the cocoa palm. It escapes observation by adhering to the under side of the leaflet, which it closely resembles in colour. It must be a very severe gale to dislodge this insect. Unfortunately it is common not only in the Hervey group, but throughout the Pacific. An invasion of these voracious insects is almost as much dreaded by the islanders as a plague of locusts would be in the East. I have seen immense groves of cocoa palms destroyed in a few months by this species of *Phasma*. Great fires are sometimes lit by the natives underneath the trees, in the hope of smoking them to death, but with little advantage. It seems inglorious that a palm which has braved the storms of a century should eventually succumb to an insect. This *Phasma* begins its ravages on the long leaves and ends with the crown, when the palm of course dies.

The natives call this insect the "e." Its body is long, slender, and cylindrical, not unlike a bit of stick with the bark on. It here attains the length of seven inches. The colour is sometimes a bright green, sometimes a light brown. Its three pairs of legs, used not for combat, but for occasional locomotion, and especially for adhering to the under or rough side of the cocoa-nut leaflet, are precisely similar to each other. The wings, which fold up like a fan, are of a rose colour, and very pretty when expanded. But they are altogether out of proportion to the size of the insect. The truth is, this extraordinary creature has but little use for its wings, as it is doomed to spend most of its life on the leaves of a single tree. The wing-covers are narrow and thin. The eyes are large, the head pointed, and the thorax elongated. The odour of the slain insect is intolerable.

The male, which is of a nut-brown colour, might easily be mistaken for a dried twig, and (as is not uncommon in the insect world) is much smaller than his companion. Its wings are similar, but proportionately small.

Were these sluggish insects not far away out of

reach of their enemies, they would quickly be annihilated.

Mythologically they were anciently regarded as the progeny of a goddess named Kui-the-blind, and were associated with the worship of Tané or Baal. The *Phasma* often figures in their ancient myths and songs.

### DISAPPEARANCE OF LAND-BIRDS.

The woods of Rarotonga, when I first knew the island some twenty-seven years ago, were everywhere vocal with the song of birds. At that time "taro" (*Caladium petiolatum*) was very abundant, and, though not equal to that of some other islands, was one of the main supports of human life. At the present time it is almost vain to cultivate the taro plantations, on account of innumerable caterpillars which destroy the leaves of the young plants. The natives are puzzled to account for this. The reason, however, is obvious;—whilst the gun has done much mischief in the hands of wanton lads, the cat has considerably more to answer for. The cat, introduced by missionaries, early emigrated to the bush, and for a time was a real blessing by keeping down the small indigenous rat which then overran the island. Rats becoming scarce, the cat took to hunting birds. The result here and in many other islands was that several species of birds were soon exterminated; others are now rarely seen, having taken refuge in the almost inaccessible rocks of the interior. I have more than once ridden round the island without hearing the cry of any but seabirds. The stillness of the forest would be intolerable but for the pleasing hum of insects as the sun declines.

Another cause of the disappearance of land-birds in these islands is worth mentioning—cyclones. Some years ago, for three successive seasons, cyclones desolated some of the islands of this group. Consequently the "kikirori," two species of which were once common, especially in the neighbourhood of the sea, was (it was believed) exterminated. A few days ago, however, a living "kikirori" was brought to me from the interior and excited a good deal of interest amongst the natives. This bird is larger than a sparrow, has bright brown plumage, and feeds exclusively upon caterpillars. In a few years the land-birds of many of these islands will be extinct.

Rarotonga.

WILLIAM WYATT GILL, B.A.

### AFRICAN WASPS.

In a corner of my bedroom-window a bit of architecture was observed last February. A pair of slender wasps or hornets, with golden bodies and purple wings, came and built, bit by bit, most industriously and fast, seven tunnels of clay. The male insect worked. He fetched the moist pellets

of clay from a distant puddle outside the garden. These he worked, with mouth and paws, into shape most beautifully. When the first tunnel was complete the female went in and laid her egg at the bottom. Then together they flew away, and came back with a spider, half killed (that is, stung to a deadened state, but so that it would keep and not putrefy), and poor spider was tucked into the tunnel. The pair worked on hunting for spiders all day and popping them in—and night surprised them too soon—so the male fetched a pellet of clay and made a perfect door, closing up the hole from all intruders, and they disappeared.

In the morning, quite early, I opened the shutter, without which they could not get at their work, and very soon they arrived. They cut and tugged at the still damp door till it came away clean and left the open arch, and several more unfortunate spiders were added to the larder of the future grub laid in embryo at the end of the tunnel. Then it was closed with fresh clay, and made doubly secure by extra thickness of daubing. And immediately, without waiting to rest, a new tunnel was built side by side with the first.

For days, I think quite a fortnight, we watched their steady work, until seven of these wonderful tombs, or, should I say, habitations, were filled and closed. After the insects had quite finished and gone altogether (leaving the whole daubed together and cemented into one large lump of various shades of clay) I cut it out of the window, and have got it in a basket covered with net, so that we may see the exit of the young creatures that are to eat through all those spiders, and break their way into the world some day. When and how this happens I will tell you. I opened one tunnel lengthwise, that we might see and count the spiders. There were fifteen in it! Fat-bodied little garden spiders of various sorts. One was too big to push in, so they had cut its legs off at the roots.

We waited just a little too long, nearly two months, before digging an opening into that hornets' mud castle. What we found was a long, transparent brown case, and within it a hornet, perfectly formed but colourless, just as the leaves of a plant are white if buried from the light. Not a trace of the fifteen spiders! All those must have been eaten by the little grub which came out of the egg. Probably the egg was laid in the fat body of a spider; and when the spiders were all eaten, we can only suppose the grub went through a change and came into the hornet, but how that beautiful case was formed over it I cannot imagine. You could see the creature inside perfectly, as if it were made of glass, and the whole thing exactly fitted the tunnel of clay. After a few more days another tunnel was opened, not by us, but by the perfected hornet itself. A round hole at the end was cut, as if with a sharp instrument, and out walked the pretty creature slowly and sleepily; then it walked up on the top of the clay mound and spread its wings, quite ready to take its place at once in the business of life. We uncovered the net from the basket and let it fly, and next season I shall look out for another such erection, and open the tunnel earlier, so as to see the grub when half through its larder of cold meat.

We saw another and much larger sort of hornet the other day, running along with a very large, fat caterpillar, which it had deadened. It held it by the head in its mandibles, and the body trailed along under the whole length of the hornet and out behind, and the caterpillar was so fat that the hornet had to stride on tiptoe to carry it at all. At last it stopped, left the body a moment, and began, like a terrier, to scratch at a rat hole. The loose earth fell away at once, and was evidently only banked up to hide the hole from intruders—the hornet disappeared. Presently out he came again, backwards, with some earth which had fallen in, and he did this several times, throwing out all that had tumbled in. Then he ran and inspected the body of the caterpillar, ran all round it gleefully, and dragged it nearer to his hole. Then we laughed to see the clever fellow, sailor-like, turn himself round and pass down the companion, tail first, and then peeping out he reached out his head and arms, and, seizing the caterpillar, pulled it down after him into what seemed a long gallery, leading a great distance. No doubt an egg was laid in the body of the caterpillar for the future grub's sustenance.

I am not entomologist enough to tell what species these were. A friend thinks that the tunnel-building wasp was of the genus *Ceramus*, and the caterpillar-eater of the genus *Odynerus*.

Pietermaritzburg, Natal.

#### The House of Commons as it used to be.

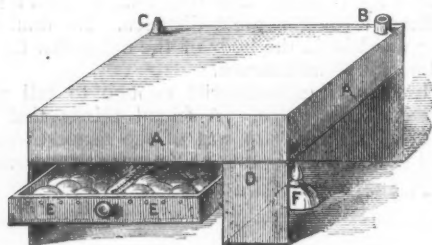
Lord Beaconsfield, in his new novel of "Endymion," gives the following account of the House of Commons in its classic days. The Father of the House, Sir Fraunceys Scrope, noticed Endymion, and one day came and sat by him and asked him how he liked his new life:—"It is very different from what it was when I was your age. Up to Easter we rarely had a regular debate, never a party division; very few people came up indeed. But there was a good deal of speaking on all subjects before dinner. We had the privilege then of speaking on the presentation of petitions at any length, and we seldom spoke on any other occasion. After Easter there was always at least one great party fight. This was a mighty affair, talked of for weeks before it came off, and then rarely an adjourned debate. We were gentlemen, used to sit up late, and should have been sitting up somewhere else had we not been in the House of Commons. After this party fight, the House for the rest of the session was a mere club. There was not much business in the country then. The House of Commons was very much like what the House of Lords is now. You went home to dine, and now and then came back for an important division." "But you must always have had the estimates here," said Endymion. "Yes, but they ran through very easily. Hume was the first man who attacked the estimates. What are you going to do with yourself to-day? Will you take your mutton with me? You must come in boots, for it is now dinner time, and you must return, I fancy. Twenty years ago no man would think of coming down to the House except in evening dress. I remember so late as Mr. Canning the Minister always came down in silk stockings and pantaloons, or knee-breeches. All things change; and quoting Virgil, as that young gentleman has just done, will be the next thing to disappear. In the last Parliament we often had Latin quotations, but never from a member with a new constituency. I have heard Greek quoted here, but that was long ago, and a great mistake. The House was quite alarmed. Charles Fox used to say as to quotation, 'No Greek; as much Latin as you like; and never French under any circumstances. No English poet unless he had completed his century.' These were like some other good rules, the unwritten orders of the House of Commons."

## Varieties.

**Artificial Egg-Hatching.**—We have received from Mr. F. Crook, of Motcombe Street, Belgrave Square, author of articles on artificial incubation in "Land and Water," the following note:—

"I read with pleasure the article on the 'Egg Trade,' in the 'Leisure Hour' last year, and as the subject has interested me deeply for about thirty years, especially as it relates to artificial incubation, I have ventured to send you an answer to the inquiry made by one of your readers.

'Carbonnier's' incubator is very simple in construction; the whole apparatus may be made entirely of metal. Copper is the best, as it does not rust, and may be enclosed in a wood casing and packed with a non-conducting material between the wood and the metal to prevent loss of heat. The diagram below shows the arrangement.



A, a metal receptacle for water, three inches deep. B, filling-tube, through which to pour the water. C, air-vent, to assist in filling or emptying. D, metal partition, which must go down to the ground-line to prevent communication of vapour from lamp chamber to eggs. E, drawer for the eggs, with fine perforated metal bottom, upon which place a piece of flannel and lay the eggs upon that. The drawer to have a space left in centre to lay a registering thermometer upon, to lie raised at one end. F, lamp of any clear-burning description, free from smoke or smell; a small light only being required. Or gas may be employed, but a good regulator must be attached to check variations in pressure from the main.

A loose, or independent artificial mother is contrived, so that when the chicks are all out and dried off the egg-drawer is taken away and the artificial mother placed in its stead; but if continued hatching is required, a separate artificial mother must be employed to receive the chicks. The temperature (110 deg.) is to be tested from tube B in water, but the most important testing point is from the thermometer in egg-drawer E, which may range from 102 to 105 deg." At the last great poultry show held at the Crystal Palace there were five new incubators presented to public notice, and although all directed to be worked at about the same temperature, not any of them could be depended upon like old mother hen."

**Early Snow.**—The beginning of this winter was signalled by a heavy fall of snow as early as October 20th. In some places great injury was done to the oak-trees, which had not then lost their leaves, and many a strong branch broke under the unusual weight. Mr. G. J. Symons, in a letter to the "Times," gives statistics as to the dates of the earliest falls of snow in London during the years since 1806. "During a total period of forty-eight years (he says) there is only one instance of a heavy fall at an earlier date than the present, and that was in 1829, when on October 7 there was a considerable fall of snow between one and three p.m." The fall during the night between October 21 and 22, 1819, seems to have much resembled that of last night, October 19-20. There is during the twenty-three years—1858-80—no instance

nearly as remarkable as the present. Abstract for twenty-five years, 1806-30:—Mean date of earliest fall of snow, December 1; earliest date, October 7, 1829. The earliest fall occurred five times in October, eight times in November, seven times in December, three times in January, and twice in February. Abstract for twenty-three years, 1858-80:—Mean date of earliest fall of snow, November 24; earliest date, October 19, 1880. The earliest fall has occurred four times in October, ten times in November, three times in December, four times in January, once in February; and in one winter there is no record of a fall of snow."

**Juvenile Offenders.**—How to deal with juvenile offenders has been long a most difficult social problem, but there is hope of practical good being achieved by a Home Secretary who thus spoke at an industrial school: "You should see whether you could not have a correctional department in the reformatory and industrial-school itself, which might be used for the bad boys in the reformatory and the bad boys that are taken out of the streets. The reformatory is the proper place for boys who have bad parents, and must be separated from their homes; but there are very often mischievous boys who have got very good parents and proper homes, and you do not want to take them from their homes for years. What you want to do is to take them and correct them for a small fault, and let them go home again. In many cases the magistrates are satisfied to impose a small fine, but then, when the small fine has been imposed, I often find that costs of a most exorbitant character follow. Here is a case. A boy was fined for breaking and throwing down a boarded fence—I suppose he pulled a plank out. He was fined 5s. or fourteen days, and costs £1 7s. 3d., and damages 3s. It is perfectly idle to fine a boy 5s., and then make the costs £1 7s. Here is another. A child, for damaging turnips, fined 6d., damage 6d., costs 17s. Here are the details of the costs. In the first case—information, 2s.; summons and copy, 1s. 6d.; examination, 2s.; service, 3s.; conviction, 2s. 6d.; filing conviction commitment, 3s.; execution, 2s. 6d.; conveyance to prison, 8s. 9d. Now, that child went to prison not on account of breaking the fence, but on account of the £1 7s. 3d. costs. The other child, with the 6d. fine and 6d. damage, went to prison on account of the 17s. costs that were imposed. Now, that is not the intention of the Legislature. 'It is provided by the Summary Jurisdiction Act that, when the fine does not exceed 5s., no costs should be imposed unless there is a special order by the magistrates. In these cases I always write and ask what special reason there was why an order for costs should have been made, because if a special order for costs had not been made no costs would have been imposed. I attribute the great diminution in the sending of these juvenile offenders to prison to the action with reference to these costs. I think it is very important that the magistrates should look after these matters themselves, and not leave this question of costs in the hands of the justices' clerks altogether."

**Indian Statesmanship.**—Mr. Lepel Griffin, the Civil Commissioner, whose name often appeared in the conduct of the Afghan negotiations, since his return to India has made a declaration as to the "frontier policy" of the British empire. Every patriotic heart will echo the sentiments as to the true duty and glory of England. "India cannot enjoy both military glory and internal progress; and if she stretches forward to clutch the soldier's laurels she will assuredly find her hand only filled with thistles. Our scientific frontier is not the Indus; it is not any mountain range, stretching from the Khyber to the Safed Koh; from the Safed Koh to the Hindu Kush, and from the Hindu Kush to bankruptcy. The scientific frontier of India, the only one which is worth having, is in the strong arms and brave hearts of a loyal and contented people—Sikhs, Punjabi, Mussulmans, Dogras, and Goorkhas. What



do you wish more? These troops, led by British officers, and supported by and excited to a noble rivalry by British soldiers, will scatter like chaff any army which any Power, European or Asiatic, can ever bring against you." These words are such as would have been spoken by Lord Lawrence, whom Mr. Lepel Griffin calls his friend and master. The triumphs of soldiers like Stewart and Roberts have helped to prepare the way for greater triumphs of peace and good government in the Indian empire. About the same time, in England, Lord Northbrook made a speech containing words of equal wisdom. "The principles of sound Indian administration are not far to seek. They rest upon the foundation of justice and common sense. Our dealings with the native princes must be strictly governed by the treaties and engagements which we have made with them. We must show our sympathy with the nobles and educated classes, and associate them with us as much as we can in the government of their country; we must cherish and reward our native soldiers and officers; we must rule the people with patience, remembering how far they are removed from ourselves in education; and we must be cautious and deliberate in the introduction of changes in their institutions and habits."

**Art Progress.**—Mr. S. C. Hall, in his farewell address on retiring from the editorship of the "Art Journal," which he commenced forty-two years ago, contrasts the condition of British Art then with that to which it has now attained:—

"The greater artists of the century 'flourished' indeed; but Art was, with scarcely an exception, to them only a bare means of subsistence. Several of those who have since become famous 'for all time' obtained sufficient incomes by giving lessons: a hundred pounds was rarely obtained, by any one of them, for a picture. I have seen, at public sales, paintings sold for thousands of pounds for which the artist received less than a hundred; and I have been several times present at a private view of the Royal Academy, when there was not a single picture marked 'sold' at the close of the day. I might fill the page with facts; it will suffice to quote one or two as 'samples.' 'The Chess Players,' Muller sold, in my presence, for £80; it brought at Christie's £2,400. The price my honoured friend Prout asked, and sometimes received, was 60 guineas for his largest, and 6 guineas for his smaller, drawings. I purchased in 1848-9 for Mr. Vernon, at the British Institution, two paintings by John Linnell—'The Storm' for £40, 'The Wood Cutters' for £100. There is hardly a name of renown in British Art history of which the same may not be said, excepting portrait painters; but even their prosperous days had not arrived. I have seen Jackson at work on a portrait—and he produced many such—for which he received 10 guineas; they were for engravings in the *Evangelical Magazine*—works of the very highest order of portrait Art. Sculpture was in a still more disastrous condition: Chantry had many commissions for busts, and a few for portrait statues, and he and Baily and Westmacott some patronage for monumental tributes; but Foley was working for one of them—receiving a mason's wages per diem—and great Flaxman, not long before that time, had been rewarded by a few shillings apiece for his immortal designs. There was literally no 'patronage' for British Art; collectors—wealthy merchants and manufacturers—did indeed buy pictures as befitting household adornments, but they were 'old masters' with familiar names; canvases that had never been seen by the artists to whom they were attributed; copies or imitations by 'prentice hands' that were made to seem *old* by processes which I persistently exposed—printing month after month the custom-house returns of pictures imported, and showing that a larger number of Titians, Raphaels, and Rubenses paid duty in a year, than these masters had produced during their lives." Mr. Hall notes also the great increase of provincial Schools of Art in association with the Department of Science and Art. In 1840 there were only three; in 1880 there are 150, hardly a provincial town of note being now without this valued auxiliary to Art knowledge, Art study, and Art practice.

**Irish Famine.**—Mr. Stewart Trench, in his book of personal recollections, "Realities of Irish Life," thus describes the state of things at Kenmare, the property of the Marquis of Lansdowne, whose agent he was: "At least 5,000 people must have died of starvation within the Union of Kenmare. They died on the roads, and they died in the

fields; they died on the mountains, and they died in the glens; they died at the relief works, and they died in their houses. So that whole streets or villages were left almost without an inhabitant, and at last some few, despairing of help from the country, crawled into the town, and died at the doors of the residents, and outside the Union walls." We would recommend to our readers two books by the late Miss E. Walshe, of Limerick, as full of interest at the present time, "Golden Hills," a tale of the Irish Famine, and "The Foster-brothers of Doon," a tale of the Irish rebellion, both of which appeared in these pages, and were published separately at the "Leisure Hour" Office.

**School Caning.**—There have been several cases lately of the prosecution of schoolmasters for excessive corporal chastisement of their pupils. These have been principally cases in National and Board Schools, the masters of Public Schools being brought before criminal courts only in case of the death of boys from ill-usage. A letter from Dr. Duigan, Deputy-Assistant General of Hospitals and Fleets, contains a useful warning as to punishment by caning on the hand: "In the present day there is great competition amongst young gentlemen for the public services. At the end of their studies they require to be physically examined by medical officers, and if any injury had been caused (such as may arise from caning or strapping) it would lead to their rejection. I would, therefore, urge some vigorous action in these cases on parents, not to allow to pass over such assaults upon their children by tutors or professors." In the recent trial of the master of a boarding school, Mr. Partridge, the magistrate, spoke strongly against caning on the hand, as it "might ruin a boy's prospects of life if he desired hereafter to be an artist or to work at any delicate operation with his hand. Boxing on the ears, again, was a most improper punishment, and might cause permanent injury to the life of a boy." These comments deserve notice. Caning on the hand is not so dangerous as the passionate "box on the ear" of some masters, but if it causes any serious injury a jury would certainly bring in heavy damages on the master in case of a civil action being brought. Dr. Duigan states that "a cane or a strap used across the hands as a punishment may lead to whitlow, a most painful form of abscess, which in many cases may terminate in the death of the bones of the fingers, and subsequent distortion thereof."

**Griffith's Valuation.**—In discussions and reports about Irish affairs, we hear constant reference made to Griffith's Valuation. It was made about forty years ago by Sir Richard Griffith, Special Commissioner of Valuation of Land in Ireland, not with the view of estimating real value for sale or letting purposes, but as giving guidance in taxation. In his first report for 1841, Sir Richard said, "Our valuation is about 25 per cent. under the full or rack rent value, but very near that of some of the principal landed proprietors. The valuation was not completed for several years. The difference between Griffith's Valuation and actual rental was generally greater in the south than in the north of Ireland."

**Harvey and the Circulation of the Blood.**—With regard to the circulation of the blood, the following remarkable passage occurs in the works of the Hon. Robert Boyle: "I remember," says Mr. Boyle, "that when I asked our famous Harvey, in the only discourse I had with him (which was but a little while before he died), what were the things which induced him think of a circulation of the blood, he answered me, that when he took notice that the valves in the veins of so many parts of the body were so placed that they gave free passage to the blood towards the heart, but opposed the passage of the blood the contrary way, he was invited to think that so provident a cause as Nature had not placed so many valves without a design; and no design seemed more probable than that, since the blood could not, because of the interposing valves, be sent by the veins to the limbs, it should be sent through the arteries, and return through the veins whose valves did not oppose the course that way." Here we have the testimony of Harvey himself that he was led to the discovery by anatomical observation, and inference therefrom. Experiments were afterwards made in proof of what he had discovered. At that era of medical science prejudice was great,

and experiments seemed necessary for the establishment of his doctrine, and for the removal of the violent opposition it met with. He generalised the previous observations of Fabricius, Cesalpino, and others, and demonstrated the main points of the system. But the demonstration was not completed till the microscope displayed the continuity of the arterial and venous circulation. The treatise on the Motion of the Heart is a most remarkable book for its time, but the extravagant way in which it is spoken of could not be exceeded, if (to borrow the words of Archbishop Whately) Harvey had made the blood to circulate instead of merely describing the process.—*Plea for Mercy to Animals.*

**A Practical Test.**—In a recent trial in the Sussex County Court the case was settled in a way sensible and conclusive, and by a summary process such as an Oriental Kadi would have approved. A servant sued her mistress for a month's wages in lieu of notice, and the question was raised whether the plaintiff had not failed to fulfil her duty in refusing to remove a bath, which was alleged, on her part, to be too heavy for her to lift. The learned judge, Mr. A. Martineau, adjourned the case for the production of the bath, and a few days later it was brought to the County Court. At the request of the judge, the high bailiff filled it with water and tried his strength with it. On coming into court, he said he was of opinion that the bath was too heavy for the servant to lift, and his honour gave a verdict for £1 7s., the full amount claimed, with costs. The same judge on a subsequent occasion settled a case by equally direct proof. The question was whether a supply of potatoes was equal to sample. The judge directed three to be cooked in court. The specimens were pronounced excellent, showing that the fault lay in the cooking.

**Royal Children's Training.**—It is a curious fact, and deserves to be recorded, that every prince of the Royal House of Prussia, when young, is taught some useful trade or other, for the purpose of sobering the mind and bringing it face to face with the material world and the realities of life, and among the profusion of curiosities and artistic relics which crowd the Emperor's private cabinet may be seen specimens of bookbinding, carving, carpentering, and other handiwork performed by his sons and grandsons.

**Anagram.**—The following is a happy transposition, and teaches a valuable lesson:—

Pray tell me where is Christianity?

Transpose the letters: *It's in charity.*

**Wolves in Finland.**—A correspondent, who was one of the commissioners from Finland to the International Agricultural Exhibition at Kilburn, invites English sportsmen to help in defending the Finlanders from the invasion of wolves, which appear this winter to be in unusual numbers near the towns and villages. The great woods about fifty miles from Hango swarm with them. The Finnish Government has set a price on the head of each wolf slain, as used to be done in England, but the weapons of the Finnish farmers are not very effective. Sportsmen with English guns and dogs might here have some excitement of a useful kind.

**Coleridge and Charles Lamb.**—Coleridge, so celebrated as a talker, could scarcely be praised for colloquial or conversational qualities, or for "table talk," as his guests had usually to listen to dogmatic monologues. In his younger days he had been a preacher of some sort, and in the pulpit had the speaking all to himself. "Did you ever hear me preach?" he one day said to Charles Lamb. "I never heard you do anything else," was the reply.

**Telegraphic Communication with the Antipodes.**—A Reuter's telegram from Melbourne announcing the opening of the International Exhibition in that city was received in London through the Eastern and Eastern Extension Company's cables within twenty-three minutes after the ceremony had taken place.

**Lawyers' Bills.**—At a conference of the Incorporated Law Society, the subject of bills and charges was discussed. A leader in the "Times" thus referred to the matter: "There

is nothing less popular about lawyers than their bills, though this is a disadvantage which they share more or less with other professions and pursuits. One speaker seemed to think that the bills would be less distasteful to their recipients if they simply stated amounts without entering into items, but we doubt if the remedy would be very effective unless the amounts themselves could be made to look smaller. The president contended that the existing rules of taxing were in need of thorough revision, and this may very well be the case, though the public at large will be apt to feel towards the discussion as a sheep might be supposed to feel while shepherds are discussing an improved method of shearing."

**A. B. C. D. E. F.**—A gentleman travelling in a railway-carriage was endeavouring, with considerable earnestness, to impress some argument upon a fellow-passenger who was seated opposite to him, and who appeared rather dull of apprehension. At length, being slightly irritated, he exclaimed, in a louder tone, "Why, sir, it's as plain as A B C!" "That may be," quietly replied the other, "but I am D E F!"

**Smokeless Grates.**—Dr. C. W. Siemens, the eminent engineer, says: "I have lately constructed in my own house gas-grates that are free from smoke, and which are at the same time economical and cheerful in their appearance. The arrangement consists in substituting for the fire-grate below a solid plate, so as to exclude all communication with the atmosphere, except through the front bars. A gaspipe perforated above with a certain number of small holes is connected to the ordinary gas service. The grate is filled with ordinary gas coke or anthracite, banked up well towards the back. In this way a cheerful fire can be kindled at any time by opening the gas-tap and putting a lighted match to the grate. The gas flames, acting only in front of the grate, soon cause the surface of the coke to glow, without depriving the beholder of the cheerful appearance of the flame. In the course of half an hour the surface of the heap of coke is fairly red-hot, throwing out fully as much heat as an ordinary fire, while not a particle of flame or smoke reaches the chimney; the combustion of the gas prevents the rapid consumption of coke in front, and the absence of air its consumption towards the back of the fire. When fairly ignited the gas may be almost turned off, because the coke, once well heated, continues its glow by slow combustion with the atmosphere. An ordinary grate may be converted into a coke gas-grate as just described at a very trifling cost, and will be found convenient and inexpensive in its use even when using illuminating gas at 3s. 6d. per thousand cubic feet. Its economy will be materially increased by a sort of regenerative arrangement, by which the heat gradually accumulating at the back of the fire is utilised to supply the gas flame with a current of hot air."

**Stationers' Hall.**—When the time comes for a *bond fide* reckoning with the City Companies, the abuses of the Stationers' Company will be duly prominent. A correspondent of the "Times" says: "The fact of entering a literary work of any sort at Stationers' Hall is a complete farce, and confers no rights that the proprietor does not possess from the simple fact of publication; but in case the copyright is infringed the form of entering the book at the Hall has to be gone through before an injunction can be granted against the infringer. As an illustration of the practical inutility of the Stationers' Hall registry I may refer to the evidence of Mr. William Longman before the Commission on Copyright, which sat a few years back, when he stated that of so little practical importance was Stationers' Hall to the trade that not 2 per cent. of the books that were published by his firm were ever entered there. It may be gathered from this of what little use the registers at Stationers' Hall are to those who consult them. I have acted as an agent for many years in entering at Stationers' Hall, and have paid at least £1,000 in fees, nearly every penny of which has been utterly wasted, so far as any practical end has been served. It would be slaying the slain to expose the gross mismanagement and utter incompetence of the servants of the Stationers' Company in the performance of the duties of registration. I must refer your readers to the report of the Royal Commission on Copyright issued in 1878 for the registrar's amusing confession."

though  
ess with  
to think  
ients if  
ms, but  
less the  
r. The  
were in  
be the  
towards  
el while  
ring."

railway.  
mess, to  
who was  
dull of  
he ex-  
plain as  
r, "but

eminent  
own house  
e at the  
ce. The  
below a  
with the  
ipe per-  
holes is  
is filled  
towards  
d at any  
match to  
ne grate,  
epriving  
In the  
is fairly  
ary fire,  
nimney;  
ption of  
towards  
may be  
ed, con-  
osphere.  
grate as  
nd con-  
luminat-  
omy will  
gement,  
k of the  
t of hot

a *bonâ*  
s of the  
respon-  
literary  
rce, and  
ess from  
yright is  
as to be  
inst the  
y of the  
of Mr.  
pyright,  
so little  
ade that  
his firm  
this of  
to those  
years in  
1,000 in  
sted, so  
be slay-  
nd utter  
pany in  
ust refer  
n Copy-  
sion."